

The NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

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THE LARGEST
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MAGAZINE
IN THE WORLD

DECEMBER
1930



GRETA
GARBO

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Living Film Star?

CHRISTMAS in HOLLYWOOD
THE SALVATION OF CLARA BOW



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THE GORILLA

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JOE
FRISCO

Harry Gribbon . . . Walter Pidgeon

Story by Ralph Spence

Directed by Bryan Foy

Mysterious! Hilarious! Stupendous! "The Gorilla" Will Give You The Thrill Of Your LAFFtime!

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SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

The New Movie Magazine

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One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. II, No. 6

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December, 1930

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Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

HOW much does a theme song contribute to the success of a talking picture? Does the public want more music or less music on the screen? If these are uncertain questions to the movie producers the music publishers would certainly answer with an emphatic affirmative. A review of the outstanding phonograph and musical hits of the past six months shows that the screen stars have done more to put across popular songs than any song pluggers who ever rattled a piano.

As just one recent example, consider the success of Buddy Rogers and Kathryn Crawford in that sweet melody, "My Future Just Passed," from "Safety in Numbers." Judging by the sales a large percentage of the audiences that heard it in the theatre must have trekked across the avenue and taken home a record or a copy of the sheet music.

OF course, this was a song that would probably have gone across on its merits regardless of the movies, one of those haunting little melodies that lingers in the memory. But there isn't any doubt that it was the two popular film stars, Buddy Rogers and Kathryn Crawford, who gave it its overnight demand.

Rudy Vallee was talking about theme songs of the movies the other day, and he summed up the whole question rather well when he said, "Music with the pictures is a good deal like music with your meals. It depends on the kind of music you get whether or not you like it. The best film star in the world can't put across a poor song. And, on the other hand, the best song ever written can be massacred by a star who can't sing."

"MUSIC for the screen can't be bought for so much a foot. And a good theme song has the hardest possible test. It must have not only good rhythm so that people will remember it, but it must have drama, sentiment, heart-throb. And it must belong to the picture. There must be a reason for it. When a star breaks into melody just for the sake of dragging in another theme song it is generally a flop. And it ought to be."

Judging by these standards, then, the screen has produced some mighty good theme songs the past six months. Indeed, the list is rather imposing.

If you saw "Swing High" you're still humming "With My Guitar and You." Of course, it had an unusually dramatic setting, and Fred Scott and Helen Twelvetrees did a real piece of work with

the romantic background of the circus and an appealing love story to emphasize it. But the song, itself, had a quality that makes it easily one of the popular hits of the year. Here again the song would have been a success regardless of the picture—but it was the picture that sold it to the public.

"HIGH SOCIETY BLUES," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, is another picture that has given us some popular musical hits. "I'm in the Market for You," a combination of a trick title and a neat tune, leaped into instant favor, and deserved to. The publishers must have made enough on that to buy a few more options. And the same picture gives us three other real melodies, sung by Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell, "Just Like in a Story Book," "High Society Blues," and "Eleanor." And they were all chosen with care and sung with genuine ability.

It would be a calamity to the song writers if the moon ever failed us, because it seems to have provided the inspiration for eight out of ten of the hits of the last decade. But in spite of the way that the moon has been overworked no one will regret hearing "The Moon Is Low," as sung by Joan Crawford and her cowboy chorus in "Montana Moon." In any selection of the more enduring hits it must have a high place.

Another picture which has helped to add to the sales of popular music was "The Big Pond," starring Maurice Chevalier. In fact, no less than three numbers from that production must stand out, "You Brought a New Kind of Love," "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight," and "Mia Caro," this last one of the most popular tangos for some time.

WITH Paul Whiteman one would naturally expect a procession of hits, and "The King of Jazz" gives us a variety to choose from, beginning with that really charming waltz, "It Happened in Monterey." In addition we find, "A Bench in the Park," "Ragamuffin Romeo," "Happy Feet," and "Song of the Dawn," all of these recorded by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra for Columbia.

If you saw Nancy Carroll in "Honey," you'll surely remember "Sing, You Sinners," for it must be classed as one of the deserved hits of the year.

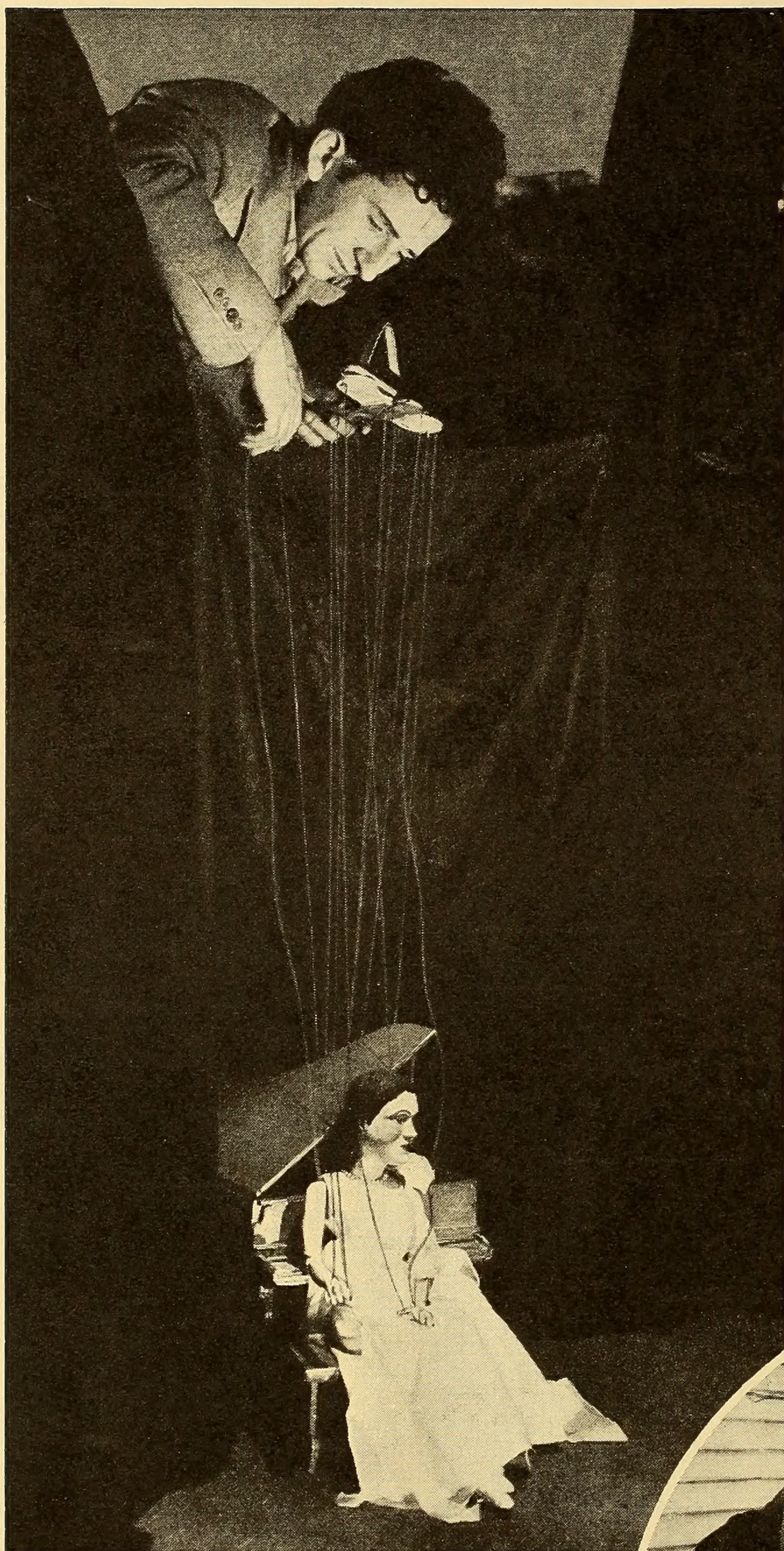
Buddy Rogers, with Josephine Dunn, in a scene from "Safety in Numbers." In this film Mr. Rogers sang one of the song film hits of the year, "My Future Just Passed."



What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Closed until January 1, 1931				
FOX STUDIO				
Will Rogers	Lightnin'	Henry King	Drama-comedy	Sharon Lynn
Reginald Denny	Stolen Thunder	Ham MacFadden	Drama	Jeanette MacDonald
Edmund Lowe	Shepper-Newfounder	Leo McCarey	Romance	Leila Hyams
Neil Hamilton	Network	Berthold Viertel	Drama	Kay Johnson
Charles Farrell Janet Gaynor	The Man Who Came Back	Raoul Walsh	Romance	
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Richard Cromwell	Tol'able David	J. G. Blythstone	Romantic Drama	Joan Peers
Walter Huston	Criminal Code	Howard Hawks	Drama	Phillips Holmes
Barbara Stanwyck	Roseland	Lionel Barrymore	Drama	{ Ricardo Cortez Monroe Owsley
Buck Jones	Dawn Trail	William Cabanne	Western	
Evelyn Brent	Madonna of the Streets	John Robertson	Romantic Drama	Robert Ames
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
John Mack Brown	Great Meadows	Chas. Brabin	Romance	Eleanor Boardman
Charles Bickford	Passion Flower	C. B. DeMille	Drama	{ Kay Johnson Kay Francis
Harry Carey	Trader Horn	William Van Dyke	African Romance	
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Ruth Chatterton	The Right to Love	Richard Wallace	Drama	Paul Lukas
Gary Cooper	Fighting Caravans	Otto Brower	Covered-wagon Romance	Lily Damita
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Ina Claire	The Royal Family	Cukor-Gardner	Comedy-drama	{ Mary Brian Fredric March
Nancy Carroll	Two Against Death	Not Chosen		
Claudette Colbert	Strictly Business	Dorothy Arzner	Comedy-drama	Fredric March
R K O STUDIO				
Richard Dix	Cimarron	Wesley Ruggles	Pioneer Romance	Irene Dunne
Ralph Forbes	Beau Ideal	Herbert Brenon	Foreign Legion Romance	
TIFFANY STUDIO				
Production starts in two weeks				
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Ronald Colman	Untitled	George Fitzmaurice	Comedy-drama	Loretta Young
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Closed Until January 1, 1931				



Harold Barnett, at the bridge, operates the Gloria Swanson puppet. Right, Colleen Moore and Mr. Barnett look over the puppet of Miss Moore.

HOLLYWOOD film stars have a new rendezvous. They have forsaken the usual night clubs, dinner dance hotels and beach resort haunts. And for what? To watch themselves act. No less.

Down on Olvera Street, a quaint bit of Old Spain tucked away near the drowsing Los Angeles Plaza, three boys from Yale have established a marionette show, and have undertaken the herculean task of showing movie stars "as others see them."

Can you imagine a movie star clapping her hands in glee when a tiny replica of another of Hollywood film colony exhibits a characteristic bit of temperament?

MOVIE Puppets

Three Yale Boys Interest Hollywood with Their Marionette Show

BY MILDRED GARDNER
AND HAROLD J. ASHE

That's exactly what Colleen Moore did the first time she visited the Club Guignol.

During the course of a performance, such celebrities as Jetta Goudal, Gary Cooper, Colleen Moore, Ruth Chatterton, Gloria Swanson, George Arliss and Leatrice Joy make personal appearances in miniature. George Arliss acts as master of ceremonies. The film colony itself furnished both the audience and the entertainment, even though the latter is by proxy.

ADMISSION is by reservation only, and the show doesn't start until all of the audience has arrived. Many a star who deliberately has been late to his or her own first night premiere has been kept roosting on (*Continued on p. 113*)





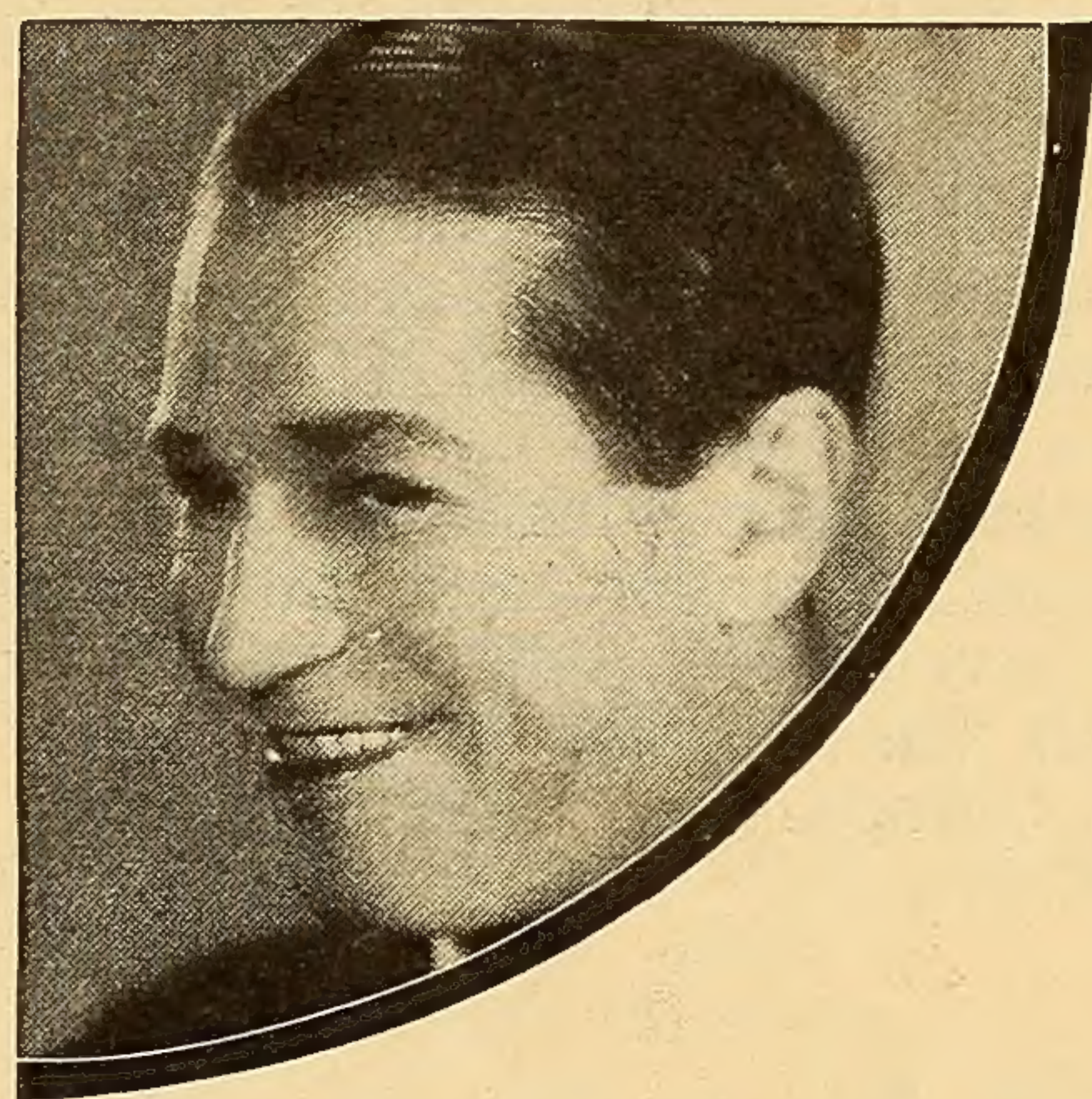
Of Course
You'll Want
It--

This New WHO'S WHO Of The SCREEN

JUST out—another pictorial directory of the film famous. "Who's Who of the Screen" contains the latest photographs of sixty-four ranking stars of today, with intimate, accurate and up-to-the-minute facts about their lives and careers.

This is the second of the NEW MOVIE ALBUM series. Everyone who is interested in films will find in it just the kind of information to have for reference and as a permanent record of the year's most popular stars of the screen. Every one of the many specially posed photographs is the kind you want to keep.

"Who's Who of the Screen"—the second NEW MOVIE ALBUM—is now on sale in many Woolworth stores. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents for postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.



The latest edition has the cover pictured above. It is a beautiful portrait of Joan Crawford.

TOWER BOOKS, Incorporated

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New York

Applause from Germany

Leipzig, S. 3, Germany

Here's a hand from across the seas and please shake hands. Thanks to a dear friend in the good old U. S. A. and thanks to you, I direct my thoughts from loneliness and think about your wonderful articles on motion picture stars and Hollywood.

*Vartuhie Gulezian,
Waisenhaus Str. 23.*

Cheers from New Zealand

Wanganui, New Zealand

NEW MOVIE is absolutely the best screen magazine that has ever come out of the United States. I've told my friends about it and they were amazed, so watch out for subscriptions from far-away New Zealand, one of the movie-wisest countries in the world.

*Neville James,
Box 129.*

China Likes "Love Parade"

Hongkong, China

It may interest you to hear of the remarkable success of the talkies here in China. Although we have lived in all parts of the Orient for fifteen years, we truly did not think that among the Chinese themselves it was possible for the talkies to be such a success, since so many thousands do not speak any English. We have two theatres here installed with sound, one opening last June with "The Love Parade." The Chinese are able to understand the plots, for souvenir programs are given away, with words and music of all the songs. With the English words are the Chinese also, so that the Chinese can follow it all.

*Doris and Aileen Woods,
23 Humphreys Buildings,
Kowloon.*

They Like Us in England

London, N. W. 6, England

I've just finished reading your current number and enjoyed it immensely. It is by far the most interesting fan magazine I have ever read. My only objection is that, though I've tried very hard, I cannot obtain it in London, so have to have it sent every month from friends in America. I hope it will soon be on sale over here. It's not fair that the American fans should have all the best things in life!

*Winifred Barker,
7 Peplow Road.*

Where is Charlie Ray?

Philadelphia, Pa.

Where is Charles Ray? He is still dear to the hearts of the people who go to see good acting. The really great actors and actresses agree that his ability far surpassed most. I am referring to Douglas Fairbanks' and Mary Pickford's opinion after seeing him in the picture based on James Whitcomb Riley's poem. Anyone seeing him in that or his picture, "The Clodhopper," would never forget him.

*Mrs. Milton Butterworth,
2436 W. Columbia Avenue.*

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

About "All Quiet"

Red Wing, Minnesota

Just a word about "All Quiet on the Western Front." The picture was incredibly realistic throughout, but how could any producer who had so obviously succeeded in putting across the truth of the ghastly horror and futility of war want to destroy it all in five minutes by raising the American flag at the end? The picture had succeeded in being international in scope. Why stir up national patriotism so

inappropriately at the very end?

*H. Louise Howe,
1413 Bush Street.*

Adopted by Iowa

Centerville, Iowa

I first saw THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE in the library of the School of Journalism at the University of Iowa. It is the only movie magazine in that library and it well deserves that honor. I have read movie magazines from time to time, but never did I derive the atmosphere of Hollywood as I did when I read Herb Howe's "A Tourist's Guide to Hollywood." And Adela Rogers St. Johns' interviews are a real joy to read. I honestly believe what she writes and that is more than I can say for interviews I've read in other magazines I could mention.

*Laurence Scott,
832 Drake Avenue.*

About Clara and New Movie

San Francisco, Calif.

Judging from some of the pictures that are being released lately, it is a case of joining the navy to see Clara Bow. And as long as Clara stays on shipboard there will be no such thing as naval disarmament, for Clara is the girl that has given the navy personality. On the other hand, it would take a hundred Clara Bows to give THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE the personality which it radiates. Yours is a magazine with a great big IT, possessing charm and distinction, reliability and frankness of discussion. But, for heaven's sake, please don't descend to the level of other movie magazines and fill your pages with pictures of Hollywood's stars in their latest pajamas, bathing suits or what have you.

*Jasper B. Sinclair,
318 20th Avenue.*

Von Stroheim as an Actor

Chicago, Ill.

I have just come home from a movie very enthused over an actor—one who deserves the name. His name, Eric Von Stroheim. He is the only screen star whose pictures I could see three or four times. He has a fine voice, a delightful accent, and most of all he can act. I truly can't praise him enough, but I can only hope the producers will appreciate him to the extent of giving him more pictures.

*Dorothy Schroeder,
3432 No. Claremont Ave.
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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Pretty Leila Hyams, in her own kitchen. On this page Miss Hyams tells you how she makes delicious muffins for breakfast and tea.

1st. Light the oven and set it for 425° F. This is a briskly hot oven.

2nd. Measure the following ingredients:

1 cupful pastry flour
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups graham flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
Mix and sift together.

3rd. Cut fine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates or raisins and mix thoroughly with the dry ingredients.

4th. Add 1 slightly beaten egg to 1 cup of cream, whipping slightly to mix thoroughly.

5th. Pour the wet ingredients into the dry ones. And begin to stir immediately. Keep stirring until the dry ingredients have become just dampened; this will take about seventeen seconds. Now continue stirring vigorously for about three or four seconds.

6th. Pour the batter gently into well-greased pans.

7th. Now place the pans in the oven and bake until a golden brown. This will take about twenty minutes.

The muffins should be served very hot and with plenty of butter. They will literally melt in your mouth.

This is not an expensive recipe except for its lavish use of cream. If you like you may use half milk and half cream or a condensed or evaporated milk in the right proportions. You will find the use of graham flour is a healthful and tasty touch.

For tea you may use a smaller size muffin tin and make your muffins very tiny and dainty.

HERE is a recipe for muffins that are so delicious you will want to make them a feature of your Sunday morning breakfasts. Or you will want to mix them up as a special treat when friends drop in for tea in the afternoon.

They are the favorite recipe of pretty Leila Hyams, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress who plays opposite John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor."

In submitting her favorite recipe, Miss Hyams lists the various processes required to make these muffins. You will find, if you time yourself, that they are quickly and easily made.

THIS IS THE NEW MOVIE'S NEWEST SERVICE PAGE

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Walter Huston as Abraham Lincoln and Kay Hammond as Mrs. Lincoln in D. W. Griffith's superb visualization of the life of the Great Emancipator. Mr. Huston gives a superb performance in this film, which every American should see.

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. *Paramount.*

Abraham Lincoln. Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. *United Artists.*

The Dawn Patrol. An absorbing story of the air forces in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. *First National.*

Romance. Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60's. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the

vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Holiday. The screen version of Philip Barry's stage

Group A

Common Clay. Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. *Fox.*

Monte Carlo. A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is pretty good in a Chevalier rôle but Jeanette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless

Posing for her police camera study in "Common Clay." Little Ellen Neal has been arrested in a raid upon a speakeasy and now she faces the consequences. Constance Bennett gives a fine performance of the unhappy Ellen.



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☐ THE UGLY DUCKLING

Name

Street

City, State

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 12)

success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathé.*

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his debut in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lumox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the lonely widower. *Paramount.*

Group B

Old English. Another of those matchless character studies by George Arliss. A sketchy drama of a gay, gallant old reprobate who has lived far beyond his time.

Mr. Arliss is brilliant, the drama rather pale. Still, you will want to see the star. *Warners.* (Con. on p. 117)

Ernst Lubitsch's newest musical film, "Monte Carlo," isn't as good as "The Love Parade" but Jeanette MacDonald scores with her charming performance of a penniless and love-lorn countess. Jack Buchanan appears opposite.



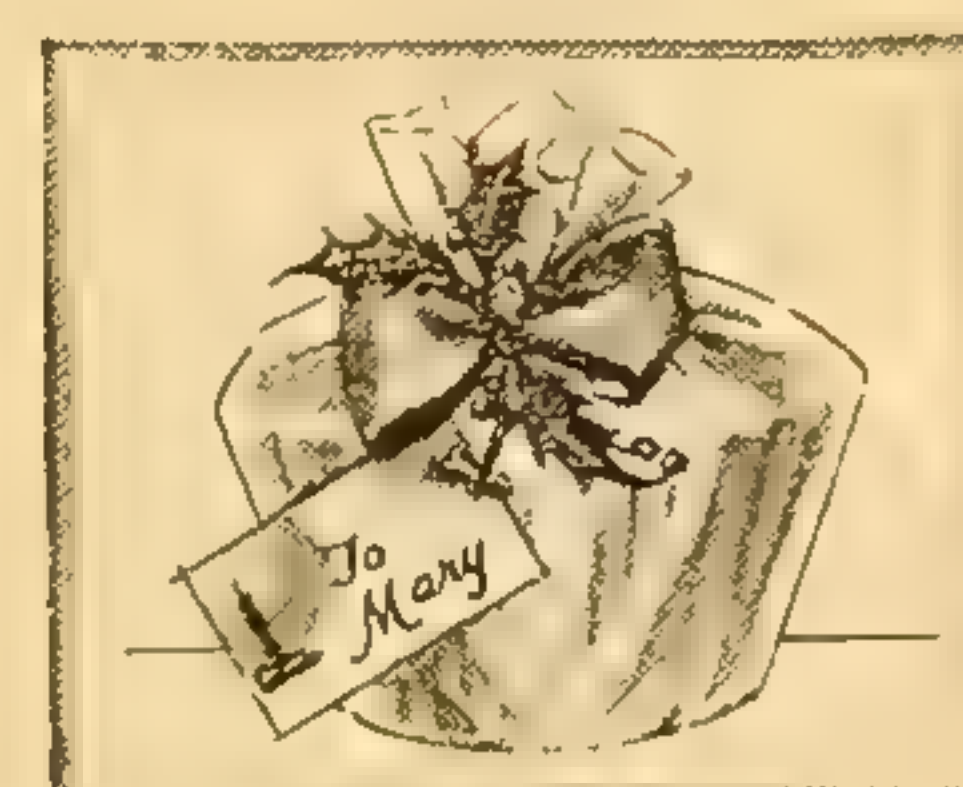
Little Holiday Fruit Cakes

Will bake best
and keep best
in
**CRINKLE
CUPS**

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10¢ for a package of 75 cups.



HOME-BAKED fruit cake—how everybody loves it! Now you can bake little individual cakes to send to those away from home—and as extra gifts for friends who'll know before they take a bite how good your cake will be. Bake them in Crinkle Cups—the dainty baking dishes that you do not have to grease. They'll come out evenly baked and perfect in shape. Slip them into fresh Crinkle Cups—so they'll keep fresh and moist and unbroken—dress them up in bright Christmas wrappings and you will have a gift that anyone would be delighted to receive.



USE YOUR FAVORITE FRUIT CAKE—OR THIS
DELICIOUS NEW CRINKLE CUP RECIPE

CHRISTMAS CAKES

- | | |
|---|--|
| $\frac{2}{3}$ cup brown sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ pound ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) butter | 1 cup currants |
| 3 egg yolks | 1 cup blanched almonds |
| 1 cup flour, sifted before measuring | 1 cup citron |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup candied cherries |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cloves | $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons grated lemon rind |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace | 2 tablespoons orange juice or grape juice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon | 3 egg whites, beaten stiff |

Cut citron in thin slices and chop in wooden chopping bowl with blanched almonds and cherries. Wash raisins and currants and, while still wet, chop and mix with chopped citron, almonds and cherries. Sift flour with baking powder and spices. Cream butter and brown sugar thoroughly, and mix in egg yolks. Add flour and seasonings with chopped fruit and nuts, lemon rind, lemon juice, orange juice or grape juice and, last of all, fold in beaten egg whites. Fill crinkle cups $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Bake in slow oven (250° F to 300° F) for 1 hour with pan of water at the bottom of the oven. Then remove pan of water, increase heat slightly and bake 15 minutes longer, or until the cakes are lightly browned.

If cakes are to be used for Christmas tokens, let cool in cups and then remove carefully. Frost the tops with white icing, dot each cake with half a red cherry and when set put back in fresh crinkle cups, wrap in waxed paper and then in Christmas paper and tie with Christmas ribbon.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10 CENT STORES



Oldmill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-12-30, Linden Street corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Jack Buchanan
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Gilbert Roland
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Marlene Dietrich
Kay Francis
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
James Hall

Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
David Newell
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
Joan Peers
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Marjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Betty Bronson
Joe Brown
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
Lila Lee
Winnie Lightner

Lotti Loder
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marian Nixon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Margaret Livingston
Jacqueline Logan
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
Alice White

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

Here are the Winners

in the

JO-CUR' Contest for Beautiful Hair

Thousands of women from all over the country submitted their photographs in the Jo-Cur' Beautiful Hair Contest which closed September 30th. From these photographs the judges impartially selected the winners whose names appear on this page. The task of selection was unusually difficult — for practically every photograph showed hair beautifully finger-waved and becomingly arranged. And the almost invariable comment of these thousands of entrants was, "I never knew how lovely I could make my own hair look, until I tried Jo-cur' Beauty Aids." For shampooing, for finger-waving, for making the hair truly beautiful, there is nothing like them—at any price. You, too, can prove this. Just try Jo-Cur' Beauty Aids. They come in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at your favorite 10c Chain Store or your Druggist's.



1st Prize, \$250.00

and Portrait by Charles B. Ross

Miss J. Claire Squier

830 West 6th Street, Plainfield, New Jersey

Miss Squier says: "Of all the beauty aids I have tried for my hair, and I have tried most of them, I think Jo-Cur' preparations unquestionably are the finest I have ever used."

\$50.00 Prizes

Miss Marion Bierce

2302 Everett, Kansas City, Kansas

Mrs. Fred Kuether, Jr.

13 Second Avenue, Cedarburg, Wis.

\$25.00 Prizes

Miss Alice Yendrek

Dardanelle, Ark.

Miss Harriett McDermott

458 West 42nd Street, New York City

Miss Esther Jacobs

Exchange Building, Winona, Minn.

Miss Esther A. Higgins

21 Parker Terrace, Newton Centre, Mass.

\$10.00 Prizes

Mildred Johnson
4433 Third Ave. South
Minneapolis, Minn.

Stella M. Haugen
2525 1/2 27th Ave., So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary Knetter
Edgar, Wis.

Fay E. Kerr
23 W. 64th St.
New York City

Thelma Myrum
4711 29th Ave., So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Peggy Hillberry
Hoult, W. Virginia

Muriel Applegate
220 E. Lemon Ave.
Monrovia, Calif.

Laura Everson
719 7th Ave., N.
Devils Lake, N. D.

Mrs. Bertha Chodera
109 Stanage Ave.
Champaign, Ill.

Helen Young
109 N. Ardmore St.
Dayton, Ohio

\$5.00 Prizes

Merry Cass
St. Louis, Mo.
Afton Pickert
Salt Lake City, Utah
Ida Elizabeth Zink
San Francisco, Calif.
Mrs. I. E. Granett
Berea, Kentucky
N. P. West
Auburn, Ind.
Doris Guertler
Philadelphia, Pa.
Emma Butor
Northampton, Mass.
Gladys Kilmer
Venice, Calif.
Lynwood Rapier
Louisville, Ky.
Marion Hopewell
Chicago, Ill.
Ruby Tucker
Topeka, Kansas
Mrs. M. Wettrick
Mansfield, Ohio
Olive A. Crawford
Concord, N. H.
Louise Meriwether
La Belle, Missouri
Annie Dugan
Rumford, Maine
Betty May Quavle
Burlington, Iowa

Emma Seats
St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Margaret E. Noss
Aliquippa, Pa.
Mildred E. Simons
Minneapolis, Minn.
Emily E. Fisher
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Dorothy Lange
Norwood, Ohio
Mrs. Leo Brendel
Philadelphia, Pa.
Beulah Franklin
Roanoke, Virginia
Elenora Burkhart
North Platte, Nebraska
Mary Louise Robertson
Greenfield, Mo.
Mrs. Myrtle Rosewater
Cleveland, Ohio
Evadna Moshier
Caldwell, Kansas
Blanche Knox
Tarboro, N. C.
Viola Bodei
So. Orange, N. J.
Kathryn Wiedenhaeft
Chicago, Illinois
Helen Clingaman
Wauseon, Ohio
Edna Bolender
New York City

Althea Pedersen
Salt Lake City, Utah
Mrs. Jane A. Moschel
Denver, Colorado
Mrs. Etta Siemers
Little Falls, Minn.
Vera Funsch
Mt. Morris, Mich.
Odessa Barfield
Sylvester, Ga.
Erna Jeschke
Aberdeen, S. Dak.
Lucile Long
Birmingham, Ala.
Adeline Necker
Charleston, W. Va.
Mari Ware
Feasterville, Pa.
Jennetta Quinn
Margate City, N. J.
Lucille V. Strouse
Lyndon, Ohio
Bertha Shimaitis
Chicago, Ill.
Harriet Choffet
New Rochelle, N. Y.
Mrs. R. M. Henry
Washington, D. C.
Viola Whitehair
Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. C. M. James
Flagg, Texas

Mrs. V. Buckley
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Jack Lowe
Witt, Ill.
Lydia Hartman
Lyndale, Minn.
Virginia R. Willey
Quincy, Ill.
Lois Seltz
St. Paul, Minn.
Martha Murphy
Cincinnati, Ohio
Dorothy Sneed
Salem, Oregon
Madeline F. Coffey
Providence, R. I.
Jean Fairnington
Yonkers, N. Y.
Clara L. Holder
Redwood City, Calif.
Gladys R. Ficke
Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Lucille Hearn
Lansing, Mich.
Dorothy Z. Eggerding
Indianapolis, Ind.
Virginia Woolley
New York City
Dorothy Phelps
Jefferson City, Mo.
Margaret Nagy
Canonsburg, Pa.

Muriel Kenny
Howard Beach, L. I.
Mrs. Mabel Haight
Kearney, Nebraska
Dovey P. Janson
Ames, Iowa
Mrs. Gavin D. Varnell
Jackson, Tenn.
Berniece Cheathom
Hyshom, Montana
Annie E. Parr
Erskine, Alberta, Can.
Mrs. E. A. Crocker
Hopewell, Va.
Alice Barnes
Franklin, Pa.
Lucy Moody
Birmingham, Ala.
Ethel A. Robbin
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jo-cur'

Beauty Aids
for the Hair

Curran Laboratories, Inc., 485 East 133rd St., New York





Looking westward across Hollywood from the old Hollywood Hotel

New Movie Brings to You the Most Romantic City in the World

Hollywood is the most talked about, the most dreamed about, the most glamorous city in the universe. To catch its spirit, to mirror its thousand and one sides, needs the expert pen and complete first-hand knowledge of Hollywood's best writers. NEW MOVIE has the foremost Hollywood authors writing for it—and writing for it exclusively in the motion picture field.

NEXT MONTH—JIM TULLY offers the first of a series of new character studies of the film famous. Who is "THE RICHEST WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD"? NEW MOVIE will tell you all about her. J. P. McEVOY begins a new humorous series. ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS and HERB HOWE write in their characteristic vein.

Watch for the January NEW MOVIE
On Sale in all Woolworth Stores on December 15th

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Give her a hand, nothing... buy her a ticket to New York." Joan was part of the cover charge in a Detroit night club. Then a Broadway producer found her. Next Hollywood heard of her—and you know the rest of the story.

Her recent picture, "Our Blushing Brides," is a nation-wide hit.

© P. Lorillard Co.

LITTLE STORIES OF FAST SUCCESSES

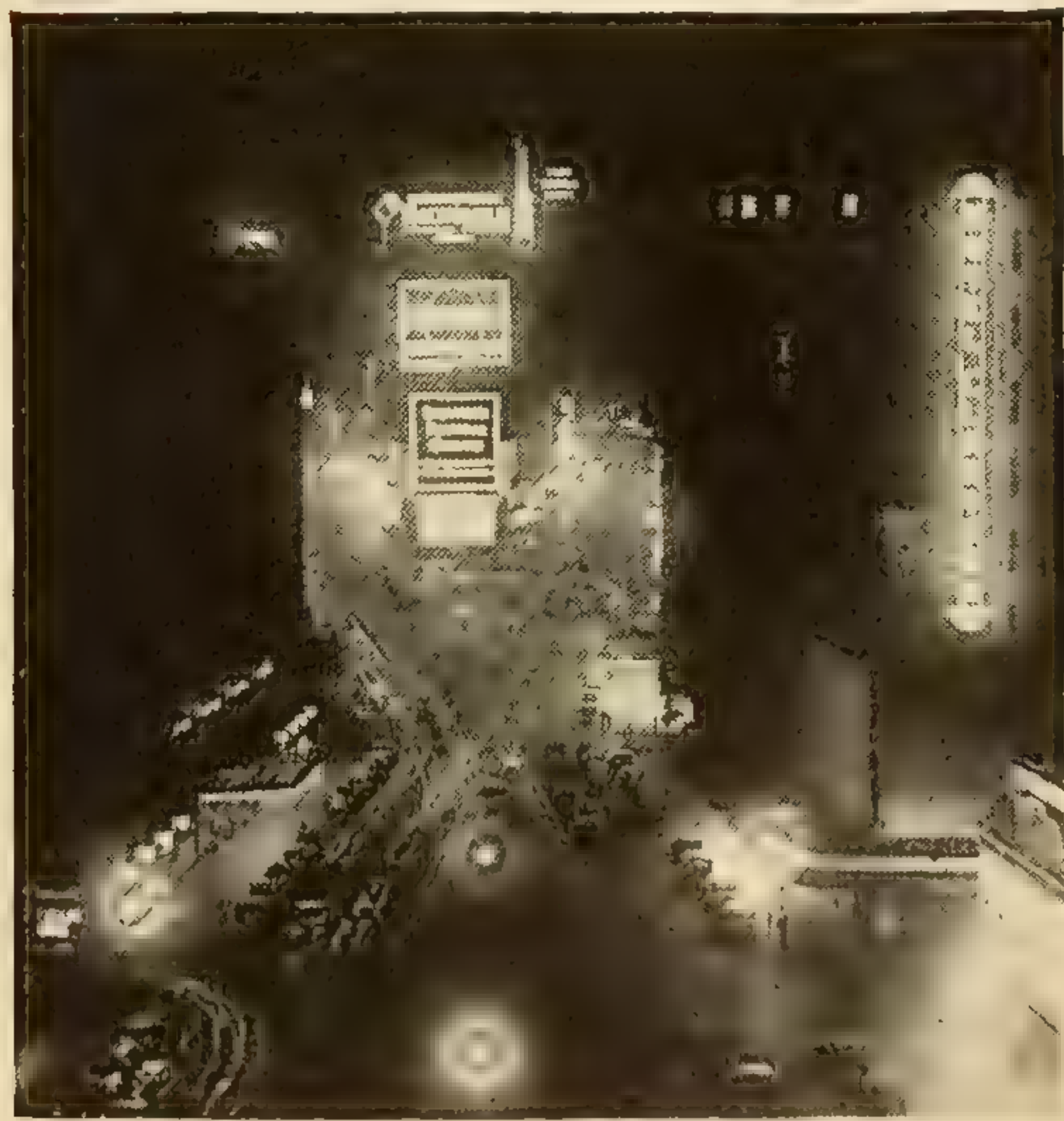
NO. 5 JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra"... and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, waltzed through New England in barely two weeks. Skipped down the East Coast in a few brief months. Glided through the Middle-West before the end of the winter. Won the whole country in little more than a year.

How account for such success? Ask Mother Nature. For she produced the better tobaccos that gave OLD GOLD its new taste-thrill... gave OLD GOLD its famous throat-ease.

Joan Crawfords and OLD GOLDS are Nature's favorites... that's why they dance their way to the front.



On March 23, 1927, OLD GOLDS made their first "bow" on Broadway. In a month they were one of the four best sellers throughout the New York Rialto.

BETTER TOBACCOS... "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Raoul

The

BIG

With JOHN WAYNE •
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL • EL BRENDEL
TULLY MARSHALL • DAVID ROLLINS
• TYRONE POWER
and 20,000 others in an all-talking
movietone romance



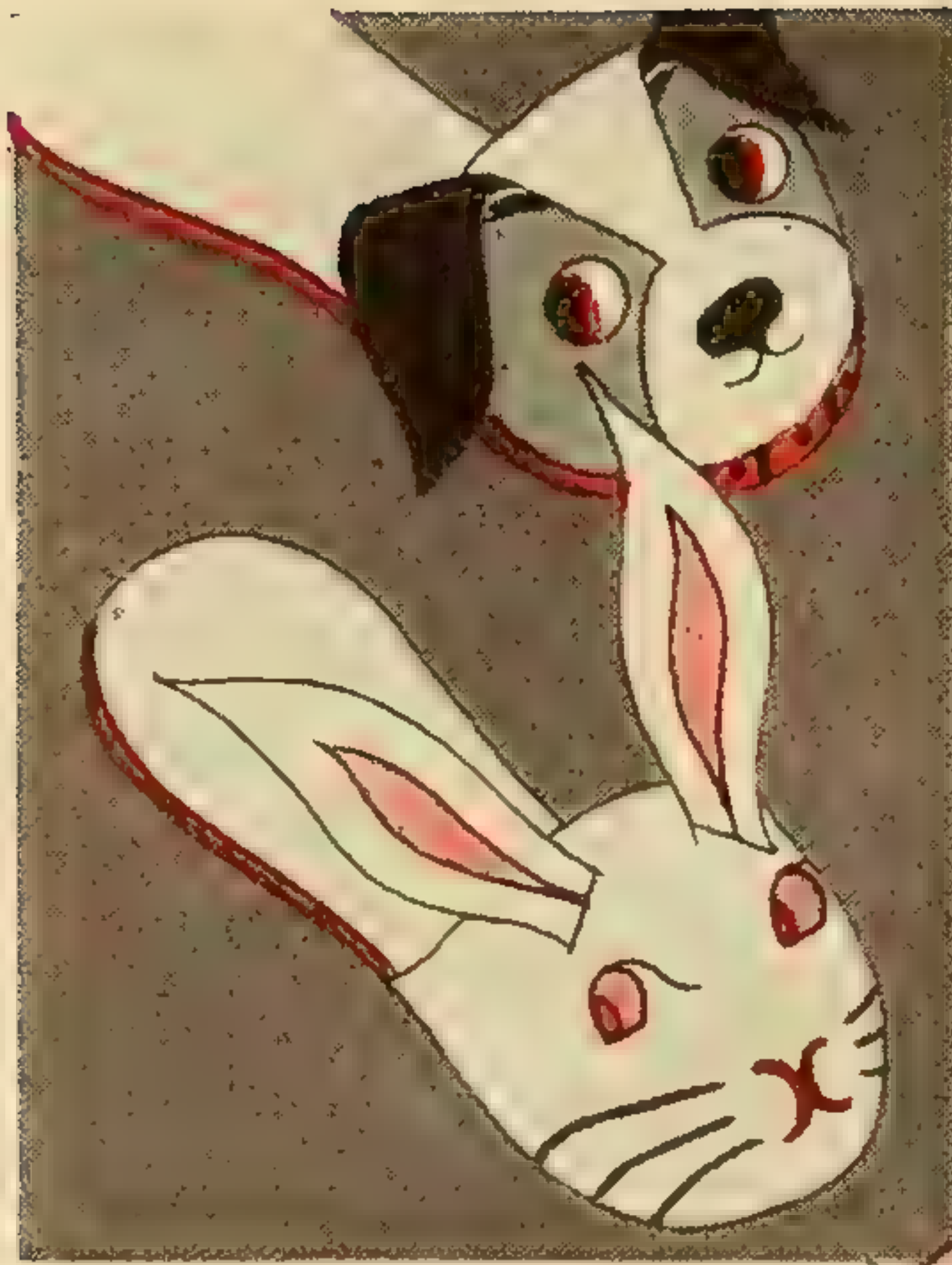
FOX

Walsh's

THE TRAIL

Young love and courage sweep on to triumph in this tremendous story of the winning of the West. Twenty thousand pioneers in a magnificent migration, vanquishing Indian, bear, buffalo, blizzard. New thrills await you in this, the most important picture ever produced.

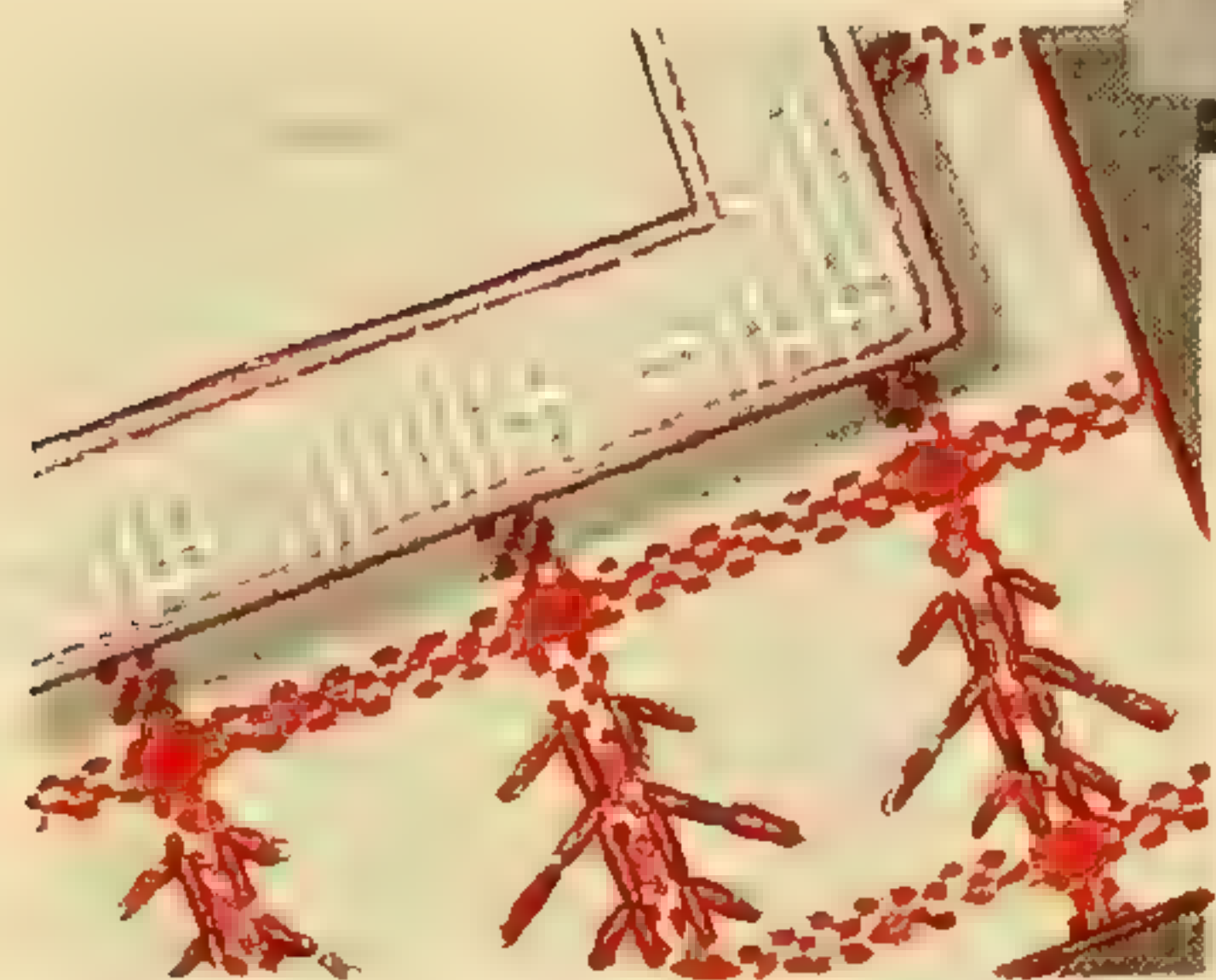




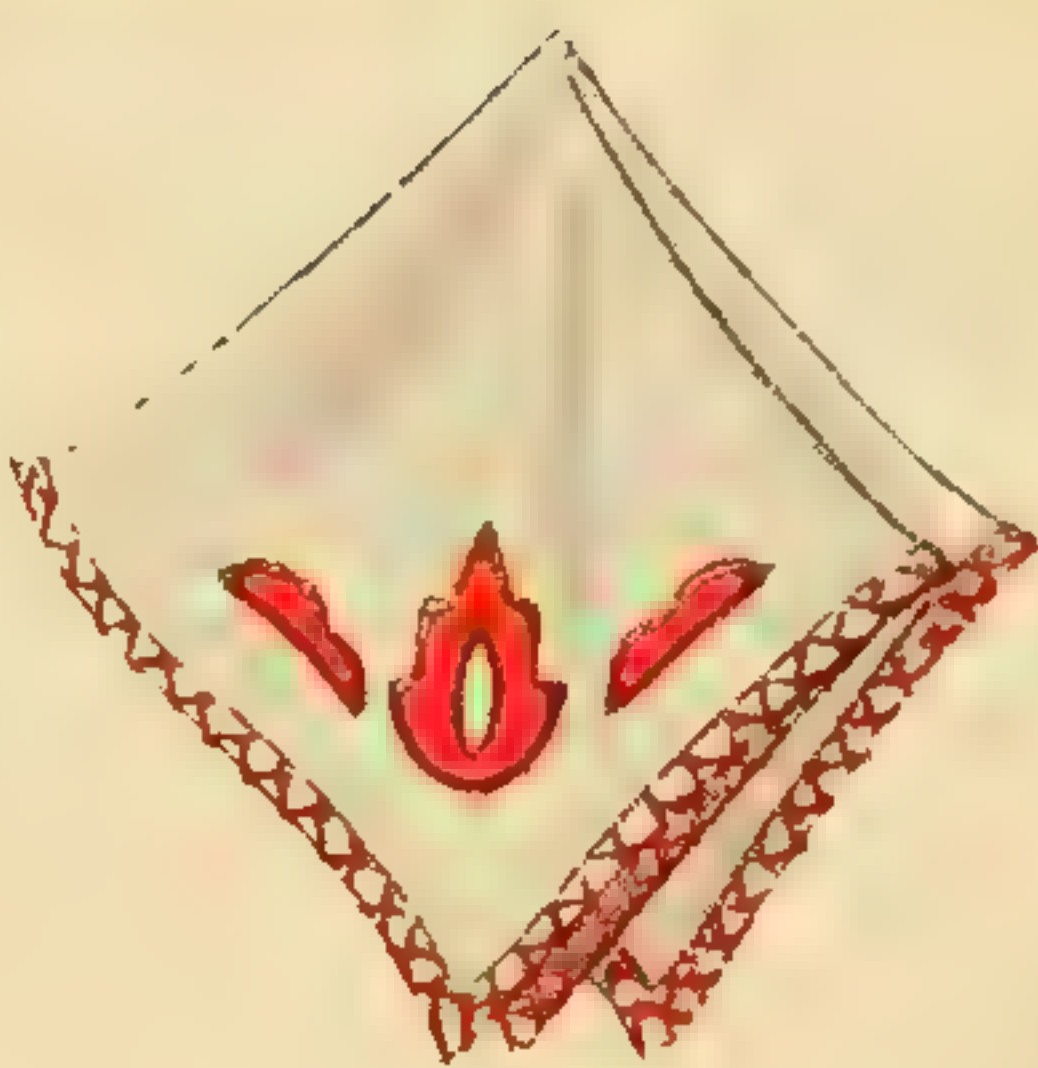
VI. Bed jacket or negligee easily and quickly made from a yard of material. Pattern and directions on request.



V. Cozy slippers for the youngsters are made from flannel or eider-down. Circular gives patterns and embroidery directions.



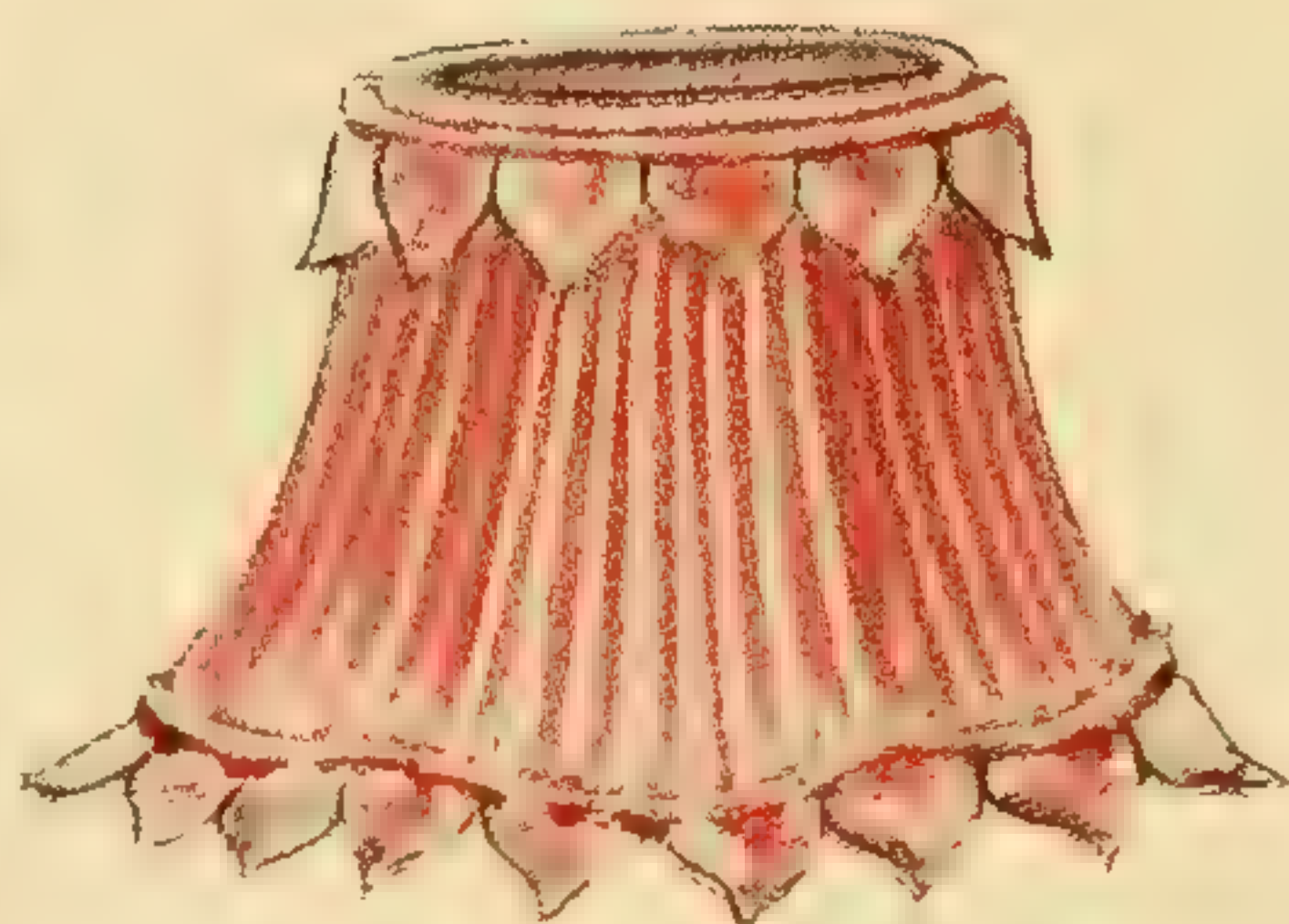
VII. Seven new easy embroidery stitches and border designs for finishing guest towels and table linen.



II. Send a hand-made handkerchief in the envelope with your Christmas card. Full instructions for making six.



XI. The collar and cuff circular gives diagrams and directions for making five of the smartest new sets.



IV. The junior bridge lamp is a favorite in bedroom as well as living room. Directions for four popular shades.



I. Boudoir pillows are essential to the daintily furnished bedroom. Directions for making four attractive models.



III. Wrap around house apron made from unbleached muslin. Circular gives diagram pattern and embroidery directions.

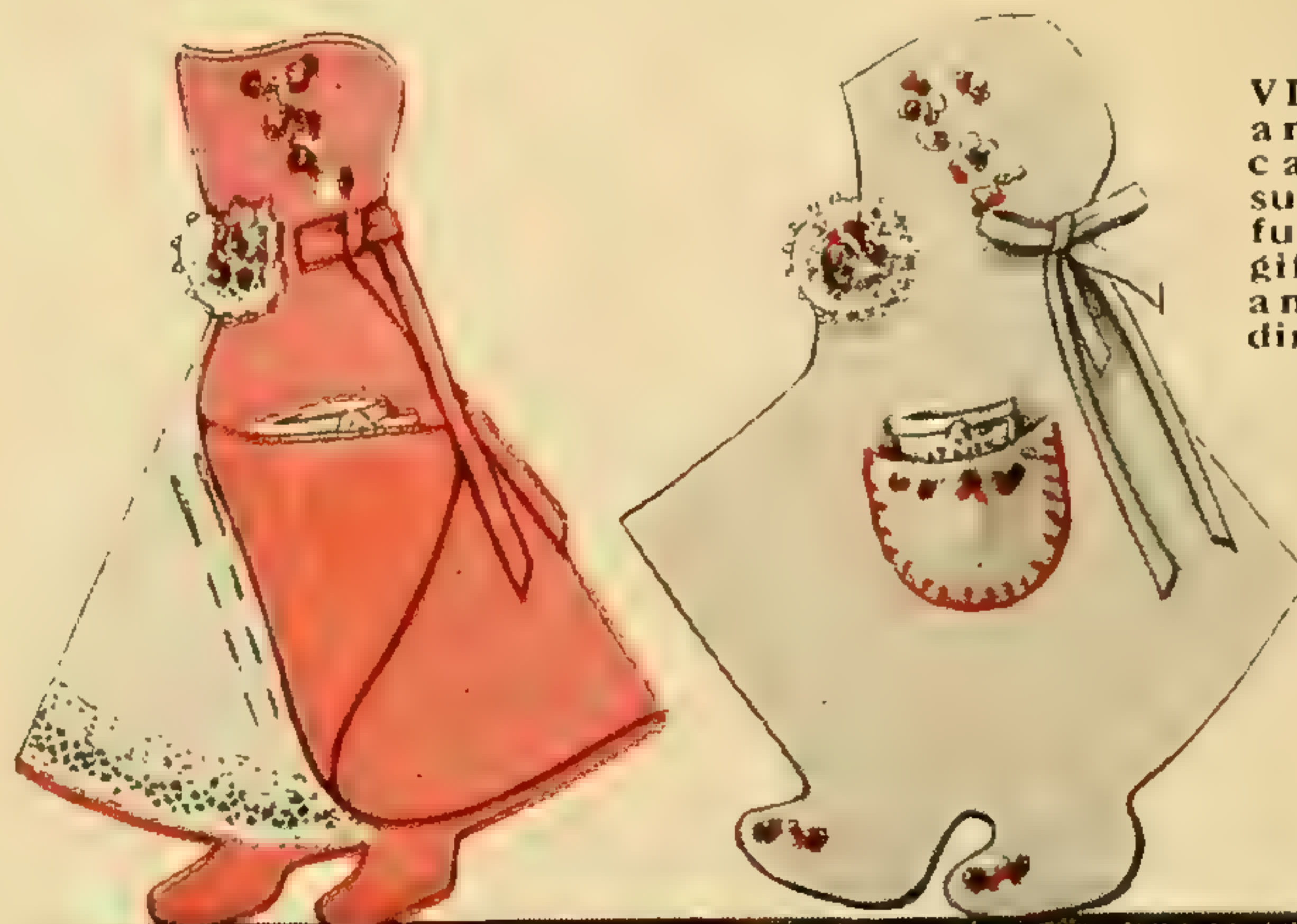


IX. Make these bedroom curtains, bedspread and stand covers from checked gingham, finished with easy cross stitch embroidery.

X. Our folder on crochet and knitted rag floor coverings shows how to make a number of charming bedroom rugs.

Christmas Gifts That You Can Easily Make At Home

are worth many times the money spent for materials, and they are sure to please because they show that you have spent time as well as money. Our New Method circulars give full directions for reproducing any of the pretty things shown on this page, according to the short-cut methods of needlework endorsed by the busy modern woman. Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for each circular, or ten cents for three circulars.



VIII. Needle and thimble cases make such thoughtful Christmas gifts. Pattern and working directions.



Photograph © by M. I. Boris Studio

HOPE HAMPTON

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



Photograph by Hurrell

JOAN MARSH



Photograph by John Miehle

CHESTER MORRIS



Photograph by Bruno Studio

MARY ASTOR



Photograph by Preston Duncan

JAMES HALL



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARLENE DIETRICH



Photograph by Hurrell

CONRAD NAGEL



MARILYN MILLER

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. II

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 6



Gossip of the Studios

Merry Christmas.

* * *

MARY PICKFORD is spending two hours every day tap dancing in preparation for "Kiki." It's hard



Barbara Stanwyck: Partially paralyzed when dropped by worker carrying her for treatment for fall on studios' airway.

work, but Mary loves it and is already remarkably good at it. She is going to play Kiki with her own blonde hair.

* * *

JACK GILBERT has been very ill for some little time, but is better now and has moved into his new house at Malibu, where he intends to stay all winter. He had Harold Grieve redecorate the house and it's one of the most attractive houses along the beach. A real Cape Cod cottage, with the walls painted a lovely

green and a lot of very attractive early American furniture. Jack has closed his big home in Beverly Hills, for Mrs. Gilbert—Ina Claire—expects to remain in New York all winter. There are rumors, as usual, of a permanent separation.

Previews of Jack's new picture, "Way for a Sailor," have created a riot and it looks as though Jack were surely slated for a comeback.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO is now pronounced out of danger by the doctors. She has been in bed ever since a week after her wedding to Cedric Gibbons, suffering from a severe form of kidney trouble. Though it was kept as quiet as possible, the beautiful star was actually in danger of death for several weeks. It will be several weeks before she is strong enough to go back to work at United Artists. So "The Dove" has been indefinitely postponed, pending her complete recovery.

* * *

The average length of

time it takes to make a talking picture in Hollywood is twenty-one days. That being the time from when the camera first starts to crank until it takes its last shot. Sounds economical, but isn't.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

is about ready to throw down the gauntlet to the talkie champions. He will soon release his picture, "City Lights." It will have synchronized sound and music, but will be a real silent in that Charlie does not talk. He claims there is a market and a big one throughout the world for silent pictures, and that many, many people would rather have the old silent days back—with more action in pictures than we have today with dialogue, covering situations. Chaplin also says he believes that about one-third of the pictures made next year will be silent pictures.

Charlie is gambling. He spent over \$1,500,000 on "City Lights" and it will almost all go up the chimney if the fans do not want silent pictures and stay away from his. He employed 11,500 persons in making this picture and shot 800,000 feet of film—of which only about 9,000 will be used when you see it.

* * *

BESSIE LOVE and her husband, William Hawks, are awaiting the arrival of the stork. And Bessie hopes it will be a girl.

* * *

BUDDY ROGERS acted as host at a big formal party for the first time, just before he left Hollywood with his mother for a European trip. The Rogers home in Beverly Hills was the meeting place and from there the guests went out to George Olsen's popular club for dinner and dancing. Among the



Ruth Chatterton: Going to establish talkie record by playing four rôles in her next film, "The Right to Love."



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Ann Harding: Surprised at the fuss the Hollywood colony makes over a good picture.

guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Mrs. Lloyd wore a white lace dancing frock and a beautiful ermine wrap. William Haines was present, so was Florence Hamburger, the tall blonde beauty who has been receiving a lot of Buddy's attention these days. She is a Los Angeles society girl. Others were Mr. and Mrs. Don Alvarado, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Charlie Farrell, Anita Page, in a trailing gown of pale blue chiffon, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels). Mrs. Lyon wore a tightly fitted gown of black lace. Mae Sunday was also in black lace, with a huge corsage of orchids. Constance Bennett wore white and silver, the gown cut very low in the back and held tightly at the waist with a narrow silver girdle. Lloyd and Carmen Pantages were there. And Catherine Dale Owen, in brocaded green silk. June Collyer looked lovely in a pastel chiffon frock and Barbara Kent was in pale green and gold.

Nearly four hundred thousand people in the United States alone depend upon the motion picture industry for their living.

DO you know that Gloria Swanson is insured for a greater amount than any other man or woman in Los Angeles County? Upon her death her heirs will receive TWO MILLION DOLLARS from insurance companies holding her policy. Buster Keaton is insured for \$1,250,000; Will Rogers, Connie and Norma Talmadge, Eric Von Stroheim, Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, will each cost an insurance company one million dollars when they depart from this "vale of tears." C. B. DeMille is insured for \$1,732,500. One reason the stars and big business men take out such large policies is that no inheritance tax is levied upon insurance bequests and their heirs will have quick cash with which to settle the estate if necessary. Often big estates are sacrificed because cash money must be had to pay the various city, state and national taxes levied upon inheritances.

TITLES—of pictures—are often changed in Hollywood while the

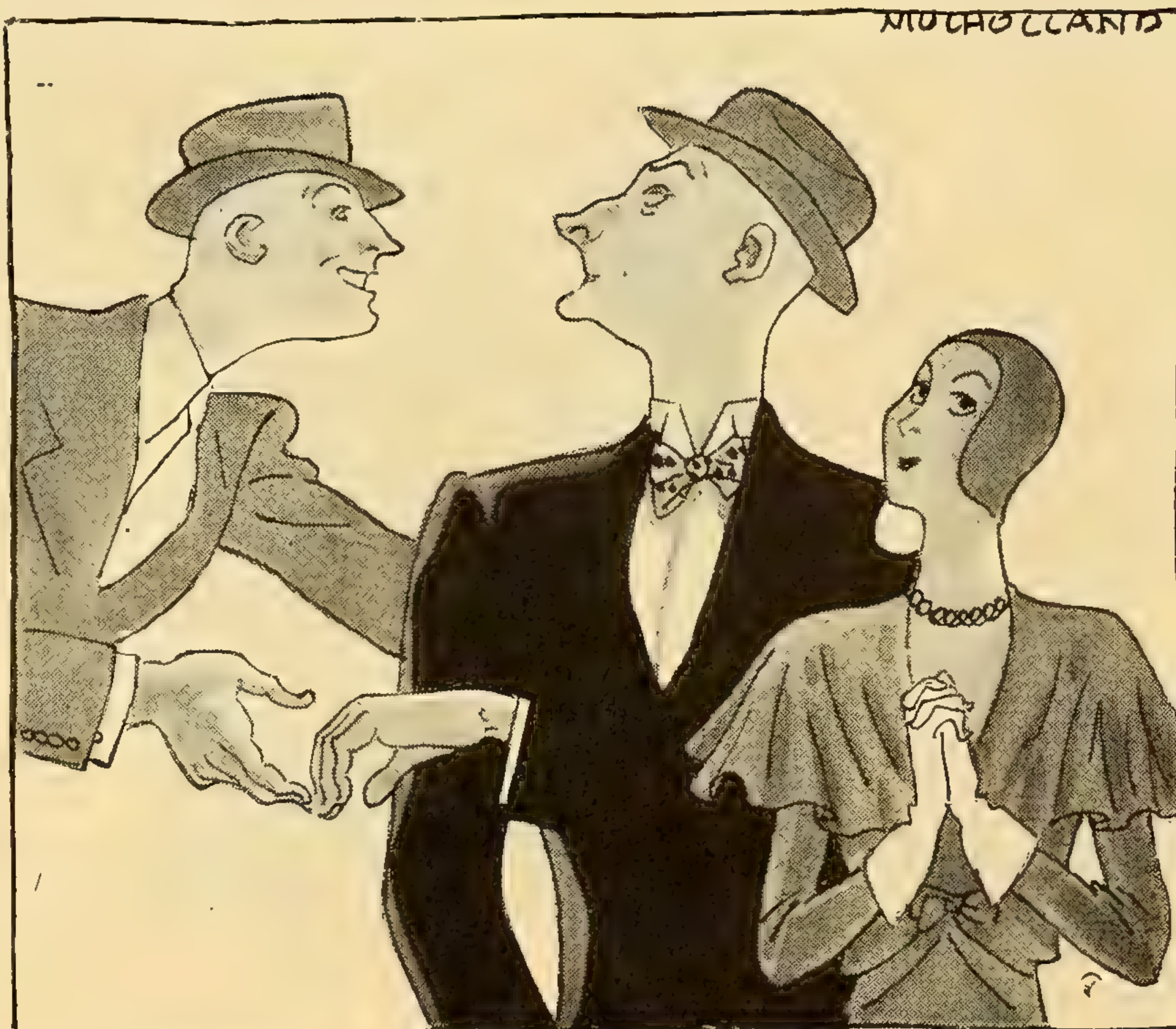
picture is being made. But one of the greatest changes is the title swap made on a picture Dick Arlen is doing for Paramount. It was called "Social Errors"; it's now called "Only Saps Work." And Hollywood is now wondering if they mean it is a social error to be caught working.

RUTH CHATTERTON has been given a new long-term contract by Paramount. She is now one of the biggest of the Hollywood stars—just a short two years after she was on the verge of leaving Hollywood because she could not get a job. Emil Jannings, in his picture "Sins of the Fathers," gave Ruth her first real "break."

Douglas Fairbanks has more clothes than any man in pictures. He buys suits in England, New York, Italy, France and even in Shanghai. Most of them he never wears, because he is a very simple dresser and you're apt to see him around most of the time in white pants and a sweater. But he has more than a hundred suits.

FLORENCE VIDOR, who was formerly one of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood, has a new baby. The stork visited her and her husband, Jascha Heifetz, whom she married in August, 1928, and left a nice little baby girl. If that baby looks like her beautiful mama and can play a violin like her wonderful father—what a beating the boys are going to take twenty years from now.

AL WILSON is one of the best known Hollywood stunt men. He has cracked up aeroplanes, driven automobiles into speeding trains, jumped off tall buildings, risked his neck a thousand times—without serious injury. He fell out of bed in Chicago and was taken to the hospital with two of the vertebrae in his back out of place.



LILY DAMITA is back in Hollywood. Lily is the gal Sam Goldwyn engaged in Paris a few years ago and brought to America to be a star. Her accent was against her when the movies went talkie but now she has learned enough English to get by. Lily is also the gal who caught a young man casting an appraising glance at her very prominently displayed ankles and calves and remarked, "Pretty good, huh?" to him.

Prize line of the month goes to William Haines, who in a contemplative

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

moment after listening to a lot of conversation at a dinner party said, "The trouble with this age is that there are more wisecrackers than there are wisecracks."

* * *

CECIL B. DE MILLE jumped down the railing of his yacht to a small dory alongside and broke his ankle when he landed. He did not lose a day's work, having the injured ankle taped and showing up at the studio as usual.

* * *

JACK OAKIE was in Chicago on his recent trip east. And he was given a taste of gangland when a couple of gents from the underworld tried to get him to give them a thousand dollars for some very indefinite charity. Jack did not like the sound of the request, hedged until he could find out a little more about the "charity." He found it was strictly the bunk and refused to come through. Then the racketeers threatened to take him for a ride.

* * *

LORD BERTRAM DAWSON, of Penn, the King of England's doctor, has been in Hollywood taking a peek at how the talkies are made. "How could one visit America without wanting to see the Pacific Coast, and how could one be on the Pacific Coast without wanting to see California, and how could one be in California without wanting to see Hollywood and how could one be in Hollywood without wanting to see how motion pictures are made?" was the compound question asked by Lord Dawson when he was asked why he was in Hollywood.

* * *

Al Jolson now has a bungalow right next door to Mary Pickford's on the United Artists' lot.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON has closed her Malibu house and gone back to Beverly Hills. Her two children, Gloria 2d and "Brother," had to start school again. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes have also departed from the summer house they rented from Anna Q. Nilsson.

* * *

HER fans seem to want a monthly report on Lila Lee. Her last letter, from the sanitarium in Arizona, says, "I am feeling better every day and the doctors are very encouraging. But I'm going to stay until I know I'm well. My young son came down last week to visit me and that cheered me up a lot. I'll be back in a couple of months, I think."

* * *

VIVIENNE SEGAL went to her first big wrestling match the other evening. A wrestler who weighed 210 fell out of

the ring and landed right in Vivienne's lap where she sat at the ringside. Vivienne maintained her dignity and didn't run, but she says the next time she goes to a wrestling match she won't sit in the front row.

* * *

Jack Oakie calls his mother, "The District Attorney." He says she is the greatest cross-examiner who ever lived and can smell a rat in his conversation, no matter how he tries to cover it up. There's more about Oakie on page 88.

* * *

LAWRENCE TIBBETT gave a charming party in honor of his wife's birthday, at their home in Beverly Hills. The house was filled with bright yellow flowers and the dinner was formal. Mrs. Tibbett wore a black satin gown, and a diamond pendant, the birthday gift of her husband. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse and their pretty daughter, Lenore Wodehouse, Catherine Dale Owen and John Loder, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Eleanor Painter, Ramon Novarro, Merle Armitage, and Elizabeth Meekan.

* * *

EVELYN LAYE, the English prima donna, has returned to England. Her picture is finished and it hasn't been decided yet whether she is to make any more. The vogue of musical pictures seems to be very much on the wane right now. Song writers and singers are buying tickets back to New York. It looks as though music would be only incidental in most pictures for a while at least.

* * *

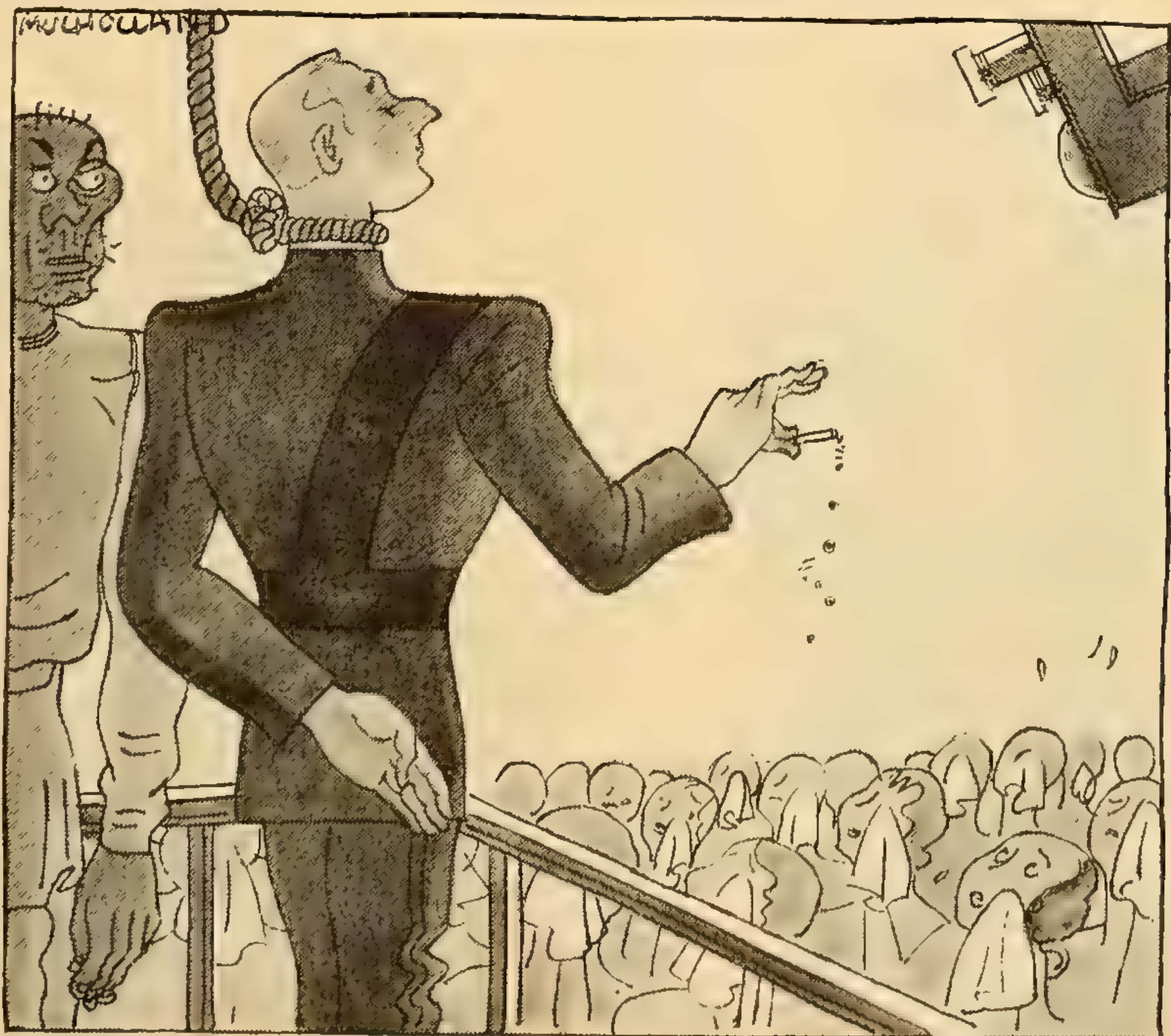
MARIE PREVOST has been signed to a long-term contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She made such a hit with studio executives in "War Nurse" that they decided to keep her on the lot.

* * *

JULANNE JOHNSTON, who was a well-known screen leading woman, has been the featured dancer at the Roosevelt Hotel lately. Julianne was a dancer before Douglas Fairbanks saw her and gave her the part of the princess in "The Thief of Bagdad." Of course, Julianne has hosts of friends in the film colony and they all flocked to see her opening night. Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks (Bessie Love), had a party, and so did Joan Bennett, Kay Francis and



John Barrymore: Goes on a six weeks' white seal hunt between motion pictures.



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Polly Moran: When she found out what van men cost, she moved her own furniture.

Kenneth McKenna. June Collyer was there with her mother and father and two of her young brothers. Saw Blanche Sweet, looking perfectly lovely with a heavy coat of summer tan. Dorothy Sebastian was in a stunning gown of emerald green and wore gardenias.

* * *

MARGARET DE MILLE, youngest daughter of William de Mille, was married at Tucson, Arizona, to Bernie P. Fineman, formerly the husband of Evelyn

Brent. The ceremony was very simple, being performed in the judge's chambers in the courthouse. The bride's sister, Agnes de Mille, well known in New York as a dancer, attended her.

* * *

ANOTHER wedding of interest to picture fans was that of Frances Beranger, daughter of the present Mrs. William de Mille, whose pen name is Clara Beranger. She has written many of Mr. de Mille's finest scripts. Miss Beranger married Donn Cook, with whom she had been appearing in stock. The ceremony took place at the beautiful William de Mille home. The bride wore a powder blue lace ensemble. A reception for the family and a few friends was held in Mrs. de Mille's studio.

* * *

Joan Crawford makes hook rugs while she is on the set in between scenes.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD wouldn't be Hollywood if Eddie and Lilyan Tashman Lowe didn't give at least one swell party every month. This time the occasion was their wooden wedding and the guests brought everything from potato mashers to chairs as gifts. Dinner was served in the garden under a full moon and as it was a warm night everything was comfortable as well as beautiful. Lilyan wore a pair of exquisite Chanel pajamas, in coral chiffon, with the bottoms full and pleated with velvet and the coat of chiffon velvet trimmed with real lace. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. David Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Buddy de Sylva, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mary Duncan, in a cerise gown without any back at all, Kay Francis, in a flowered chiffon, Aileen Pringle, in ivory satin, Winnie Sheehan, Jack Gilbert, Wil-

liam Haines, Ernst Lubitsch, Willis Goldbeck and Lothar Mendez.

* * *

ANN HARDING is quoted as saying, when someone raved about her picture "Holiday": "My goodness, do they always make such a fuss out here if anyone makes a good picture?" In a fine story, ably directed, and with the best supporting cast of the season, Miss Harding has risen to real stardom.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. RALPH FORBES (Ruth Chatterton) had a small dinner party in their Beverly Hills house when they returned from Malibu. The table was done in modernistic style with silver and black as a color scheme. Mrs. Forbes wore white—which seems to be the most popular color just now for evening gowns—and her guests were Elsie Janis, Mary Nash, Frances Starr (New York stage stars, as you know), Lois Wilson, Jack Buchanan, Glenn Hunter and Henry Daniel.

* * *

POLLY MORAN just bought a delightful new home on Hollywood Boulevard, right across from the Ernest Torrences and near Fay Wray. When she found out that the moving men charged four dollars an hour to carry in the bric-a-brac, Polly put an apron over her afternoon frock and went to work. So the passers-by were treated to the sight of one of filmdom's most popular comedienne's doing a bit of moving. Polly is a most devoted daughter and a lovely room has been arranged for her mother in the new home.

* * *

Ronny Colman, Dick Barthelmess and Bill Powell are the closest and altogether the most famous trio in Hollywood.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. P. G. WODEHOUSE and their daughter, Lenore, have become very popular in the Hollywood colony. Of course everyone knows P. G.'s delightful stories. And the movie group finds him just as witty in conversation as he is in print. Catherine Dale Owen entertained for Mrs. Wodehouse with a tea in her charming apartment at the Villa Madrid. The guests were Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Elsie Janis, June Collyer, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Charlie Farrell, Phillips Holmes, Grant Mitchell and John Loder.

* * *

FINALLY a solution has been found for the embarrassing confusion of names that arose when William Boyd, the stage actor, came to Hollywood where William Boyd, of the screen, was also operating. William Boyd, who played *Sergeant Quirk* in "What Price Glory" on



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

the stage originally and who has just made a hit in the newest version of "The Spoilers", will remain William Boyd. But the young screen star at Pathe will be known as Bill Boyd on the twenty-four sheets from now on.

* * *

CONRAD NAGEL and his pretty wife, Ruth, have been visiting in New York. They spent a few days with relatives in Chicago.

* * *

WHILE Irving Berlin, Edmund Goulding and Jack Pickford were struggling with some rewriting on "Reaching for the Moon," which is to star Douglas Fairbanks, Doug got in an aeroplane and flew up to Colorado to shoot wild turkeys. They ran out of gas or something and had to make a forced landing. But all came out well.

* * *

GRETA GARBO was at the opening of Katharine Cornell's play in Los Angeles. But no one noticed her and few recognized her. She wore a tan beret and a tan overcoat with a high collar and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. As time goes on the great Garbo seems to become more and more hermit-like.

* * *

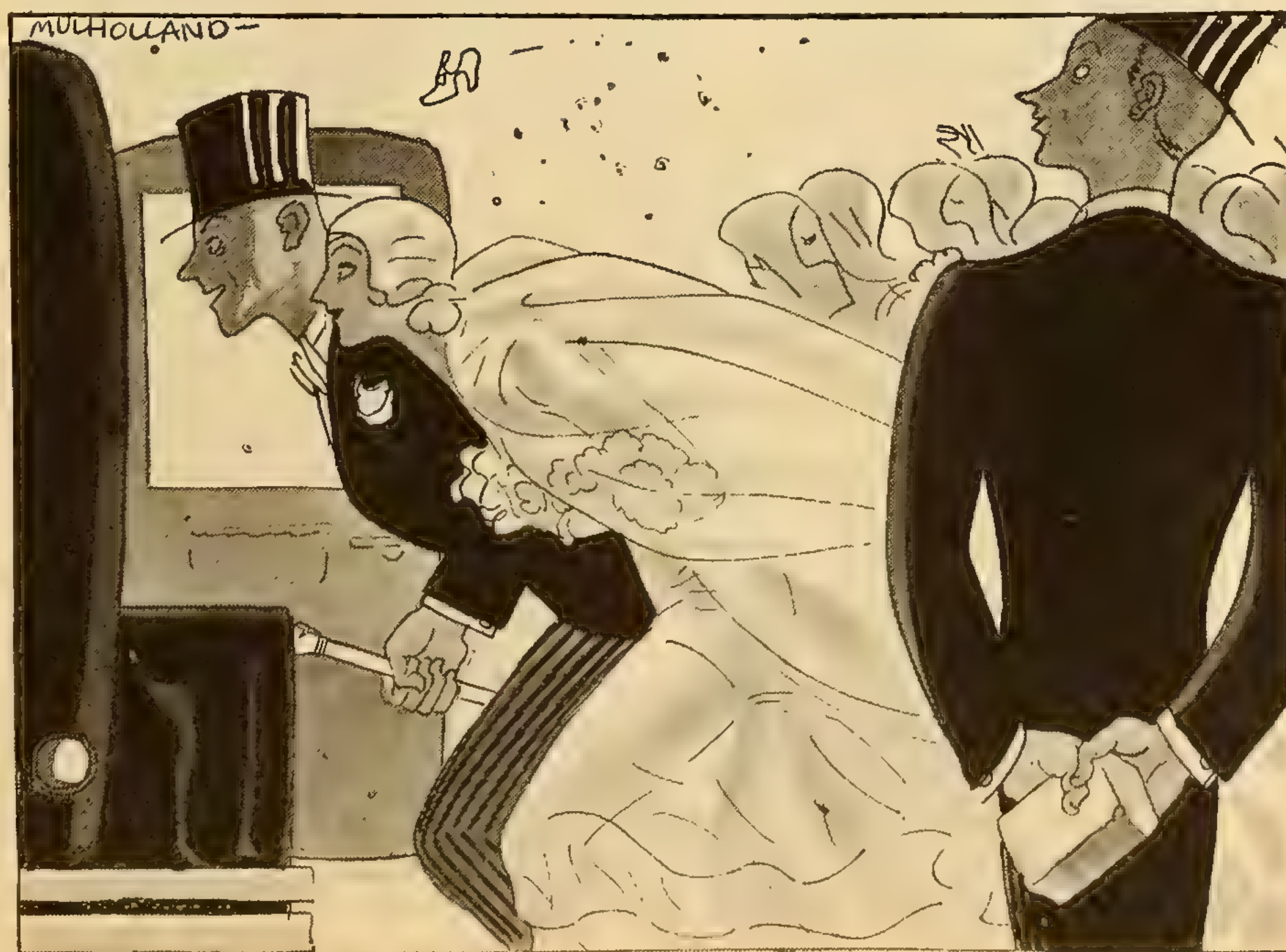
MUCH difficulty on the new Ronald Colman production. It's been cast and re-cast, stopped and started about half a dozen times now. Sam Goldwyn is determined to have it just right and, when he found the leading lady he had selected didn't fit the rôle, he threw away a week's work and began all over again.

* * *

JOHN BARRYMORE and his wife, Dolores Costello, have gone on a six weeks' white seal hunt down near Guadalupe Islands. John heard rumors the seals were there and decided in a hurry to go see for himself—and if possible to catch some of them. Their infant daughter, and several scientists, went with the Barrymores.

* * *

BARBARA STANWYCK had a peculiar, and bad, accident on a set. She tripped on a stairway and fell, and the shock of it caused her to faint. While she was being carried to the emergency hospital on the lot one of the men who was carrying her slipped and fell himself. Barbara took another nasty tumble and hit her head. She became partially paralyzed and was rushed to a hospital, where it was feared for a while that her injuries were serious. The hospital to which she was taken was the same one in which her husband, Frank Fay, had just been taken and where he was waiting for an appendicitis operation!



Jack Gilbert likes watermelon and chicken broth. Ramon Novarro goes in for vegetable plate dinners.

* * *

EIGHT steers broke out of a cattle truck on Hollywood Boulevard and ran up and down the street. They galloped madly for blocks and drove everyone into stores or up telephone poles. While Hollywood Boulevard is supposed to be the stamping ground of many drug-store cowboys, not one of them interrupted the stampede of steers. The tired cows were finally corraled in a garage by two policemen.

* * *

WILL ROGERS captivated Lake Tahoe while his company was at the California-Nevada resort making "Lightnin'." Young Herb Fleishhacker, who played fullback for the Stanford University football team last year, and whose family own Tahoe Tavern, gave the gum-chewing rope-thrower a series of dinners before the company returned to Hollywood.

* * *

PARAMOUNT lists the items you remember after meeting their stars. There's Clara Bow's wink, Ruth Chatterton's poise, Bill Powell's well-tailored clothes, Mary Brian's long eyelashes, Chevalier's walk, Gary Cooper's height, Claudette Colbert's black eyes, Kay Francis' olive skin, Jeanette MacDonald's teeth and Charles Rogers' dog, Baron.

* * *

BILL POWELL and Vic Shertzinger, his director, were riding up Michigan Boulevard in an open car. They noticed another car was trying to buck the traffic and draw alongside of them. Bill looked at Vic, Vic looked at Bill, and they both looked bothered.

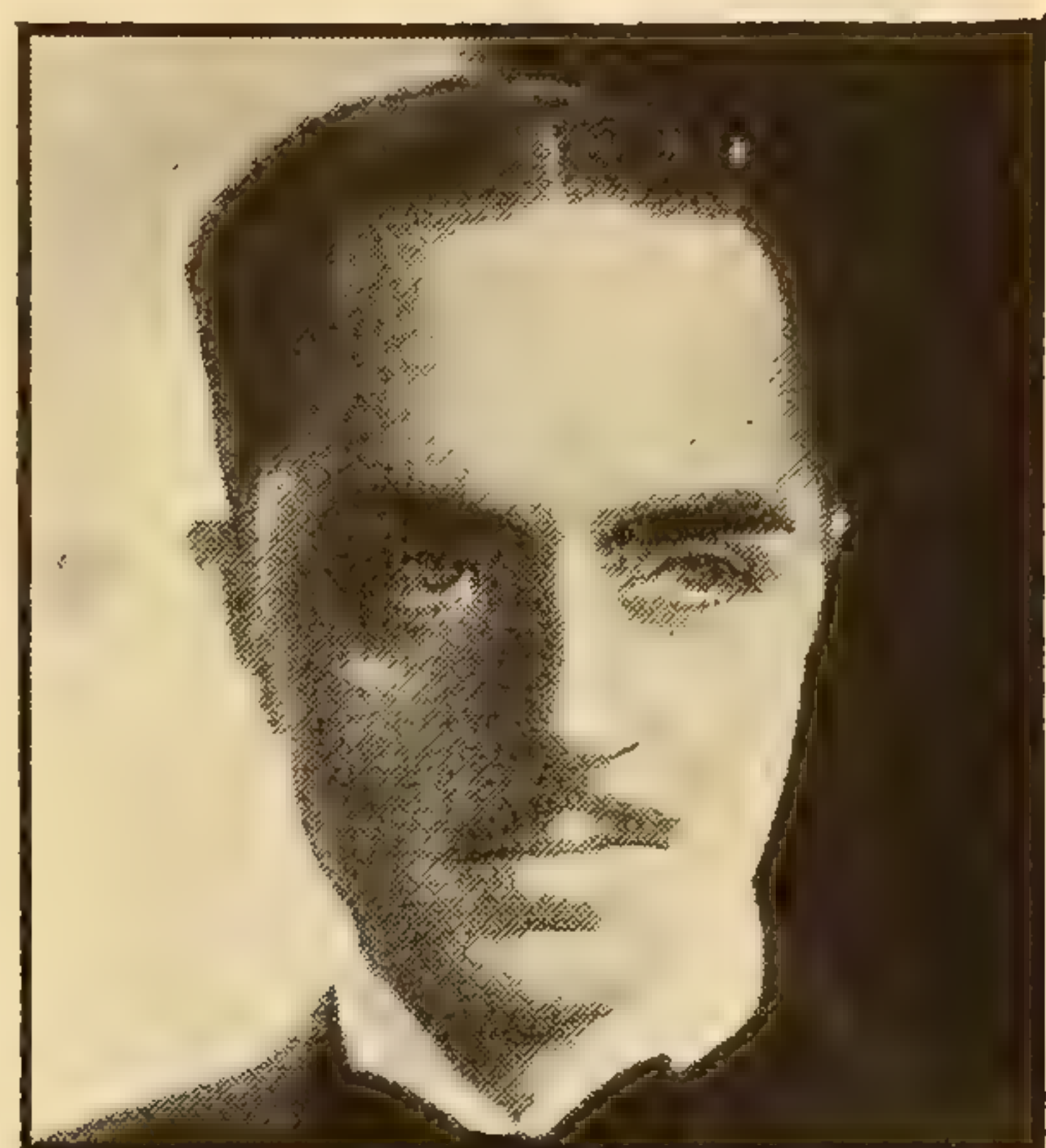
After all Michigan Boulevard is in Chicago and we all know how mysterious black touring cars with the curtains down drive up alongside of another car, and there is a rat-tat-tat of bullets — and another man has been put on the spot.

"What's he doing?" asked Bill.

"I dunno," said Vic, "but I don't like it. You know anyone in this town?" Vic looked at Bill with suspicion. Bill gulped.

"Yes, but——"

Just then the tour-
(Cont'd on page 93)



William Powell: Pursued by mysterious car and given scare while motoring in Chicago.

CHRISTMAS in

The Movie Capital Won't Let the Lack of Snow and Sleigh Bells Stand in the Way of a Joyous Yuletide

BY DICK HYLAND

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

It is certainly that in Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

You know, they used to say that a real Christmas had to be a white Christmas. All the pictures of Christmas always showed Santa Claus driving through the snow and the ever-greens against a white background.

You can't, of course, have a white Christmas in sunny Southern California. But Hollywood is always artistic and they manage to produce a Christmas atmosphere that is really wonderful.

Last year Hollywood Boulevard for the week before Christmas was a spectacle to make children—and grown-ups as well—catch their breaths with delight. All along the street were great Christmas trees, decorated with all the gauds and tinsel imaginable and lighted at night with thousands of twinkling, vari-colored electric lights. And there were little red chimney booths with make-believe Santa Clauses in them. Even the street lights were decorated for Christmas cheer.

In Beverly, the Christmas decorations were so lovely that people drove from miles around to see the sight. Many of the beautiful Beverly Hills homes have real ever-green trees—real Christmas trees—in the front yard. These are completely covered with sparkling tinsel and colored balls, and hung with Christmas lights, which look like candles. At night, hundreds of these would be lighted up. And those that don't have their trees outside put them in the windows and draw back the curtains, so that the passersby may catch their cheery message of goodwill to men.

THE Harold Lloyds have a delightful custom with their little daughter, Gloria. Every year Gloria's Christmas tree is a real live cedar, in a big wooden box, the box concealed by glittering snow against which the gaily tied presents are piled. When Christmas is over, there is a little ceremony and the Lloyd family plants the



Christmas tree in a little grove near Gloria's playhouse. So that she is surrounded by all her past Christmas trees, with their delightful memories. That sounds like a charming J. M. Barrie thought, doesn't it? But it is really Harold himself, who is like a kid at Christmas time.

This year the Hollywood and Beverly Hills chambers of commerce are going to duplicate the decorations of last year and again the two cities of movieland will be gay and festive for the Christmas season. The custom of lighting the Christmas trees in the front yard is becoming a tradition in Beverly Hills now and will be carried out every year. All the stars who live there will have outdoor trees,

and tiny trees alight in the windows.

When Christmas comes in Hollywood, you realize what a home-loving community it really is and how many family ties there are. Just as all America on that day turns to home and family, so too does Hollywood. Many people keep open house and there is a lot of merry calling back and forth and running in and out—so many of the stars live within a few blocks of each other—but mostly it is a day when the family in all its branches gathers in one home for an old-fashioned celebration.

DOUG and Mary are a little undecided about their Christmas plans and will be, right up to the last minute. Last year they were on the ocean, on their trip around the world. And this year Douglas wants very much to go to St. Moritz for Christmas Day. He wants to see the winter sports and have the fun of a "white Christmas" after many years in the Southland.

But it looks a little dubious right now, for they start pictures soon which probably will not be finished. If they don't

Courtesy Pictorial California

Christmas trees, decked with tinsel and lights, may seem a little strange in Southern California—but Los Angeles and Hollywood observe the Yuletide just as does New England.



HOLLYWOOD

DECORATIONS BY MULHOLLAND

travel across the sea, you'll find them at Pickfair, with a large family group around them. There will be young Doug and his wife, Joan Crawford. And Doug's brother, Bob, and his wife and two lovely daughters, and Jack Pickford and his bride, Mary Mulhern. And Mary's favorite cousin, Verna Cailleff, and her husband and small son. Her mother, who was Mary's mother's sister, is also living here. And there is Lottie and her new husband. Also, first and foremost on Christmas, is little Gwynne Pickford, Mary's adopted daughter and niece, who is Mary's idol. Gwynne is fourteen now and looking forward to Christmas this year. But Mary is very wise and careful with this lovely child and her presents will be simple and useful.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes will have a quiet day with their mothers, in the Beverly Hills home. Don't tell anybody, because it isn't to be opened until Christmas, but Ralph is planning the most gorgeous present for Ruth. A new combination radio and phonograph—the finest available—in a wonderful antique chest from Venice. You know, Ruth's passion is music.

On Christmas evening they will go calling, probably on Elsie Janis and Ramon Novarro.

ONCE more Clara Bow is going to be disappointed in her Christmas plans. She, like Doug Fairbanks, has been wanting for years to go to St. Moritz. But pictures interfere. So again this year she'll be at home. One of Clara's big joys at Christmas is "the day before" at the studio. She has a Christmas tree on her set, and gives the most delightful and individual presents to all her friends in every department of the studio. No one is forgotten. I saw Clara the other day buying cigarette lighters, gold pens and pencils, perfume, books—all sorts of wonderful things for her "studio Christmas."

On Christmas Day she plans to have a dinner for a lot of the younger crowd in Hollywood who are alone here without families.

The Barthelmesses, after six weeks in New York, return to their Beverly Hills home just before Christmas, and celebrate with their two youngsters. For Christmas dinner they will have Dick's two great pals, Ronald Colman and Bill Powell. Of course Bill will spend the day with his handsome little son, but they'll all get together in the evening.

MONSIEUR and Madame Chevalier return from Paris to Hollywood in time for the holidays and will probably spend their Christmas with Mary and Doug, if the Fairbanks don't go to Europe. If they do, the Chevaliers will have a few close friends, French folk who are strangers in the land of the cinema,



Courtesy Pictorial California

Here's how Hollywood Boulevard looked last Christmas, with its decorated Christmas trees and its sky aglow with searchlights. It will be even more beautifully decorated this Christmas.

for Christmas dinner with a truly French flavor.

The real open house—it makes you think of the stories and pictures of the South before the war—of the day will be at Eddie and Lilyan Tashman Lowe's. It is part of the Christmas tradition of Hollywood and Beverly Hills for the picture celebrities to drop in for a glass of eggnog and a few moments of greeting at the Lowe home on Linden Drive. Probably more people gather there than in any other home and you are more apt to find the gang there and be able to wish most of your friends a Merry Christmas.

Lilyan is planning to give Ed some rare books he has wanted for a long time and—don't breathe this, please—Eddie is planning some magnificent jewels for Lilyan, who loves them.

BEBE and Ben are completely "family" on Christmas. There is the greatest devotion possible between Bebe and her darling mother, Phyllis Daniels, and her grandmother, Mrs. Griffen. Bebe's family is a large one—many aunts, uncles and cousins. And Ben is just as devoted to his mother. So they will all be together at the big beach house, which is an ideal place to have a large gathering.

Last year Ben gave Bebe a Ford town car for Christ-

HOW HOLLYWOOD WILL OBSERVE CHRISTMAS DAY

mas, but he hasn't decided what he will give her this year. It must be difficult, because they received so many wonderful wedding gifts. It's possible that they will start to build their new Hollywood home as a mutual gift to each other.

Last year Bebe, who is undoubtedly the most popular girl in Hollywood, received over seven hundred personal gifts. And gave more.

OF course, such devout Catholics as Ramon Novarro and Dolores Del Rio give much time to church on Christmas. And then Ramon spends the day with his large family. They always have a lot of music, singing the lovely old Christmas songs. Possibly Elsie Janis will be with them, though Elsie has had so many, many invitations for this Christmas—Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford, the Chevaliers, and dozens of others—that it will be difficult for her to make up her mind.

Another family clan is that which surrounds Norma Shearer, and they simply won't have time for anybody outside the circle of the clan. Irving Thalberg, her husband, is a devoted son and, of course, Mrs. Thalberg will be with them. Then Norma's beautiful sister is married to Howard Hawks, and Howard's brother is married to Bessie Love. And there is Mary Astor, the widow of Kenneth Hawks. So you can imagine what a large group will celebrate at the Thalberg home. And there's the new baby to receive his first Christmas greetings from his adoring relatives.

If production makes it possible, Gary Cooper wants to go back to his home in Montana for Christmas and take his mother and father with him. In fact, he's set on it and is bending every effort to arrange things at the studio so he can have a couple of weeks off. He has already bought a beautifully designed wrist watch for his mother's Christ-



Another view of the Boulevard on Christmas Eve. Specially designed Christmas trees are fitted around the electroliers along the boulevard and the arrangement gives the appearance of long rows of old fashioned Christmas trees with a golden glow in their center.

Courtesy Pictorial California

mas gift so he can take it right along with him. His father and mother have bought him a splendid new robe for his car. He doesn't know it yet and we hope he won't read it here before Christmas morning.

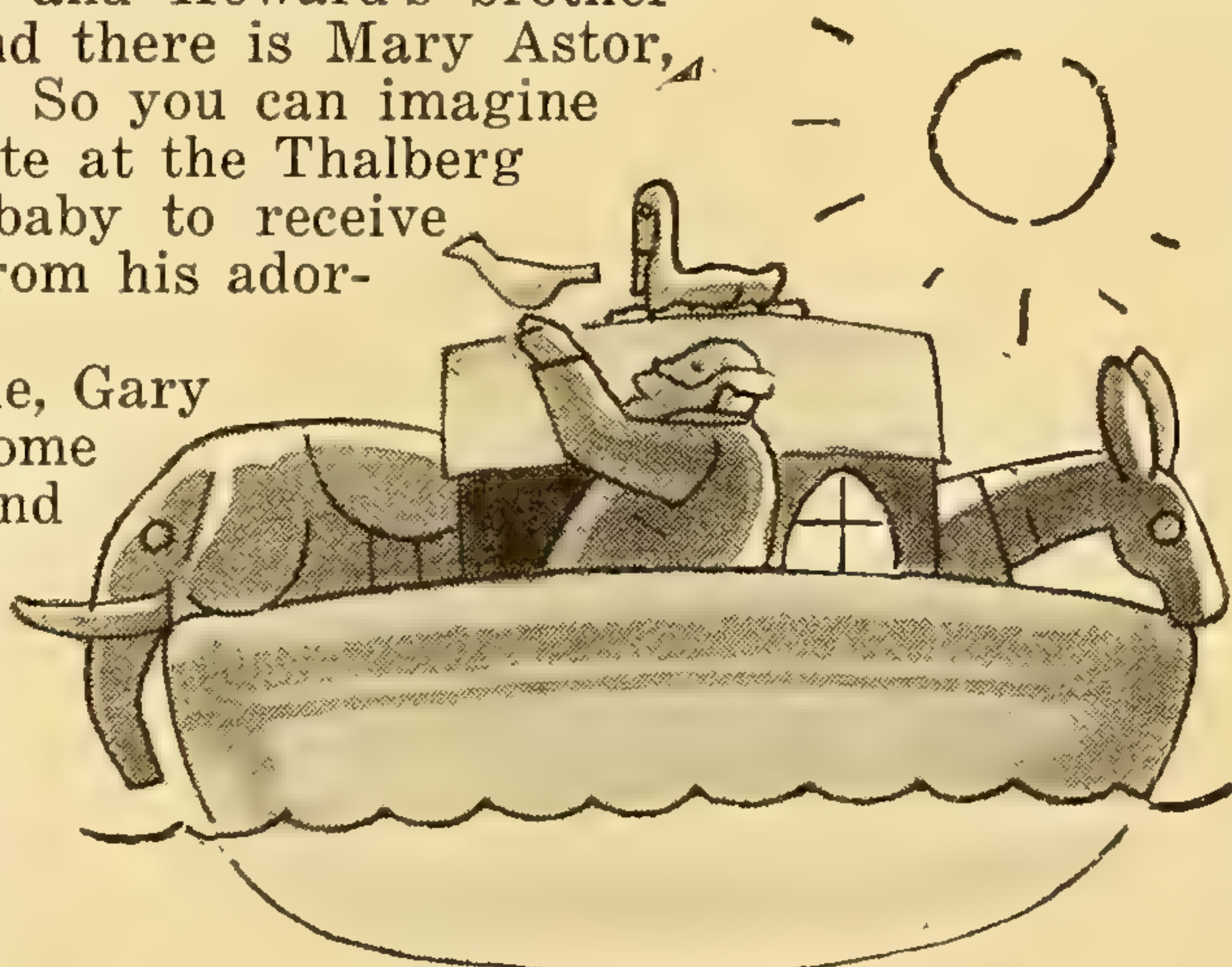
THIS year Buddy Rogers is doing his Christmas shopping in Europe. His first visit. He and his mother have spent several months abroad, getting back to Hollywood just in time for Christmas Eve. And it will be his very first Christmas in Hollywood. Every year before this he has gone back to Olathe, Kansas, to be with his folks. Now they all live in Hollywood and have a lovely new home in Beverly. His sister, Mrs. Binford, is coming out from Lincoln, Nebraska, so the group will be complete.

Among other Christmas gifts he got abroad were some sweaters in Scotland, for his brother Bruce and his father. Two real

English suits for both of them. And a lot of bags and lingerie in Paris for his sister. I expect there are some Paris gifts in his bag for Mary Brian and June Collyer, too.

Jack Oakie won't know until a few days before what work will allow him to do at Christmas time. He's purchased his tickets to New York all ready for use, if possible. Jack loves New York and wants to go there to be with his sister if he can. Otherwise, he and his mother will spend Christmas in Hollywood. And his mother has ordered him a dozen new shirts of a special make and style that he particularly prefers.

NORMA TALMADGE will be back after many months in Europe and will open her beach house for Christmas. There's another family clan. And of course there will be Mr. (Continued on page 96)



PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION



OFFICE OF ADOLPH ZUKOR
PRESIDENT

September 26, 1930

Mr. Frederick James Smith,
New Movie Magazine,
55 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Smith:

It is a pleasure to extend greetings to the New Movie Magazine on the occasion of its first birthday. You have given the motion picture fans a splendid magazine and the success that has come in such a short time is well deserved. Those responsible for this rapid progress should be more than gratified.

Congratulations and best wishes,

Sincerely,

Adolph Zukor

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WESTERN UNION

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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RECEIVED AT
SB11 26 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 16
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH=
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
CONGRATULATIONS UPON YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY IS PROUD OF YOUR SUCCESS AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO MANY MORE BIRTHDAYS MARKED WITH SIMILAR ACHIEVEMENT=
LOUIS B MAYER.

SD 1930 SEP 17 AM 3 31

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SA 169 49 NL=WB HOLLYWOOD CALIF 26
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH=
EDITOR THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS ON THE OCCASION OF YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY STOP IN THE SHORT PERIOD OF A YEAR YOU HAVE ESTABLISHED ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MAGAZINES DEALING WITH MOTION PICTURE ACTIVITIES IT HAS BEEN MY PLEASURE TO READ STOP BEST WISHES FOR FUTURE SUCCESS AND KINDEST PERSONAL REGARDS=
JACK WARNER

SD 1930 AUG 26 PM 10 25

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Additional letters and telegrams of congratulations, received too late for reproduction here, will be found on page 100.

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Postal Telegraph

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ALL AMERICA CABLES COMMERCIAL CABLES

SA199 25 NM
PKY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18
FREDERIC JAMES SMITH
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY
MY SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP IT IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MAGAZINES PERTAINING TO THE TALKING SCREEN
B P SCHULBERG.

SD 1930 SEP 26 PM 10 15

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THEY SAY -

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(THE HADLEY SYSTEM)

ALL AMERICA CABLES COMMERCIAL CABLES

SA485 39 NL
PFO HOLLYWOOD CALIF 17
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY
FOX FILM CORPORATION EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS TO NEW MOVIE AND ITS POPULAR AND EFFICIENT EDITOR FREDERICK JAMES SMITH ON COMPLETION OF THE FIRST YEARS SCHEDULE MAY CONTINUED SUCCESS AND BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT IN THE MAGAZINE FIELD MARK COMING YEAR BEST REGARDS
WINFIELD SHEEHAN.

SD 1930 SEP 17 PM 10 15

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SB12 26 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 16
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH=
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
MY SINCERE WISHES THAT EACH MILESTONE YOU PASS WILL FIND YOU CLOSER TO THE HEARTS OF THOSE YOU SERVE YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY IS A HAPPY EVENT=
IRVING THALBERG.

SD 1930 SEP 17 AM 3 28

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WLT = Week-End Letter

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AND
TELEPHOTOGRAPHS

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

195 BROADWAY, N.Y.

CLASS OF SERVICE
PHOTOGRAM -
EXPLANATORY MESSAGE WITH TELEPHOTOGRAPH

*Frederick James Smith
New Movie Magazine
55 - 5th Ave New York
Congratulations on The New Movie Magazine's first birthday. It looks like a thriving youngster.
Carl Laemmle*

NEW MOVIE CELEBRATES ITS FIRST BIRTHDAY

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J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at
SA7 27 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE HAS CERTAINLY DONE THINGS FOR A BABY ONLY
ONE YEAR OLD STOP CONGRATULATIONS TO EVERYBODY ON THE STAFF
AND TO MR SMITH IN PARTICULAR=
JOAN CRAWFORD.

1930 SEP 6 AM 3 28

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NLT = Cable Night Letter
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FREDERIC JAMES SMITH=
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
CON GRATULATIONS TO EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH NEW MOVIE
MAGAZINE FOR ITS SUCCESS=
GARY COOPER.

1930 SEP 18 PM 4 17



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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at
SB363 21 NM=KY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18
FREDERIC JAMES SMITH=
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 5 AVE NEWYORK NY=
CONGRATULATIONS TO NEW MOVIE STOP I THINK YOU HAVE FOUND
WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS IN THE LINE OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES
WILLIAM POWELL.

1930 SEP 18 PM 4 17



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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at
SA6 8 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR MANY MORE YEARS=
WILLIAM HAINES.

1930 SEP 6 AM 3 28

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at
SB377 17=HOLLYWOOD CALIF 5 1158A
FREDERICK J SMITH, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE EDITOR=
55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY AND MAY THE MAGAZINE LIVE TO
BE AN OLD OLD MAN=
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

1930 SEP 5 PM 3 03



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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at
SB687 31=WA LOSANGELES CALIF 9 546P
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=
THE TOWER PUBLICATION 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
IT IS A GENUINE PLEASURE TO CONGRATULATE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
ON ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY STOP THE PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF THE
PUBLICATION IN SO SHORT A TIME IS PROOF OF ITS POPULARITY=
RICHARD DIX.

1930 SEP 9 PM 8 54



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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at
SB360 39 NL=KY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18
FREDERIC JAMES SMITH, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=
55 5 AVE NEWYORK NY=
LET ME EXTEND MY SINCERE BEST WISHES FOR THE FUTURE SUCCESS
OF YOUR EXCELLENT MAGAZINE STOP IN THE FIRST YEAR ITS QUALITY
HAS FORCED THE MAGAZINE TO GREAT POPULARITY AMONG THE PEOPLE
WHO ARE WRITTEN ABOUT BETWEEN ITS COVERS=
KAY FRANCIS.

1930 SEP 18 PM 4 17

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NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT
J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Received at
SB689 19=WA LOSANGELES CALIF 9 546P
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=
THE TOWER PUBLICATIONS 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON ITS
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS MY HEARTIEST BEST WISHES FOR ITS
CONTINUED ACHIEVEMENTS=
BEBE DANIELS

1930 SEP 9 PM 8 55

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Received at 40 Broad St., (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y. ALWAYS OPEN

1930 SEP 10 AM 1 10

SV206 23 NM=LOSANGELES CALIF 9

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, TOWER PUBLICATIONS=

55 5 AVE NEWYORK NY=

SHO SHO US THINKS NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS AN ACE HIGH

PROPOLITION STOP IT SURE IS A GREAT PUBLICISION CHECK AND

DOUBLE CHECK=

AMOS AND ANDY.

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1930 SEP 6 AM 3 36

SV17 13 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

CONGRATULATIONS MAY NEXT YEAR BE EVEN MORE SUCCESSFUL BEST

WISHES TO FRED SMITH=

RAMON NOVARRO.

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegram
(THE HADWAY SYSTEM)
ALL AMERICA CABLES COMMERCIAL CABLES

SA198 20 NM

KY HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18

FREDERIC JAMES SMITH

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY

YOUVE MADE A GREAT MAGAZINE OF NEW MOVIE MY VERY BEST TO YOU AND YOUR

WRITERS ON YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

CLARA BOW.

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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1930 SEP 6 AM 3 35

SV18 9 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

CONGRATULATIONS AND MAY THERE BE MANY MORE HAPPY BIRTHDAYS=

NORMA SHEARER.



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Received at

1930 SEP 6 AM 3 24

SA5 12 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

WHEN BIGGER AND BETTER BIRTHDAYS ARE MADE NEW MOVIE

WILL HAVE THEM=

BESSIE LOVE.



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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Received at

1930 SEP 6 AM 2 32

SD44 7 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

MY SINCEREST WISHES FOR MANY MANY MORE=

LEILA HYAMS.

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Received at 40 Broad Street, (Central Cable Office), New York, N. Y. ALWAYS OPEN

SEP 6 AM 3 37

SV19 8 NM=CULVERCITY CALIF 5

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE=

55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY=

BIRTHDAY FELICITATIONS TO NEW MOVIE AND FRED SMITH=

LEWIS STONE.



BIRTHDAY GREETING

A383CC 8W 24 NM

WB HOLLYWOOD CALIF AUG 27 1930

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NEWYORK NY

WISHING NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE A SWELL BIRTHDAY AND LOTS OF THEM STOP

YOUR BABY IS A DANDY AND YOU SHOULD BE A PROUD DADDY

WINNIE LIGHTNER

1038P





Clara Bow in a scene of her newest talkie, "Her Wedding Night." Miss Bow, says Mrs. St. Johns, always lives in the moment. That came about because she found it necessary to shut out her tragic memories of the past. Those were the terrible recollections of her mother's illness and death and their extreme poverty. Clara Bow has deliberately, and with that violent energy of which she is capable, shut the door upon the past. And, because the human mind is so delicate and peculiar a thing, that seems to have closed the door upon the other dimension—the future.



The other day Clara Bow cut her birthday cake at the Paramount studios. It was presented to her by the electricians, the carpenters, the cameramen and others of her technical staff. Miss Bow, you know, is a favorite with the studio employees.

The SALVATION of CLARA BOW

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

It Will Lie in Her Work, Provided She Gets Real
Dramatic Roles with Strength of Characterization

THE difficulty with analyzing Clara Bow is that just as you think you have her safely pigeon-holed, she breaks out with something totally at variance, and you have to start all over again.

She can not only change her point of view regarding everything every day, but she can change her whole course of action.

You can never have a very definite viewpoint about things, never a very consistent attitude toward life, until you know yourself thoroughly.

Clara knows no more about herself than she does about the undiscovered tribes of Africa. She has the passionate egotism of youth, which is wholly self-protective and which develops in every very successful youngster in Hollywood as the armadillo develops a shell, but I doubt if she has ever asked herself any very vital questions about her own psychological make-up.

SHE has, you know, more than a touch of mad, Byronic young genius.

The nation has been occupied eternally with her love

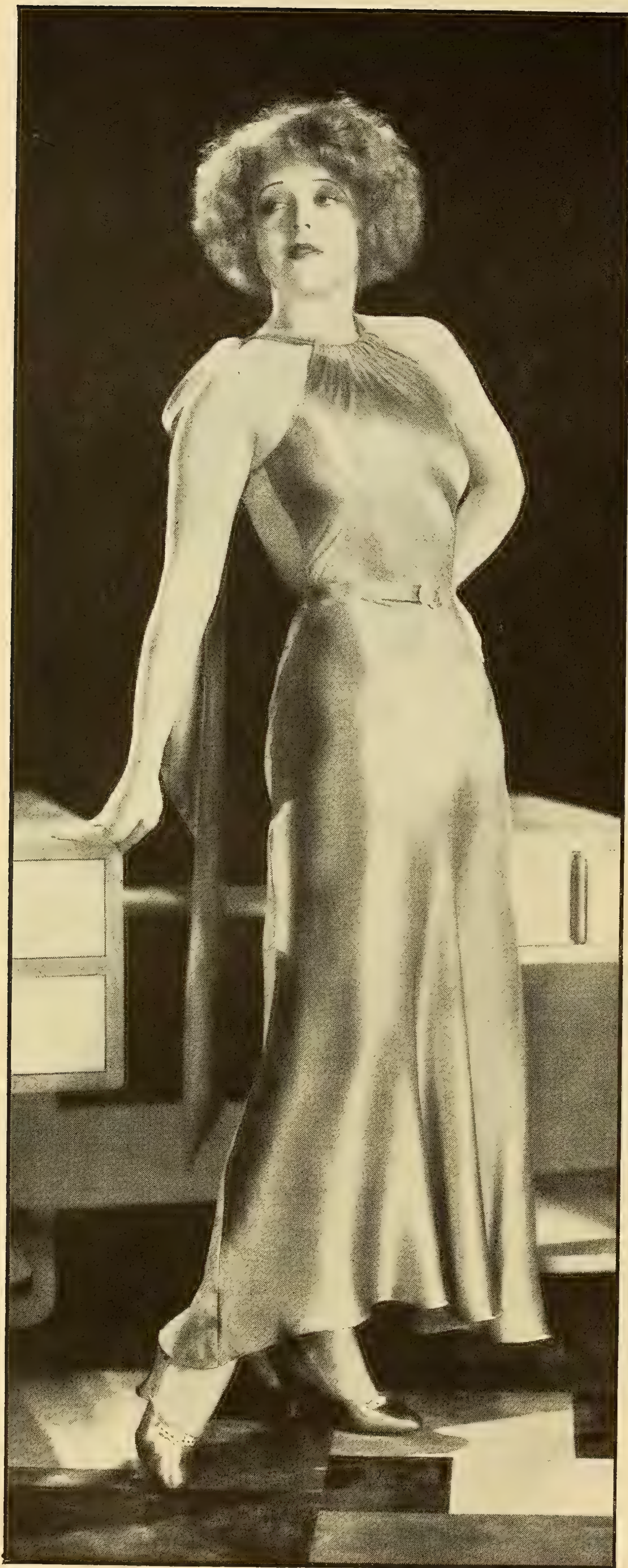
affairs. The "IT" girl is always in newspaper headlines.

Yet it is my sincere belief that Clara Bow has never been in love. She has had nothing but synthetic imitations. She wants love. Her entire life for years has been surrounded by love, for Clara is one of the few screen stars who has definitely confused her screen personality and her real self. Yet somehow she has never achieved it.

Like a chemist working in his laboratory, Clara goes on experimenting in the laboratory of life, seeking to find love. And every once in a while she gets hold of the wrong combination and the whole works blow up.

The normal human being has a more or less definite balance between the emotional and the mental. The ability to feel and the ability to think. Having a brain doesn't necessarily imply the ability to think. You may own a Rolls-Royce, but if you don't know how to drive it you won't get anywhere.

Almost everyone varies somewhat from the normal in that the balance is stronger on one side than on the other. Clara's ability to feel has been raised to a very



high pitch. But her ability to think hasn't been developed at all.

AFTER all, you cannot ignore Clara. She was at one time the greatest box-office attraction the world has ever known, in that her pictures in one year played to more people than any other pictures have ever done. She should be the greatest dramatic actress on the screen, if Paramount would cease worrying about the Navy and give her stories worthy of her genius. Poor pictures have dimmed the blazing light of her success, but with one real story she would come back as Swanson came back in "The Trespasser."

I have studied Clara Bow closely. I have had opportunity to talk with her for hours. She has always interested me intensely, because, as I say, I honestly believe the girl has genius.

To me, all the strange things about Clara resolve themselves into one amazing fact.

She has limited herself to one dimension of time.

Did you ever stop to think what it would do to you if you actually considered only the present in your every act? If you had no past and no future?

Clara Bow always lives in the moment.

I think that came about because she found it necessary to shut out her memories of the past, if she was to live at all. In fact, at one time when in a fit of terrible depression, she explained to a close friend that when she thought about certain things which had happened in her childhood, she just felt she couldn't go on living.

"THERE was one night in Brooklyn," she said. "It was snowing. My mother and I were cold and hungry. We had been cold and hungry for days. We lay in each others' arms and cried and tried to keep warm. It grew worse and worse. So that night my mother—but I can't tell you about it. Only when I remember it, it seems to me I can't live."

When you force her to talk of those early days, she begins to tremble and grow white.

For some reason, all her memories in those vital childhood years are unbearable. The little boy downstairs, whom she loved and saw burned to death. Her mother's long and desperate mental illness and her tragic death. The day she stood, a poor, emotional, nervous child, and watched them lower the casket that held her beloved mother into a grave.

Why, it happened that even her grandfather, who was her favorite playmate, dropped dead while he was swinging her in a little swing he had made in their tenement room.

Some great writer has said that the memory is the man. To some extent that is true of all of us. Take away memory and we have lost all that has gone to make us what we are.

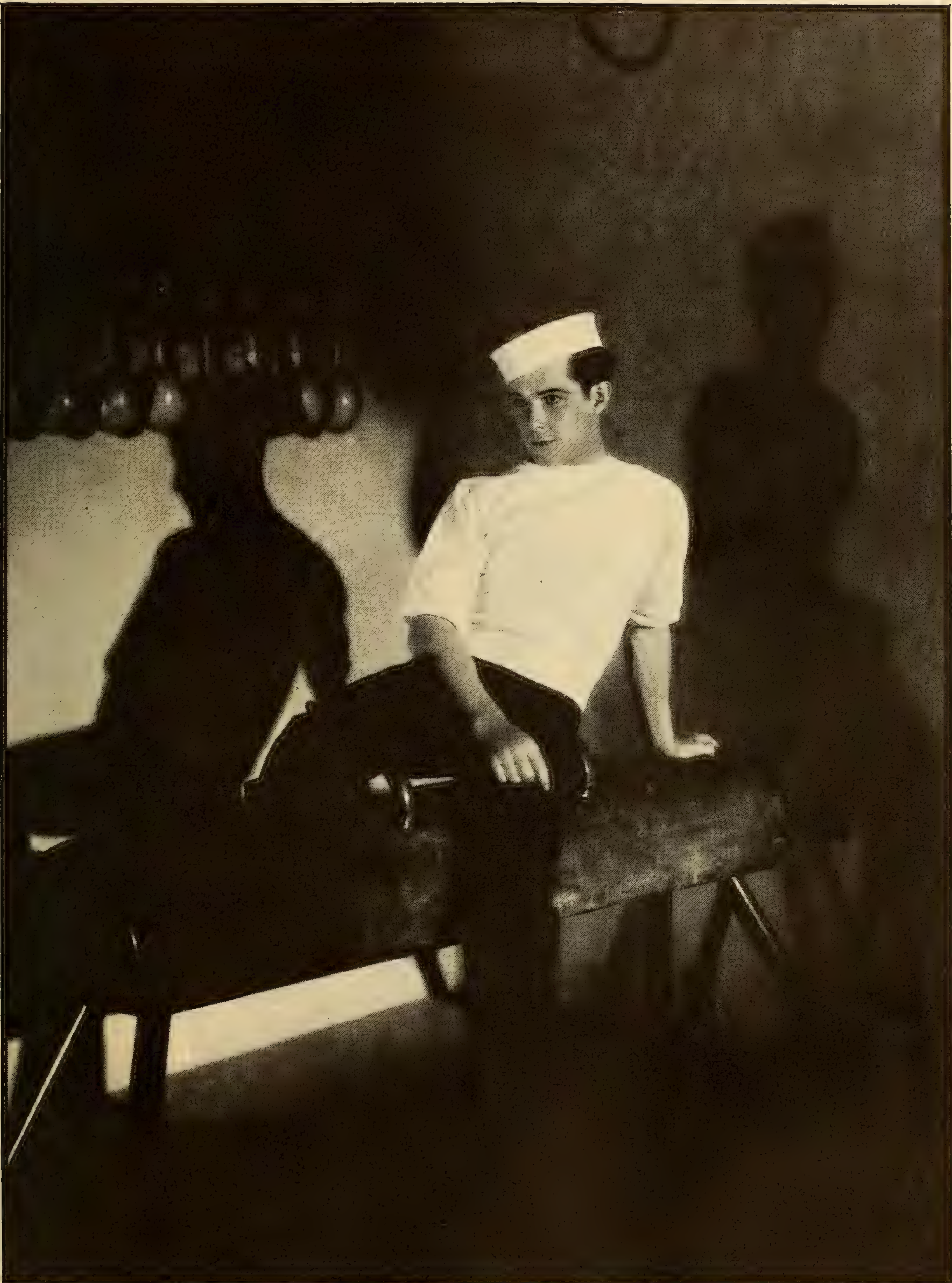
Yet Clara Bow has deliberately and with that violent energy of which she is capable shut the door upon memory. To save herself, she has locked away the brood of dark and

evil memories which were her unfortunate heritage, and has refused to think of herself as having a past.

And because the human mind is so delicate and peculiar a thing, that seems to

(Continued on page 106)

The difficulty with analyzing Clara Bow is that, just as you think you have her safely pigeon-holed, she breaks out with something totally at variance, and you have to start all over again.



Photograph by Hurrell

The life of a movie star isn't an easy one, despite all the fables written about screen success. Mr. Novarro, for instance, devotes several hours a day to his voice training. Then he spends several hours in his private gym, with special attention to that precious waistline. The remainder of Ramon's spare time can be his own, unless, of course, he wants to answer his vast fan mail.

**RAMON
NOVARRO**

Evangeline Adams READS The STARS

I WANT to say right away that Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, has a splendid horoscope. I don't know the young man. I have never seen him on the screen. If anyone had asked me yesterday morning what I thought of him, I would probably have said—without knowing anything about it—that he was just one more of these great men's sons trading on his father's name. But now, with his stars before me, I'll say with perfect frankness that I wouldn't swap young Doug's horoscope for his father's.

You may think that I am prejudiced. It is true that I have long been an admirer of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and have read his chart on many an important occasion; and like many millions of other such admirers, it is natural that I should find a warm spot in my heart for his son. Astrologers are human, you know! I have thought of all that—thought what you might think and thought what might be so—and I have found a way to protect both you and me against the possibility of prejudice.

In my studio in Carnegie Hall I have over four thousand typewritten sheets which I have written during my thirty-five years of astrological study. Each sheet tells what the effect is on a person's character or destiny if he happens to be born with a certain planet in a certain place in the astrological heavens. These sheets are arranged in racks so that any competent clerk—once I have drawn an individual's chart showing the position of all the planets at the time of his birth—can pick out the sheets which refer especially to him. The sum of these sheets constitutes an absolutely accurate horoscope.

WELL, what I did in young Doug's case was to hand his chart *without any name on it* to one of my trusted secretaries and tell her to prepare in this impersonal, scientific, and wholly unprejudiced way a horoscope for a person born December 9, 1908, in New York City between 3.30 and 3.45 in the morning.

Could anything be fairer than that?

And now, before I say anything more about Doug, Jr., I wish to quote freely from what was written—some of it long before he was born—about a person born at that time and place, which *must* be true of this young man regardless of name, fame, or previous condition of parenthood.

Here are phrases taken quite at random:

"Your greatest mistakes are likely to result through going against your intuitions."

I have since been told that young Doug's success in Hollywood was delayed several years by his being persuaded against his will that he should be "featured" in his first picture under his own name before he had had any experience as an actor—that he wanted to start as an extra under an assumed name but that he was talked out of it by one of the biggest men in pictures.

"Many actors, actresses, managers, playwrights, and producers are born under vibrations similar to your own. They are, however, often called upon to encounter long delays and many disappointments before meeting with ultimate success."

MY Hollywood informant—I know nothing about pictures myself!—also tells me that it has taken this young man, with all his father's prestige, six long years to make a real name for himself in the profession for which he was obviously intended, and that he had received his notice that his contract would not be renewed just before he made his first real success in "The Dawn Patrol."

"You have a sense of rhythm and are either musical or keenly intelligent in the appreciations of music."

Doug is a great lover of music, especially of the vocal variety; and he plays the piano and sings very well himself.

"You have a side which will make you thoughtful, fond of dry subjects, and inclined to get at the root of any matter in which you are interested."

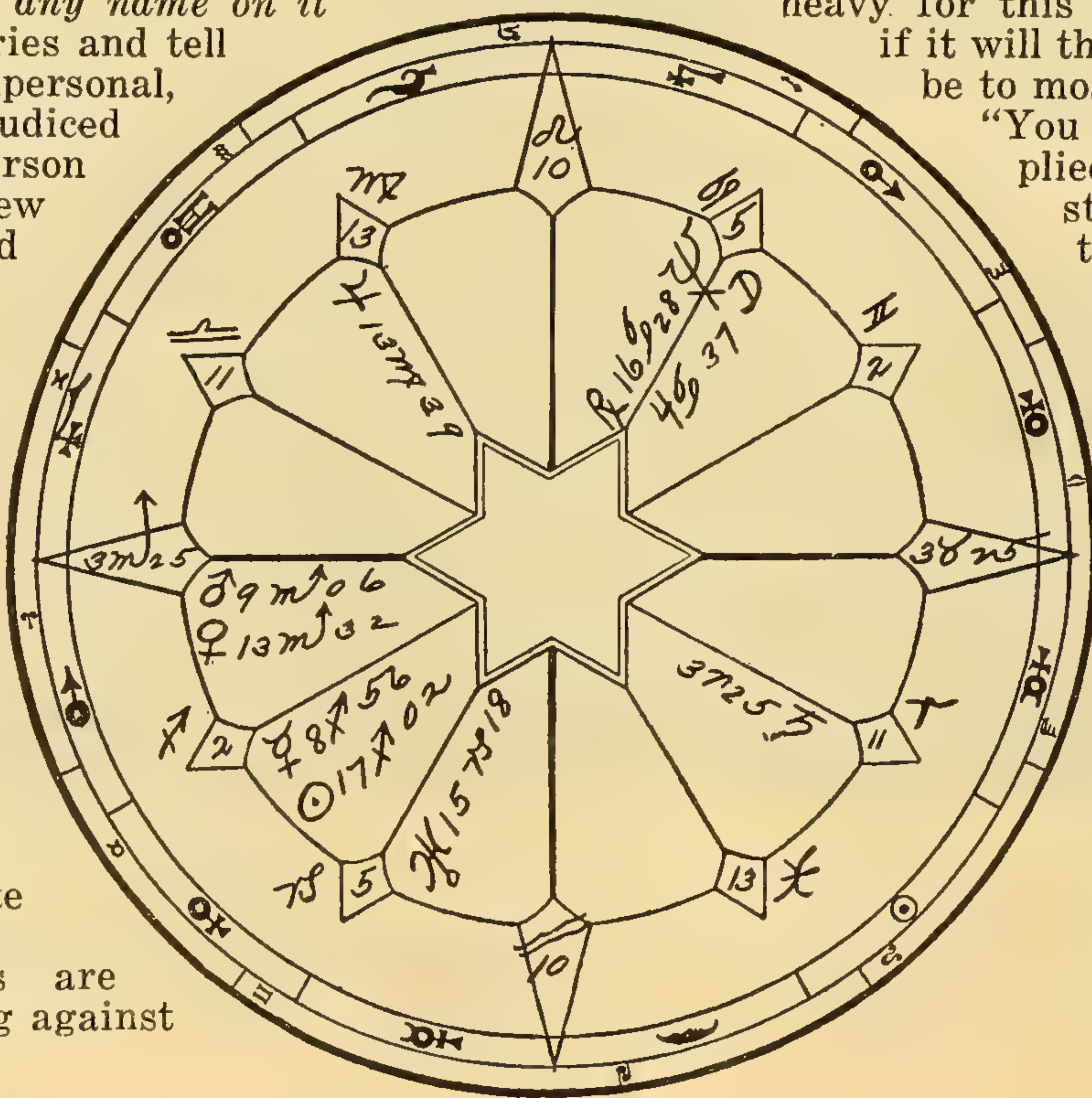
Doug's greatest ambition is to play "L'Aiglon" on the screen; and to prepare himself for the part he has devoted long hours of research to Napoleon and all matters relating to the First Empire. No tome is too

heavy for this young man to wade through if it will throw more light on what would be to most youngsters "a dry subject."

"You are attracted by the applied sciences. Those who make a study of vibration as expressed through motion, color or sound respond strongly to the combination of planets under which you were born."

EVERY actor in the present colored talkies may be said to be making a study of "motion, color and sound," but this statement is true of young Fairbanks in a really remarkable way. During the making of his

Evangeline Adams' horoscope of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who was born in New York City on December 9th, 1908, between 3:30 and 3:45 a.m.



The World's Most Famous Astrologer Interprets the Stars for December and Explains Their Influences

By
**EVANGELINE
ADAMS**

EVANGELINE ADAMS, who is a regular contributor to NEW MOVIE, is now broadcasting over a national hook-up of 44 radio stations, via the Columbia chain and Station WABC in New York. Watch your local radio programs for this highly interesting feature.

Letters may be addressed to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

father's film, "The Black Pirate," Douglas became interested in the then infant art of technicolor, made a thorough study of the processes involved, and is today a recognized specialist on the subject. He is also a costume designer of marked ability, and designed the costumes for "The Black Pirate."

"Some of your greatest successes in life will be due directly or indirectly quite as much to the instrumentality of friends as to your own efforts or 'luck.' You should have at least one happy marriage . . . and through marriage your finances should show improvement."

It has been young Doug's curse as well as his great good fortune that the first of these statements is true. Try as he will to stand wholly on his own feet, he has always benefited and always will benefit through people who are friendly to him because he is Doug Fairbanks' son. It is equally true—although this part is wholly blessing—that he is happily married to beautiful Joan Crawford; and it is no lessening of the blessing that she is one of the most highly paid young women in the world.

"Jupiter, being friendly to Neptune in your horoscope, increases the imagination and bestows creative power. To the artistic person it gives a touch of genius. Some

(Continued on page 130)



DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.

ARE YOU A SAGITTARIUS CHILD?

IF you were born between the 23rd of November and the 23rd of December, you are a Sagittarius child. Your sign is symbolized by the Centaur with bow and arrow. Your planetary color is blue. And the dominant influence in your life is the beneficent planet Jupiter, which rules money, honor, glory, position, success.

You have a strong power of intuition and insight into the future. You are at your best in a sudden emergency which might overwhelm a person who depended on logical thinking alone. You should learn to put your trust in this power. Encourage this great gift that nature has handed you. In other words, play your hunches. Do not carry the thing to the point of rashness, but think twice before you accept the advice of others when it runs contrary to your own instincts. When the flash comes, trust it implicitly.

You are high-strung, proud, and naturally fastidious. You are sensitive to slights, real or imaginary, and are easily injured: but on the other hand you are not as careful as you should be of the feelings of others. You are inclined to be blunt, sometimes brusque and tactless. You should cultivate more diplomacy and learn to respect the feelings of those with whom you are thrown.

You are capable of great concentration, but lose interest when what you are doing is interrupted. You should cultivate more patience and tenacity, and learn to finish one thing before starting on another. But don't try to make a plodder of yourself. You are not the plodding type. You will succeed by combining your intuitive powers and your brilliant nature on something that will grasp and hold your entire interest. If you succeed in achieving this co-ordination and concentration, you will go far.



He is Mr. John Coogan, Veteran of Films, Who Began Amassing His Millions at the Age of Four but is Still Happily Unaware of the Extent of His Fabulous Fortune.

THE years have touched him lightly. Save for a noticeably increased girth Jackie seemed remarkably well preserved. The abdominal distension, indicative of over indulgence, may be set down to nothing more sinister than the watermelon season, for my pal has never gone Hollywood, and by the time this appears he is no doubt in shape again.

Facing one another in the library of his seventeen-room mansion in Oxford Street, Los Angeles, we silently gripped hands across a span of ten years.

"You hold your age well, old man," I said a bit huskily.

"Well, except for my operation I've been pretty good," he smiled back. "Would you like to see the scar?"

Without waiting my pleasure, Jackie zipped up his shirt and exposed his stomach, the seasonal protuberance of which I have remarked. The gruesome scar looked to me more like a kitten's scratch than a surgical wound but I didn't let on because you know how touchy people are about their operations.

"Appendicitis," he said solemnly.

I passed it off lightly, assuring him that outwardly he was as hale as the day ten years ago when we played mumblety-peg on the floor together.

JACKIE smiled reminiscently. Nowadays he goes in for the quieter sport of fishing like Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge. When people used to ask him what he wanted to do when he grew up he always said, "Fish and play golf like dad."

But when a man has led an active life from the age of four it isn't easy to retire even with millions. Rockefeller may be content frivolling around a golf course, but Rockefeller, as Jackie observed, is an oil man; it's different with an actor.

"Once an actor always an actor, I guess," said Jackie a little ruefully. "Yes,

Jackie Coogan as he is today, at fifteen, a millionaire and a gentleman. "Children have been born princes," says Mr. Howe, "but only one has ever achieved by his own talent a throne of world prestige at the age of four and held it through all the revolutions of tumultuous Hollywood."

I'm going back to the grease paint—for one picture anyhow. It's a part I've looked forward through the years to playing."

"King Lear?"

"No, Tom Sawyer."

TURNING to his mother who had entered

Famous Financier's Rules of SUCCESS

By HERBERT HOWE

the library he said, "By the way, mooney dear, will you give me six dollars and sixty cents? I want to go to the Hollywood Men's Shop after school and buy some cords. They's just got in some new ones—thirty-two inch bags—keen!"

"Don't you think you are a little extravagant, son?"

"But mooney dear, all the boys are getting them."

The boys to whom he referred are his colleagues in the Loyola High School.

"Perhaps they have more money than you have," said his mother.

"Say, I'll bet not one of them has saved as much as I have!" Jackie retorted with pardonable indignation. Then turning to me, "I am worth six hundred dollars."

I was overwhelmed. On rallying, I conceived a Bright Idea.... The Secrets of Success By a Famous Financier.

I know it doesn't sound so original but it has its original angle. Virtually every great man of wealth—or should I say every man of great wealth?—has given advice to the younger generation on making good.... Rockefeller, Ford, Schwab.... None of these, however, was a millionaire at fifteen. None is of the younger generation. Jackie is. In him I beheld a David slinging a reply to the old Goliath who sees the younger generation driving its roadster to inevitable perdition.

When I suggested the idea Jackie confessed he had never given a thought to his memories.

"He gets 'A' in English," his mother said encouragingly.

"And I got a prize for catching the bigger baracuda," Jackie appended.

That seemed to settle it.... Zane Grey does no more.

FOR the benefit of those who are too young to recall the beginning of young tycoon Coogan let me sketch briefly the rise of the most phenomenal figure in the phenomenal epic of Hollywood.

It is a child's history without parallel in world history.

Children have been born princes, but only one has ever achieved by his own talent a throne of world prestige at the age of four and held it through all the revolutions of tumultuous Hollywood.

Jackie was just four when the world focussed its favor upon him as "The Kid" in Charlie Chaplin's picture. His performance was of such sensitive beauty as to compete with that of the incomparable Charlot, who enthusiastically considered him a co-star while exer-

Remember the sensitive and arresting beauty of little Jackie Coogan's performance opposite Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid"? It projected Jackie into universal fame. He became the world's pet child. His career is without parallel.



cising restraint in the matter of billing.

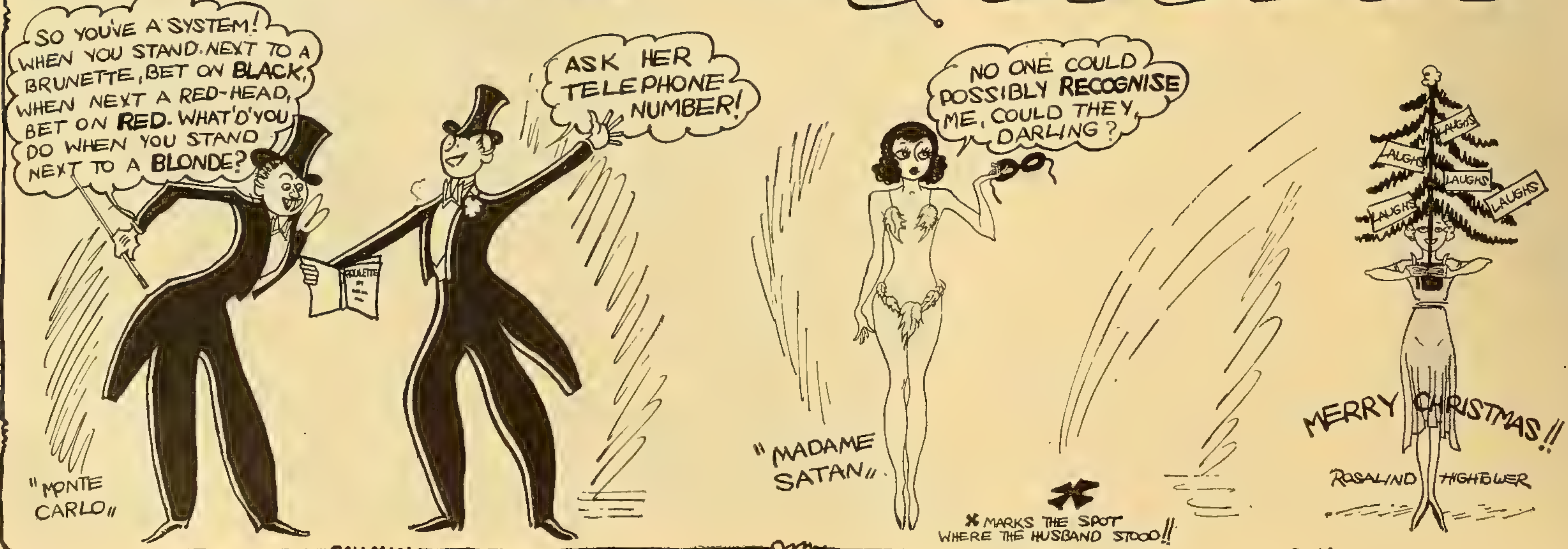
The supposition naturally was that it was Chaplin's genius operating through the child. Charlie denied this, and subsequent films starring Jackie proved that The Kid was somehow greater than all other child prodigies.

Chaplin had recognized the intrinsic quality of the child when seeing him in an act with his parents in Sid Grauman's Los Angeles theater. He signed him at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. Following the premiere of "The Kid" every company in Hollywood made a bid for the amazing youngster.

A CHECK for five hundred thousand dollars was handed at one time to Jackie's father by the Metro Company to bind a contract. Later Jackie received sixty per cent of the profits of each picture. He starred in fourteen during (Continued on page 128)



LAUGHS of the FILMS



ALMOST an ACTOR

The Further Adventures of the Popular Author as a Screen Player with John Gilbert in "Way For a Sailor"

BY JIM TULLY

LAST month, in NEW MOVIE, Mr. Tully started relating his adventures as an actor in the company of John Gilbert, making that star's newest film, "Way For a Sailor."

Mr. Tully's reactions as a player have unusual interest. Indeed, this author's broad and sympathetic knowledge of humanity is always of unusual appeal. It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Tully's newest book, "Beggars Abroad," is dedicated "to those on the journey, brigands and bruisers, writers and honest men, sailors on ships and vagabonds on shore." "Beggars Abroad" is written with the same arresting force that made "Beggars of Life," "Circus Parade," "Emmett Lawlor," "Jarnegan" and "Shanty Irish" so vigorous. Mr. Tully's contributions to NEW MOVIE have this same fine quality, too.

I ASKED Boasberg to tell me something of himself for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

"Gee, I hate to talk about myself," he said, at the table long past midnight while we were on location near the sea. "It really embarrasses me."

The waitress appeared. He ordered a stupendous meal with, "When the company pays for it I eat till I die." And then he began in one breath. . . .

"So long as you want a story for a magazine of such vast circulation, it's only my duty as a citizen to talk about myself even if it does embarrass me greatly—now don't interrupt me—"

"All I can tell you about myself is that I was born in Buffalo, New York, a couple of years ago. I have been in the picture business for five years, coming to it from the vaudeville end of the business where I got my start, and still do write the jokes for such celebrities as Phil Baker, Ben Bernie, Jack Benny, in addition to many of the comedy scenes for the various music-box revues when they were running in New York City. I have twenty-one vaudeville acts running now and my picture activities since the advent of talkies consist of putting the comedy into 'So This is College,' 'The Hollywood Revue,' 'It's a Great Life' with the Duncan Sisters, 'The Rogue Song' with Tibbett, 'They Learned About Women' with Van and Schenck, 'Free and Easy,' with Buster Keaton, 'Chasing Rainbows,'

Here's how Jim Tully will look when you see him in "Way For a Sailor", playing one of Jack Gilbert's sea-going pals.



and the current Buster Keaton story, in addition to the forthcoming Gilbert-Tully opus.

"My position at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio is twofold. I am general manager of the comedy pulmotor squad in addition to doing the original comedy stories at the rate of about six a year. My ambition is to own a country estate away from the noise of the world, looking out over a sea on which there are floating no actors or directors looking for jokes. My favorite woman is my wife for two reasons: firstly, because she has been a pal, an inspiration and a great cook; secondly, because all my real estate is in her name. My favorite man is Eddie Cantor because he laughs at my jokes, encourages me and writes a mean check. I don't drink but I am willing to start if somebody will present me with some real good stuff. I don't gamble because if I lose I feel bad and if I win I buy something for myself that I don't need and my wife, to get even, buys something that she probably needs. My favorite pastime is trading in automobiles or turning off radios. I don't like parties where anybody talks but me and I am the only man in the world who lived twenty years in Buffalo, New York, and never saw Niagara Falls. I have been four years at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. My first picture there was 'Rookies,' my funniest is the forthcoming Buster Keaton military satire, and my worst is nobody's business.

"I play the violin for amusement and the saxophone for revenge. I think weddings are sad and funerals are funny. My family thinks I am crazy, my wife thinks I am ideal, my lawyer thinks I am careless, my banker thinks I am smart, and I think I am damn lucky.

"I am a full-blooded Jew, look like an Irishman, six feet one inch tall, size 12 shoes hurt me, my tailor told me I ought to get ready-made clothes, I hate to shave, I don't shave, I am eccentric only to the extent that whenever I am in a theater, I always sit in a box with my back to the stage and watch the audience's reactions rather than the attraction on the stage or screen.

"I don't play miniature golf courses because I think they are draughty, but I do think they are a great break for the hunchbacks and midgets."

Sam Wood rescued me.

"**W**AIT, Jim," I could hear Boasberg yelling, "I'd like to tell you something about myself. These things embarrass me as much as they do you, but I've just got to have the millions and millions of NEW MOVIE readers know the truth."

(Continued on page 111)

The First Film Star

On Its First Anniversary the NEW MOVIE Is Proud to Present
Thomas A. Edison, and His First Star, James J. Corbett



AWAY back in 1895—or it may have been in 1894—there was a lot of talk about moving pictures, but no one had ever seen one. From what I read in the newspapers, however, it looked as if they were really going to do it—over in Mr. Edison's place in Orange, N. J., where I was told that the great inventor had at last made moving pictures a sure thing.

In those days the nearest thing we had to a moving picture was a lot of pictures on cards, a whole bunch of them—and by rapidly thumbing them over, they gave the suggestion of movement.

In 1895 I was playing the American Theatre in New York City in a play called "The Naval Cadet." My manager, William A. Brady, who is now the famous theatrical manager and the father of Alice Brady, came to me one day and said: "I have a proposition from Edison's place in New Jersey, saying they would like to have you go over there and box for them. They want to see if they can catch a knockout blow and reproduce it in moving pictures."

Well, of course I was very much surprised to think they had gone that far, and I said to Brady, "What shall I do?" He thought it over for a moment and then answered, "Well, I'd tell them, yes."

"How much do we get?" I asked.

"They'll give us a percentage of what the picture makes," he said.

And I can say now that it was fifteen thousand dollars that we made out of the project, which wasn't so bad thirty-five years ago!

BRADY continued the arrangements and one day said to me, "Now the important thing is, we must get a man that you can knock out with one blow as soon as they give the signal. If you miss him, you'll have to wait another day until they fix up the apparatus to take the picture all over again."

"Where are we going to find such a man?" I asked Brady. "He will have to look like a match for me or the picture will be no good. And at the same time he will have to be a fellow I am sure I can knock out when the signal comes. If I get some fellow who can't put his hands up, it will look very bad for all of us, and the whole thing will be a flop."

I had a sparring partner, who boxed with me in the show, by the name of Jack McVey, and we deputized McVey to go out and see what he could find in the way of a man who would fit the necessary requirements.

McVey's home was in Trenton, New Jersey, and he came up to the theater the next night and reported "I've got the man we want. His name is Courtney. He's a fighter and James J. Corbett, as he is today, a trim, athletic figure despite his years. Mr. Corbett's adventures before Mr. Edison's first movie camera, told here for the first time, make fascinating reading."

Tells His Own Story

BY
JAMES J. CORBETT
AND
HUGH WEIR

he's as big as you are, Jim, but he's an awful boob."

"Well," I answered, "you bring him over tomorrow and fill him up with the idea that I've been dissipating a lot lately and just about all in. Tell him that a big husky fellow like he is could finish me."

(Don't forget that at this time I was champion of the world.)

I knew McVey well enough to know that he would carry out the instructions and he did.

But he certainly had his work cut out for him. Although Courtney lived in Trenton he had never been in New York City before. When he saw the elevated trains he started to run as if he thought the world was about to come to an end. McVey had to hold him by main force, and after that experience he decided that the only thing to do was not to let the man out of his sight until after he had finished his job for us. Finally he managed to get him to the theater and into a seat, looking scared to death although I have never seen a huskier or better built fellow. He seemed strong enough to throw an ox over his shoulder. And all this time McVey kept feeding him with stories about how much I had been dissipating and how easy it would be for him to knock me out.

AFTER the show McVey brought him back stage where we had arranged for a little informal boxing match by way of rehearsal. I saw Courtney eyeing me suspiciously and I could see that he was fast losing his nerve. I knew that if I didn't act up to the reputation McVey had given me our man would run out on us so I gave the best imitation I could of a fellow who was about half seas over. When we finally got the gloves on I made out that I was about ready to topple over and I let Courtney push me all around the stage. After about a half hour of this sort of thing his confidence had come back to such a degree that he whispered to McVey, "Say this is going to be easy! And I thought Corbett could fight!" "It's the booze!" answered McVey. "Didn't I tell you?"

Courtney didn't suspect a thing. He was absolutely satisfied by this time that he could handle me; and was in for anything we suggested. If we could keep him in this frame of mind until after the film was taken we were all sure we would have a real picture. But our date at Mr. Edison's place in East Orange

was not until Thursday—two days off. "It's up to you, McVey!" said Brady. "Keep Courtney with you until we start for New Jersey if you have to handcuff him to you!"

I don't think he found that necessary, but he certainly looked about all in when our party assembled early Thursday morning for our trip to the Edison laboratory.

None of us had ever seen a motion picture, and when it came to knowing how one was made we might as well have tried to talk in Chinese. That was something we were leaving up to Mr. (Continued on page 97)

Call Address "Edison New York"

*From the Laboratory
of
Thomas A. Edison*

Orange, N.J. September 29, 1930.

Mr. Hugh Weir,
Editorial Director,
Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Ave.,
New York City, N.Y.

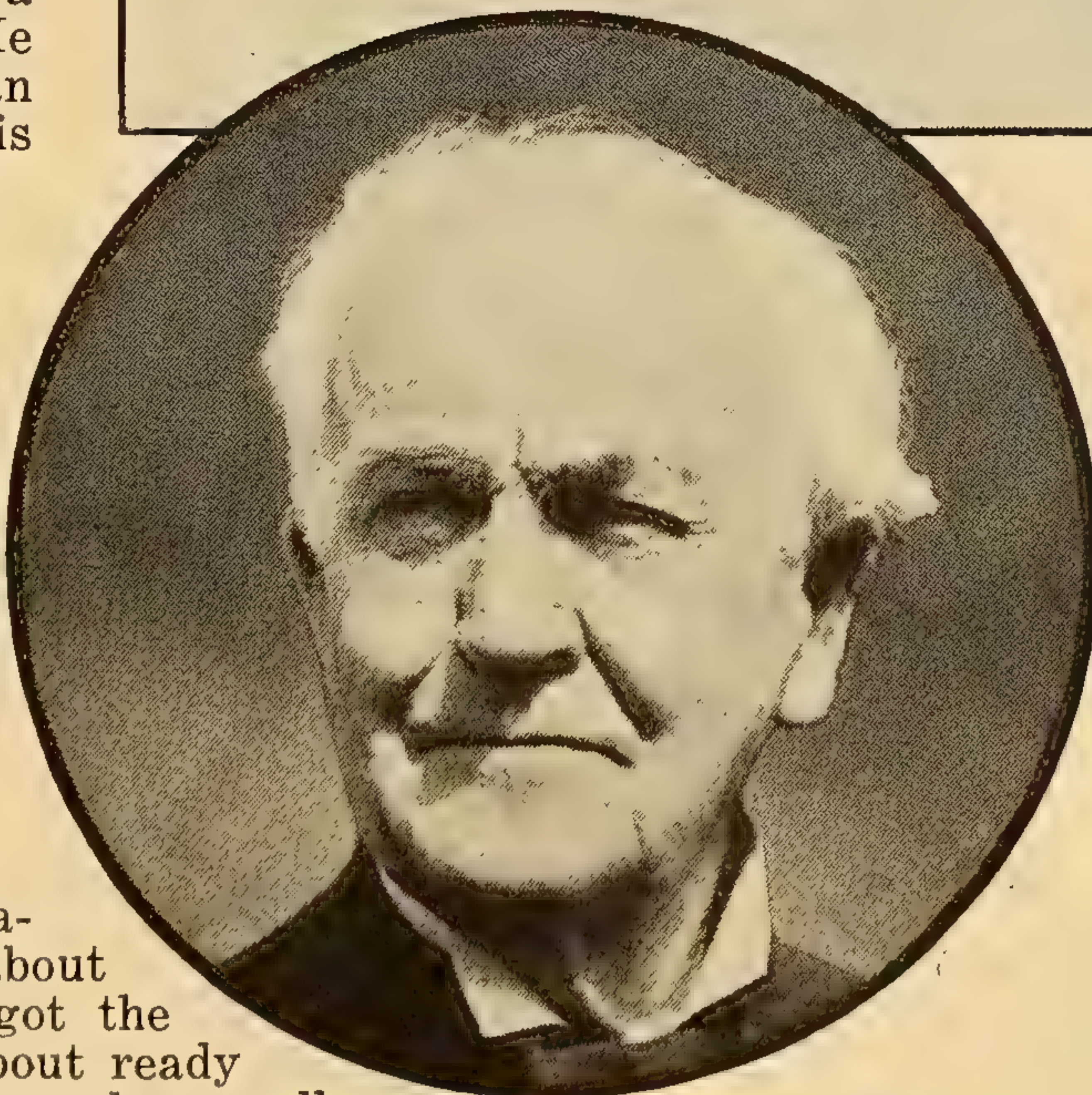
Dear Mr. Weir:

I remember Jim Corbett very well for he was a very important part of the first motion pictures that we made for public exhibition. Yes, he can justly claim the distinction of being the oldest living film star, and I extend him my hearty congratulations.

As I look back now, I realize that thirty-five years have passed since we made, with our crude equipment, that first modest picture of the world's champion delivering a knockout blow. Yet I doubt if any great world art or industry has developed further in that same period of time.

Yours very truly,

Thos A Edison



Above is reproduced a letter from Mr. Edison, which speaks for itself. Note the two interesting last lines of the letter. At the left is Mr. Edison's newest portrait, made a few months ago in Florida

The Master MIND

A Hilarious Mystery Yarn with a Kick

By STEWART ROBERTSON

Linda Lacey was a beautiful and popular screen player. Luther had proposed to her on his knees so many times that his trousers looked like Al Jolson's.

C. J. Bryson 1930

THE body lay horribly crumpled on the floor, ringed by an assortment of the half-awed, half-relieved persons that look upon a dastard's death, while the ticking of a clock seemed only to intensify the shocked stillness of the somber library.

But soon there arose a confused chorus of admiration as the butler, various relatives and a detective transferred their gaze to a nonchalant individual who swung a neatly trousered leg from the edge of a massive desk.

"So Barnaby was guilty after all!" blurted the man from Scotland Yard, outmumbling the others. "And me getting ready to slip the bracelets on the blooming valet! How did you figure it out, Mr. Wintringham?"

Somers Wintringham, amateur dabbler in criminology, favored the group with the tolerant smile of one accustomed to hearing wrong answers. "Quite simple, Inspector," he said silkily, "I'll admit that I had no suspicions after the first murder, but by the time the household had been reduced from fourteen to five it made things a bit clearer."

"Not for me, sir."

"Perhaps not, my good fellow, but then, your mind is unable to rise above the dust of detail. Now, two of the guests were suffering from puppy love but were otherwise normal, so I eliminated them. The valet looked evil enough, but I learned that his expression was due to a lifetime of trying to prevent his master from wearing cerise ties with a black suit. Motive there, I grant you, but for retail, not wholesale poisoning. A fourth was merely a hitherto respected art critic, driven slightly squiffy by the lopsided nudes of the modernists. So that brings us to Barnaby, who lies before you."

"Marvelous!" chanted the chorus.

"KINDLY do not interrupt me," drawled Somers Wintringham, waving a languid forefinger. "The rhythmic flow of pure mentality—well, probably that is beyond you, Inspector, but Barnaby, to the practised eye, was obviously our target. Jilted by his fiancée when she discovered that he was taking lessons on the cornet, Barnaby embarked upon his hellish purpose of doing away with everyone who said, 'I'll be seein' ya',

The Mystery of the Movie Star, the Nemesis and the Man Who Limps

The Handsome Luther Martingale Had Played a Suave Super-Expert of Criminology So Long That He Tried to Live His Role in Private Life

a favorite remark of his once beloved. Armed with this clue I used the phrase in his presence and watched the green light of fury kindle in his eyes. As you saw, he offered me wine. I distracted his attention, then switched glasses. He drank. He died. I smelled the odor of bitter almonds. Prussic acid!"

The onlookers shuddered in sympathy.

"And so," smiled the jaunty gentleman, gathering up his hat and stick, "I will leave you, Inspector, to think over your absurd activities in this case. Scotland Yard may be capable of tracing runaway baby carriages, but remember to call me the next time anything serious crops up." He strode impressively to the door, said, "Wintringham never fails!", and apparently vanished into the dusk of London.

Once outside he waited for perhaps fifteen seconds until a winking crimson light above the door gave him the required signal, when he dashed back into the room which sheltered some of the best known faces in Galaxy Pictures.

"How was it?" he shouted.

"Smooth as a sophomore's chin," the director assured him. "On the level, Luther, when you tap that pencil against your teeth you really seem to be thinking. Quite a trick, my boy, and I appreciate it. You can go home tonight knowing that 'Steeped in Sin' is another triumph for Somers Wintringham. Hope you're not fed up with the character?"

MR. LUTHER MARTINGALE shook his handsome blond head. He was a tall, suave individual possessed of incredible assurance and the drooping eyelids of an affectionate beagle, who had skyrocketed to fame as a sophisticated sleuth.

"Not me," he replied thankfully, "or perhaps I should say 'I', but anyhow, this mystery-solving gag is right down my street. It's made a star out of me, Joe, so I'd be foolish to kick, and besides, speaking all those intelligent lines is having a psychological effect. Makes me feel extra brainy, which accounts for the thinking effect you noticed."

The director eyed him narrowly. "Look as wise as you like on the screen," he advised, "but don't take in too much territory. When it comes to real headwork I'll do all the skull practice around this madhouse. It's always a bad sign when an actor starts using big words, Luther, so you just be your own slightly dimwit self and save the brilliance for old Wintringham."

"Aw, Luther's not so wise," cut in the corpse, bounding to his feet and dusting himself off, "or he'd have proposed to Linda Lacey long ago. Say, was my death creepy enough, and how did you like my writhing?"

"Positively snaky," applauded the director, as Mr. Martingale turned a glowing



DRAWINGS
BY
C. A. BRYSON

Luther Martingale had skyrocketed to success playing Somers Wintringham, amateur dabbler in criminology who solved all the weird mysteries that baffled Scotland Yard.

READ What HAPPENED When the MASTER SLEUTH of



vermillion, "and as for your gurgles, they'll keep me awake." The corpse, known as Bertie the Stiff on account of his celluloid demises, trotted contentedly away, obviously willing to wag a tail if he had owned one. Mr. Martingale's color deepened to a splotchy purple.

"Don't mind him," said Joe. "He's only voicing what the whole colony is wondering about. Linda's a gorgeous girl."

"My sentiments to a T," admitted the actor, "but what Hollywood doesn't know is that I've gone down on my knees to her so often that my trousers look like Al Jolson's. She won't have me, Joe, because she says I've changed since I became famous."

"I DON'T see any difference except that you're juggling a few extra syllables. That intelligentsia gabble may go over big with a flock of repressed females but it's not much of a lure for the One Woman who has to look at you over the eggs and bacon."

"Exactly what Linda says," groaned Mr. Martingale. "But why? All the success stories tell about a man developing his brains, even though it was only to marry the boss's daughter. What's the matter with me doing a little polishing?"

"Because you've arrived already, you sap," hissed the director, "and in love with one of the prettiest gals

in the village. What else matters? Look here, Luther, normally you're a likable chap, and even if you do think that syntax is a new name for retribution, what of it? Be yourself with Linda and quit trying to live your parts."

A thin layer of ice seemed to envelop the frowning Luther. "I've got brains," he said determinedly, "and you'll kowtow to me before I'm through. I can think up my own speeches outside the studio, and not bite the authors who feed me, like certain other actors, and—oh, what's the use, here she comes now!"

A mischievous-faced brunette in a rose and ochre sports dress came scampering across the stage toward them. One glance at her pert little nose and the delicate powdering of golden freckles testified that she would be enthralled neither by expert statistics on the private life of the caterpillar nor the theory that a week-end complex was responsible for the necking parties of Henry the Eighth. Linda Lacey was a lively and lovely human being, so she snuggled happily in her admirer's arms and eagerly raised her fulsome lips.

Mr. Martingale saluted her with the weariness becoming a great intellect. "Charmed to see you," he said tonelessly, but his eyes were warmer than his words.

"Charmed!" flashed the girl. "You've got to do

the MOVIES Was CONFRONTED With a Real CRIME



better than that, my old clue chaser. I don't want a detective's kiss; I want private stock. Like this," and pulling down his head she smacked him loud and earnestly.

"R-Really," stammered the actor, breaking loose, "you should have a little more dignity, Linda. There's—ahem—a place for everything."

"This one's where you kiss your leading lady, isn't it? Then why not me?"

"Well—uh, you see—it's not done in——"

"LOOK at him put on the dog," pouted Miss Lacey appealing to Joe. "The master mind, from nine to five, and he's trying to stretch it into a home run. Isn't it disgusting?"

"Go easy on the whip," the director told her from the depths of his experience. "Too much opposition isn't good for mules, but I'm for you, Linda. It'll be two weeks before we start work on 'The Mansion of Mystery,' so for the sake of the industry that enables you to have artichokes for breakfast take this Napoleon away and marry him."

"It would be very sweet of me to do it, I think," tinkled Miss Lacey, appraising her scowling cavalier. "Perhaps a mere ingenue shouldn't aspire to such a serious thinker, Joe, but I knew him when he was

Luther stared wildly from The Nemesis to the smoking automatic, the horror of the situation growing stronger upon him. His life in a world of make-believe, where every action was planned, left him unfit to grapple with the grim and stalwart figure of reality. Smothered groans burst from The Nemesis' lips as he sagged lower and lower.

second assistant menace for Tom Mix. Just a big open-minded boy, with the accent on the open. I thought I'd die laughing when he saw his first casabas. 'Gosh,' he said to me, 'it wouldn't take many of them to make a dozen.'"

"Silence!" bawled Mr. Martingale, having regained his poise. "I'll admit I'm in love, but a man's got other organs besides just a heart."

"Certainly he has," agreed Linda, while the director watched her admiringly. "Ears, for instance. Well, go scrub off that ghastly ecru makeup this minute, you hear me? And hurry back to take me out for supper."

For one electric moment it seemed as though Luther would cave in like the eternal masculine, then suddenly his face took on the grimness of one who finds his back against the wall. "Never!" he cried, with a theatrical gesture. "I won't (Continued on page 98)



The Boulevardier chatter comes from Monte Carlo this month. "From my balcony I gaze down upon the familiar turrets and pale green dome of the Casino looking exactly as Von Stroheim built them on the Universal lot," says Herb Howe. "Every time I return to Monte Carlo I expect to find it struck, it's been used by so many directors."

MONTE CARLO:

Here we are in the setting of the new Lubitsch pictures. Every time I return to Monte Carlo I expect to find it struck, it's been used by so many directors. From my balcony of the Villa des Fleurs I gaze down upon the familiar turrets and pale green dome of the Casino looking exactly as Von Stroheim built them on the Universal lot. To the left is the Café de Paris, likewise familiar to tourists of Hollywood's back lots. In the distance is a superb stock shot of the Mediterranean. I recall the host of Hollywood folk who have voiced their intention of retiring to little islands there. I fear they have it confused with the St. Lawrence River, for there don't seem to be many islands. There is one, however, which sort of figuratively suggests the place to which many stars are going these days. . . . I mean the island of Elba.

The Gambling Industry: Monte Carlo and Hollywood have something more in common. The climate is almost identical, the population polyglot and the leading industry of both is gambling. If you don't think pictures a gamble you haven't tried your chance in Hollywood (and if you haven't you are about the only one left) or invested in a movie production. . . . I have and I look upon the Casino here as a philanthropic institution.

I don't know a producer who isn't a good gambler.

One of the best of them plays pictures by day, poker at night and the horses at Tia Juana over the weekend. When his wife objected to his poker companions and asked why he didn't invite gentlemen to play with him he replied, "My dear, gentlemen couldn't afford to."

Hollywood needs heroic craps-shooters right now. She is playing for world stakes.

Hollywood Loses Capital: Hollywood was the cinema Rome before the screen started crowing. We ruled the world and sat on top of it. Our scepter was the dollar. Whenever talent raised a challenge over here we flicked the wand and presto'd it to Hollywood. The talent we couldn't use we shipped back steerage.

Then the infant industry started boop-a-dooping. Proud Mommer Hollywood became so domestic she forgot the rest of the world. Now the infant is squalling for its francs, marks, lire, pesetas. . . . If it doesn't get them it's liable to be critically croupy.

Those Silent Earnings: Silent pictures earned forty per cent of their profits abroad. Doug Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad" earned more over here than at home. Talkies raised a barrier of language more formidable than any tariff. This at first was ignored because of the tremendous increase in profits at home through the new invention.

"We didn't know there was so much money in the

The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

world," said Irving Thalberg in the first flush of talkie returns.

But curiosity has subsided. People are shopping for talkies as they did for silents. Hollywood now is marshaling her forces frantically to recapture the world she has all but lost. Over here they think the theme song has proved Hollywood's swan song.

The Continental Tongue: The French make four to five million francs on a talkie where with a silent they made only a million. French is more acceptable in Europe than English. It is understood not only in France and her African provinces but in Belgium, Switzerland, Roumania and Egypt. Thus the struggle for world film supremacy resolves into a battle of languages. The principal bout is French *vs.* English.

Where Directors Come From: In Paris while dining at Chez les Vikings, the Swedish restaurant of Montparnasse, I had the pleasure of meeting the original Tarzan of the Apes, Mr. S. S. Windrow. He swung out of the tree tops some time ago and is now a Paramount supervisor. This may shed some light on the mystery as to whence supervisors spring. At any rate, Mr. Windrow elucidated the movie battle that's going on.

Paramount has intrenched at Joinville (a thirty-franc taxi ride from Paris) at a cost of two million dollars and is laying down a barrage of ninety features and fifty short subjects in all languages this year.

Mr. Howe Considers the Mediterranean from his Balcony Overlooking Monte Carlo—Hollywood is in Danger of Losing its Film Leadership to Europe

This far exceeds the old silent output of the Paramount Hollywood Studio.

Fox contemplates similar intrenchment near Paris.

Though American brains and capital may triumph, still

Hollywood's position as cinema capital of the world is threatened by Paris.

It was a fatal day for Hollywood when baby lisped "Mama," for it now appears that Paris is papa, and as with most movie parents the two are divorced.

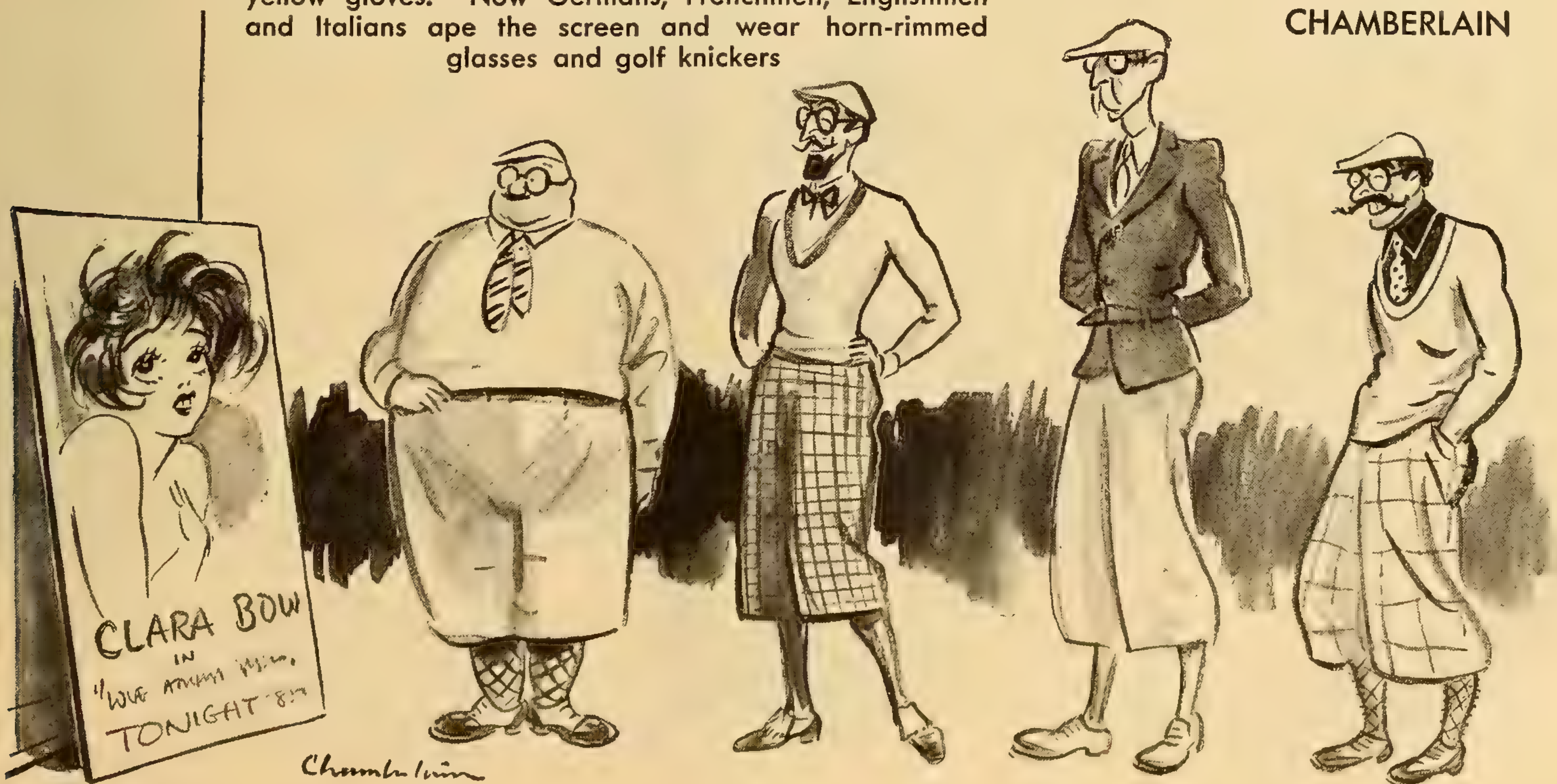
PESSIMISTS think the business will suffer the same fate as the Tower of Babel. Some foresee the return of silent pictures, others the triumph of the stage. Personally I predict a synthesized entertainment of stage and screen, in the larger theaters, just as we were on the road to having with the prologues before the dumb drama spoke.

The Cinema Napoleon: Being in Monte Carlo I have the gambling spirit but I'm betting on neither Hollywood nor Paris as the cinema center. I'm betting on just one man—Charlie Chaplin: He doesn't talk, he acts.

Charlie enjoys comparison with Napoleon. Whenever a masque ball offers opportunity he arrays himself as the Little Corporal. Even at dinner in his own home he has been known to quit the table in a Napoleonic seizure and return wearing the bedspread draped over his shoulders and his hat on sidewise.

The films have Americanized the world. Americans abroad used to disguise their nationality by carrying sticks and yellow gloves. Now Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen and Italians ape the screen and wear horn-rimmed glasses and golf knickers

DRAWING BY
KEN
CHAMBERLAIN



Herb Howe Continues His Continental Tour

Well, Charlie, now is your chance. You may be the cinema Napoleon (and I don't mean Elba).

NOT only language is causing difficulty but accent and patois too. A review of "The Big Pond" in a Parisian journal remarks Chevalier's "faubourg" intonation . . . in American we'd call it "bow-ery." Claudette Colbert on the other hand is commended for her impeccable French. As for the rest of the cast, all American, let us dash down to the Café de Paris and choke our laughter in a mug of something or other.

The Café de Paris: The moon in the sky is a sunkist orange and the orchestra, billed "The Smiling Boys," is playing "Singin' in the Rain." For a moment I'm homesick for Bessie Love and Coconut Grove. I'm quickly distracted. Opposite me a girl casts a wistful glance but she's with an old man and her wrists are handcuffed with diamonds. A French girl sits alone but before I can do anything about it an Argentine gigolo canters her off in a tango. A woman with huge arms and lips is erupting Danish. There is a rumble of German gutturals over many beers. And Russian volubility suggests another plot to overthrow the Soviets. My attention is drawn to a table circled by English women. They are joined by two English youths. One says he feels dismal. He objects to the chairs—too hard. He draws up one that seems a bit softer. His name is Bunny. He kisses the hand of Lady Rumblebottom whose high pitched hat resembles the Roman ruins of La Turbie on the hill above. The other two ladies are Mrs. Sqwaunce and Miss Crumblehome. Lady Rumblebottom orders a stinger. . . . She calls it a "Stingah." The *garçon* misunderstands. . . . He thinks she wants a cigar. The Roman ruins tremble in an earthquake of indignation. Oh, deah, deah, we are all convulsed.

Now fawncy if you can a talkie that would please all these people. Yet after the drinks they will all trickle off to the garden to view the silent "Ben-Hur."

Ben-Hur Wins Again: In the gloom of the talkie situation it is cheering to recall the pessimism over "Ben-Hur." Produced in muddle and squabble with everyone going a bit haywire, this picture cost somewhere between three and four million. A big loss was predicted. Today "Ben-Hur" rates a bread-winner



In a Paris interview, William Powell aroused to defend the American gangster. "He is not more than 50 per cent to blame," says Mr. Powell. "If he is a supreme product of lawlessness and immorality, it is because America today is lawless and immoral, chiefly as a result of the 18th amendment."

beaconed Britisher, "but similar."

Those Yankee Tourists: Before you begin getting an anti-British feeling which so often reduces Americans to the plane of absurdity with anti-American foreigners, let us join a group of charming English girls who speak the language musically (it can be done).

One of them tells a joke:

"One of those American women tourists was being shown about an old English castle. The guide said: 'This part here is twelfth century, this fourteenth century, this fifteenth.' The American woman with a disdainful glance at the ruins snorted, 'Well, thank God we ain't got any centuries in America.'"

Such are the observations that have gone to make the American obnoxious abroad. We are prone to take too much pride in our plumbing. Such American ladies as the one quoted above are to be deplored. They do so much to offset the noble work of Clara Bow in Americanizing the world.

(Continued on page 126)



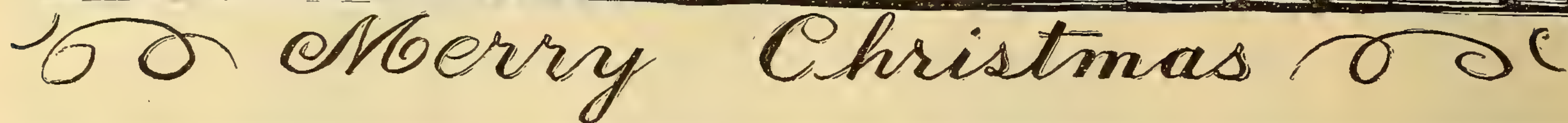
Charlie Chaplin has the Napoleonic complex. Whenever a masque ball offers opportunity he arrays himself as the Little Corporal. Herb Howe says that, if Charlie's new all-silence comedy makes a big hit, it may make him into a real Napoleon.



Photograph by Don English

NEW MOVIE has published so many pictures of pink and gold boudoirs that, by special request, we present a real he-man's boudoir, graced by stuffed eagles, Indian bonnets, real Navajo rugs, skins, and pictures with the spirit of the outdoors. The owner is Gary Cooper, who was born and raised in Montana.

**GARY
COOPER**



M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Mon.	1859: John Brown hanged at Charleston, W. Va. 1921: Will Hayes invited to take leadership of movie industry.	17	Wed.	1895: Thomas A. Edison gets first motion picture fan letter.
2	Tues.	1920: First beret seen on Hollywood Boulevard.	18	Thurs.	What, only 5 shopping days left!
3	Wed.	19 shopping days to Christmas.	19	Fri.	1925: Barbara LaMarr's salary becomes \$3,000 a week. New moon tonight.
4	Thurs.	1919: First Hollywood star buys car with aluminum trimmings and gold monogram.	20	Sat.	1860: South Carolina secedes and makes possible "The Birth of a Nation" for D. W. Griffith.
5	Fri.	1910: Virginia Lee Corbin born at Prescott, Ariz. Full moon tonight.	21	Sun.	1900: Swell crop of sage brush in what is now Beverly Hills.
6	Sat.	1874: William S. Hart born. 1922: Distinguished authority declares Westerns are dead.	22	Mon.	1912: Distinguished authority declares foreign actors haven't a chance on American screen.
7	Sun.	1923: Success of "The Covered Wagon" becomes the sensation of industry.	23	Tues.	1913: Valentino arrives in New York during typical winter fog.
8	Mon.	1923: Colleen Moore has hair cut and 1,210,008 girls follow with Dutch cut bobs.	24	Wed.	1928: Fred Thomson died. 1893: Ruth Chatterton born in New York City.
9	Tues.	1913: Valentino sails from Italy. 1908: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., born in New York City.	25	Thurs.	1776: Washington crosses Delaware. 1888: John Bowers born at Garrett, Ind.
10	Wed.	1903: George Lewis born.	26	Fri.	1920: Double wedding at Greenwich, Conn., of Connie Talmadge and John Pialoglo and Dorothy Gish and James Rennie.
11	Thurs.	1888: Victor McLaglen born in London. 1905: Gilbert Roland born at Juarez, Mex.	27	Sat.	1929: Bessie Love and William Hawks married. Moon in first quarter.
12	Fri.	1915: Bill Hart kisses pinto pony good-bye for first time. Moon enters last quarter.	28	Sun.	1856: Woodrow Wilson born. 1908: Lew Ayres born at Minneapolis, Minn.
13	Sat.	1911: Lillian Roth born at Boston, Mass.	29	Mon.	1926: Davey Lee (Sunny Boy) born. Which means that the singing screen was also born.
14	Sun.	Heavens! Only 9 shopping days to Christmas.	30	Tues.	1915: "A Fool There Was," starring Theda Bara, scores sensational hit.
15	Mon.	1920: Theda Bara getting \$4,000 a week.	31	Wed.	1906: D. W. Griffith playing Sir Francis Drake in Nance O'Neil's play, "Elizabeth," on tour.
16	Tues.	1909: Barbara Kent born at Gadsby, Alberta, Canada.	Watch for This Feature Every Month		

December birth stones: Ancient, the ruby. Modern, the bloodstone. The ruby typifies a contented mind. The bloodstone endows its wearer with courage and truthfulness.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG



RUTH CHATTERTON



RICHARD DIX



Photograph by Preston Duncan

NEIL HAMILTON



Photograph by Hurrell

LEWIS STONE



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Corinne Griffith is one of the two great beauties of the screen, says Adela Rogers St. Johns. Miss Griffith makes a fetish of simplicity, which shows her great wisdom. Her loveliness needs nothing. She knows that its sincere simplicity, which is so rare and so complete, would be destroyed. Miss Griffith takes the utmost care of her beauty; in diet, exercise, and regularity.

THE motion picture has produced two great beauties.

Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith.

But it has produced much beauty and it has widened the definition of beauty and brought it into position as a goal toward which every woman may strive, an achievement rather than an impersonal gift.

For years, the screen has displayed beauty of every possible type. Each department of beauty has been studied. Experts have been hired from all over the world to develop them. Clothes, grace, face, figure have been enhanced and presented to the public. The screen and its beauties have been inspiration, example and guide.

Above all things it has segregated types in so positive a manner that no girl can go far wrong in estimating her own type and knowing how to make the most of it.

THERE has never been a time since the world began when you could discount beauty.

Anne Boleyn's face changed the map of Europe and the history of religion. Lord Nelson dedicated the

Troy, to whom it brought war, destruction, and disaster, blessed the name of Helen. Paris looked upon that face and desired it more than honor, peace and plenty. Even Menelaus, the betrayed husband, and his brother, the warrior Agamemnon, who found her after Troy had fallen, looked upon that face and could not mete out the death that should have been her portion.

THE golden chain of such beauty passes in magic weave through the centuries. Flashes before our dazzled eyes in pure radiance. Thus we see the elder Gunning sister rising from the tenements of Dublin to be twice a reigning duchess. We see men powerless before Mary of Scotland. And the little milliner Du Barry become uncrowned queen of France.

Our fathers and mothers who saw Lillian Russell in her golden heyday swear that she, too, carried that priceless chain.

The screen has produced two beauties of the line of Helen of Troy.

Within that company of the elect we find only Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith.

The Films Have Produced Only Two Great and Indisputable Beauties, Just Two Successors to the Crown of the Immortal Helen of Troy

British navy and his great victories at sea to his divine Lady Emma Hamilton. The D'Este sisters inspired the Renaissance.

Poets and painters have struggled to define beauty and never quite succeeded. Beauty wears many faces and is still, to some extent, in the eye of the beholder.

There is, of course, a beauty that is indisputable. It doesn't happen often but, when it does, all argument ceases. It is the beauty legend concedes to Venus and to her earthly counterpart, Helen of Troy. When Paris was selected to give a golden apple to the most beautiful goddess, Minerva and Diana tried to confuse the issue by talking about power and personality and brains. But Paris knew better. He gave the apple to Venus, who was beauty.

There is such beauty. It strikes straight at every heart. No one can deny it. No one is proof against it. "The face that launched a thousand ships" was so lovely that even the men of

The Screen's SEARCH for BEAUTY

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS



Albert Davis Collection

Barbara La Marr's beauty was great enough to surmount death itself. As she lay upon her white satin bier, she made even the morbid throngs who passed pause in silent and astonished tribute. Hers was such beauty as brought war, destruction and disaster to the ancient city of Troy.

That beauty is all-encompassing. It includes the fascination of sex, the charm of personality, the promise of delight, the enchantment of thought and imagination, the delicacy of grace, as well as perfection of face and body. Real beauty is inclusive of every separate magic which has also a beauty of its own. In simple words, it has everything.

Other women have touched the chain, but they lack some essential element.

NO face could be more beautiful than Mary Nolan's. But her body could never measure up to the test.

Billie Dove has a divine face and a body which could pose for the Venus of Milo. But she misses in some emotional appeal, some vital allure. I think it is because she is too modest, too unsure of herself. She originally accepted the careless slogan that she was beautiful but dumb, which she isn't. But that quiet sense of inferiority has kept her from having the punch which beauty must have, and from developing her mental appeal.

Florence Vidor was a shade too cold and much too artificial in manner. Beauty must be sincere. Vilma Banky was beautiful but one missed in her the necessary simplicity of Helen. Give her the right costumes, the right backgrounds, and she could vie with anyone who ever lived. But could she walk ashore after a shipwreck in an old white tunic as Helen did and have the sailors fall at her feet in worship? Not quite.

La Marr could have. In the end her beauty proved real enough to surmount death itself. As she lay upon

her white satin bier, she made even the morbid throngs who passed pause in silent and astonished tribute. I saw many men and women who had come there seeking sensation, curious to see the once-great star about whose name so much gossip had gathered, uncover and kneel when their eyes rested upon that still face. The mob recognizes a masterpiece.

MAY McAVOY was the most beautiful young girl we ever had in pictures. But it was the beauty of extreme youth which cannot be compared with full-blown womanhood. It didn't stand the test of years. Pauline Frederick had everything except a certain loveliness. Physically she qualified, but her beauty dazzled without warming. For some reason she stirred admiration rather than love.

There was a proud something about Frederick that suggested hardness. On the other hand, Dorothy Dalton, when she made "The Flame of the Yukon," missed in just the opposite way. Just a trifle too exotic, too warm, to fit the lines of perfect beauty. There was too much roundness in her

"There is beauty that is indisputable. It doesn't happen often. When it does no one can deny it. The golden chain of such beauty passes in magic weave through the centuries. The screen has produced two such beauties — Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith."

face to attain the standard.

Looking back, I remember Clara Kimball Young as beautiful. Only fashions change beauty. If we have widened our definition to admit more girls to approximate beauty, we have also added certain requirements to the 100 per cent. real thing. Memory records Clara Kimball Young as too big and too immovable. The freedom and grace which is Marilyn Miller's type of beauty now becomes one of the qualifications for the golden apple. Miss Young didn't have it. The statuesque type

MILLIONS ARE SPENT EACH YEAR IN BEAUTY'S QUEST

of beauty is gone. We demand movement in everything nowadays.

These women I have mentioned seem to me the only candidates for the diadem of Helen. I will tell you more about them later.

BUT there are many other kinds of beauty which we are recognizing and rightly so, all the time. Our definition now takes in each special attribute, names many types. Cleverly, carefully, the girls and women of this generation have learned to give off some measure of beauty, to create an eye-pleasing illusion of beauty. They have developed the power of attraction to such a point that it is difficult to exclude it in speaking of beauty.

A lovely art. A tremendous commercial industry through which filter millions of dollars a year. Beauty is an objective to every woman, at home and abroad, and she needs it more than she ever did. The competition is keener, the comparisons more trying every year.

So, now, each girl studies her type, thinks logically and clearly about this thing she must do. She knows how to recognize it, knows its advantages, classifications, detriments.

We have seen the all-encompassing beauty. Let us look upon the beauty that reveals a distinct type.

There is what, for lack of a better word, we may call allure. *I do not mean sex appeal.* We'll come to that later on.

To allure means to tempt or draw by a lure or bait; that is, by the offer of some good, real or apparent. To invite by something flattering or enticing. To attract.

There comes into my head the line of some old poet who said of the Lorelei that she "with promised joys allured them on."

Now that allure is different from beauty, but I do not know that it is any the less effective. It is a form of beauty. A distinguished attraction, inspiring to everyone, holding out thoughts of delights both mental and physical. Your eyes are feasted, your imagination is stimulated, your desire is awakened.

Since all encompassing beauty is so rare, I firmly believe that this particular quality is its best substitute, its nearest approach. Better than prettiness, more distinctive than the beauty that just misses.

ITS two great exponents in screen history are Gloria Swanson and Greta Garbo.

There is a heady, intoxicating quality about these two women. They are like opals. You can go on looking at them forever and not grow tired. Diamonds bore me after a while. Even pearls grow a little tiresome in their delicate perfection. But opals possess the never failing charm of infinite variety, that quality which they tell us made Cleopatra empress of the world and the greatest lover in history.

You can sit and watch Gloria



Albert Davis Collection
Florence Vidor: "A shade too cold and much too artificial. Beauty must be sincere."



Albert Davis Collection
Clara Kimball Young: "Statuesque but lacking freedom and grace now essential."

she had found no more than another. But she always had the power of suggesting things much lovelier than herself, as the perfume of a single flower may call up the whole sweetness of spring."

There you have, to me, a perfect description of the lure that is Gloria Swanson. Promise. Isn't that what leads men to fly the ocean, to seek adventure, to attempt the impossible? Isn't it the thing that stimulates life and keeps us young and happy under disappointments? No woman I have ever seen so stimulates the imagination as Swanson. Her eyes hold some secret that is wistful and yet glorious.

HAVING no Willa Cather to help me, I cannot equal that analysis concerning Garbo. To me, she is the mystery of womanhood. Whether there is such a mystery, I don't know. Maybe it's only a mirage. Maybe it's like heaven and a future life—something we do not really know about but imagine must exist. Maybe man, being disappointed in us as we are, has created a mystery of womanhood which he always hopes to solve. I have known old prospectors who spent their lives seeking gold in the hills, ecstatically happy in the sweet dream of hope that they are sure will be crowned on the morrow. Of all lovely music, hope is the most beautiful. Reality can never touch it, since reality is earthbound and hope is the stuff of which dreams are made.

Do you remember Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem called "Feast"?

*"I drank of every vine,
The last was like the first.
I came upon no wine,
So wonderful as thirst.*

*I gnawed at every root,
I ate of every plant,
I came upon no fruit
So wonderful as want.*

*Feed the grape and bean
To the vintner and monger;
I will lie down lean with my thirst
and my hunger."*

Garbo awakens a divine hunger and a radiant hope. Perhaps this mysterious cream of womanhood is a fact, since there she is. Hope may sing anew at sight of her face. Hunger may become a divine flame when one looks at her.

There (Continued on page 122)



May McAvoy: "The film's most lovely newcomer but her beauty didn't stand the test of years."



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

HARRIET LAKE



Charming Jeanette Mac Donald, heroine of "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," in pajamas on the edge of her Hollywood bathing pool. Did you hear Miss Mac Donald sing "Beyond the Blue Horizon" in "Monte Carlo"? Here is the lady herself—just beyond the blue horizon.



Above, Ramon Novarro in the plunge of his beach house near Laguna, California. At the left, Irene Rich and her two daughters at their pool. Frances Rich is at the right and Jane at the left.



POOL

Presenting the
Favorite Outdoor
Sport of Holly-
wood and Beverly
Hills Natives

Suave Clive Brook has his bath-
ing pool, too. At the right, you
see the popular Englishman
surveying his pool and our
cameraman.



Below, Buddy—beg pardon, Charles—Rogers resting beside his Beverly
Hills pool.





Photograph by Hurrell

KAY JOHNSON

Sure of Himself

Bob Montgomery Is a
Self-Confident Young
Man of Hollywood

BY DICK HYLAND

I DON'T like him. Robert Montgomery knows too much to suit me." That was one answer, from one person.

"If he says he can jump off the top of the Times Tower and land on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway without hurting himself, even if he uses Damon Runyon's hat for a parachute, don't bet him that he can't. Because he'll try it." That was another answer, from another person. Both to the question, "What kind of a gent is this Bob Montgomery?"

I'd talked to him only once, and that for but an instant in between shots on a set. He was tickled to death and all aglow because a sporting goods company had just presented him with a set of matched golf clubs. Bob was doing a picture and they thought it would be good advertising.

That day he appeared to me to be a tall, clean-cut kid with an infectious smile and the devil in his eye. I liked his walk. It was free and easy, the gait of a body well under control. He reminded me of football players I have known who can appear to be relaxed and unready one moment and a bundle of steel springs an instant later.

BOB MONTGOMERY came to Hollywood from the New York stage, where he had landed after a brief career as a railroad man and deckhand on a steamer plying up and down the Atlan-

Believe it or not, Bob Montgomery did ride that surf board, just as he relates in this story. Taking a dare, he went right out and demonstrated on his first ride that he could master this tricky sport without effort.



Robert Montgomery came to Hollywood after a brief experience on the stage. Before that he had a short but adventurous career as a railroad man and a deckhand on a steamer plying up and down the Atlantic coast.

tic coast. His father had died when Bob was in his early teens, and such things as expensive prep schools and vacations in Europe (which his father had been giving him) were suddenly jerked out of his life. Anything young Bob Montgomery has received since that date he has taken for himself. No one has given him anything. It is a lesson of life he learned early.

In the brief time he has been in Hollywood he has carved himself a niche and a popularity which is ever growing. He filled a great need on the M.-G.-M. lot for a young leading man. Only, as Bill Haines actually did, he threatens to step out of this class in a hurry and take upon himself the glory of full stardom.

IT was about halfway through lunch that I broke into the conversation we were having with a sudden
(Continued on page 119)





Two views, taken at dusk, of Hollywood Boulevard, looking eastward from the neighborhood of the Hotel Roosevelt. Only a few years ago a wasteland of wild brush, this street has taken its place beside the great thoroughfares of the globe—Broadway, the Rue de la Paix, the London Strand, the Bund of Shanghai. It is at dusk, says O. O. McIntyre, that Hollywood Boulevard takes on its patina of pomp, its grandiose manners of a duchess.

Special Photographs
for NEW MOVIE
by Stagg

VIGNETTES OF HOLLYWOOD

Strange Stories of the Odd Folk Who Walk Its Boulevard, Seeking the Bubble of Fame

By O. O. McIntyre

MOST of us who are not as yet quite ripe for the ether cone remember when Hollywood Boulevard was a jungle of wild brush in that forlorn strip of wasteland that Los Angeles forgot. Slowly and skeptically we watched it burgeon and bloom into one of the great cross-roads of the world.

Just fourteen years ago this sad-eyed chronicler was offered one of the choice lots, the dimensions of which escape me, on the site where the Warner Brothers' Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard stands. The price was something less than \$500. Four years ago it would have brought \$250,000. Today—but what's the use?

It epitomizes only one of the miracles of a commonplace village street that takes its place among the great thoroughfares of the globe—London's Strand, the Bund of Shanghai, that four-block strip that is the Rue de la Paix and "the street that whips the universe"—old Broadway.

IN this year of 1930, indeed, Hollywood Boulevard is more of a Rialto than Broadway was in the flourishing days when John Drew held forth at the stately Empire and Weber and Fields were choking each other silly at the Broadway.

One thing is certain, no street so grips the youth of the land. It encompasses a frozen bubble at which thousands clutch, miss to vanish into the obscurity from whence they came. It has also lifted its fortunate quota of those who cried "Cash!" in many a small-town store to undreamed palaces on the cowering pinnacles of Beverly Hills.

It is a delicately flanged bowl of champagne with roses on top and piercing thorns underneath—a high-ball and a headache! From all four corners of the world they drift there to sink or swim. No one knows its future or no one knows its past. Like the Sphinx, it remains inscrutable.

All we see is its outward splendor and surface tragedies. When I think of Hollywood Boulevard I somehow think of "Memphis," a blond young newsboy



Everybody goes to Henry's—the stars, the near stars, the extras, the sightseers—says Mr. McIntyre. It is noisy but it has a bonhomie that few eating places have achieved. Henry was a character actor and his restaurant is reputed to have been backed by Charlie Chaplin.

who came to Hollywood from some forks of the creek hugging his Big Dream and who is now snagged on a boulevard corner crying "Extras!" of murder and a world wet with tears and who reads in off hours consoling thoughts of Epictetus. He typifies in a measure the spirit of Hollywood Boulevard.

IT is at dusk that the boulevard takes on its patina of pomp—its grandiose manners of a duchess. The pink neon lights of Montmartre café, which carefully advertises its pronunciation of "Mo-Mart," cast their soft effulgence. Debonair Eddie Brandstetter takes his stand at the silken ropes to welcome the white-

FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE EARTH THEY COME TO



Hollywood Boulevard looking west from Cahuenga. All about you may be found the folk who come to Hollywood from all corners of the globe, in quest of the fabulous fortune of the films. The lucky ones pass in limousines, the unlucky sell you your evening newspaper.

ermined ladies and the silk-topped gentlemen who constitute Hollywood's Who's Who.

A few blocks away is the incoherent clatter of Henry's, a place reputed to have been backed by Chaplin. Henry is an old character actor with a leonine head and a great shock of white hair. Everybody goes to Henry's, the stars, the near-stars, the extras and the visiting yaps from Hickory Corners. It is noisy but it has a bonhomie that few eating places have achieved.

Over there is Bessie Love and Mary Astor. At another table Jack Holt. At still another Tom Mix, Fatty Arbuckle, and Lew Cody. And always some time during the evening Charlie Chaplin himself comes mincing in to take a chair and swap gossip—Charlie is a hound for gossip—with Hollywood's entrepreneur extraordinary, Sid Grauman. Grauman is the little 'Frisco newsie with the mop of wild hair, who is as much an integral part of Hollywood Boulevard as the Times Building is of Longacre Square.

IN a single evening at Henry's I have bowed to Adela Rogers St. Johns, that irrepressible tattler; Louella O. Parsons, the sober-sided Conrad Nagel, Al St. Johns, who may walk out on his hands just for a laugh, smiling Norman Kerry, Mike Donlin—and who can forget his strut when he knocked the apple over the garden wall? Watterson Rothacker, buxom Marie Dressler and sloe-eyed Bebe Daniels.

Henry's is the evening town pump, the open forum and the clearing place for the gossip of the studios. After the stars come out, figuratively and literally, of course, Montmartre is the high spot. Montmartre—pronounced "Mo-Mart"—where a jazz band, colored

balloons and confetti give the glamour of a nightly Mardi Gras.

If you are famous you are spotlighted and introduced by the Maestro Ben Bernie at the moment to take a bow. And you will always win a big hand at Montmartre no matter who you are. Montmartre patrons are that way. The world has been good to them and they are grateful.

Every Friday night is "celebrity night" at Montmartre and the guest of honor for the evening has a special ringside table and presents a cup to the winners of the elimination dance contest. The luncheon hour at Montmartre is a mixture of cinema and the literati. Big guns and big shots!

Rupert Hughes and his titian-haired wife, once a comedienne, are usually there. Also Ted Cook, the humorist. Once in a while David Wark Griffith strolls in. And Douglas Fairbanks, William Randolph Hearst and Peter B. Kyne.

Then there is on Hollywood Boulevard Musso-Frank's interesting café—a favored eating place of transplanted foreigners. The great Lubitsch is there often. It has the informality of the circular bar at a Paris bistro and is famous for its flannel cakes, *i.e.*, batter cakes as thin as wafers and the size of a huge plate.

THE Pig 'n' Whistle, decorated in Chinese red, is for those who take their Hollywood seriously, dine quietly and disappear early to study and be up at the first flash of the sun. Attractive little girls circulate among the tables and pour you a second cup of coffee without being asked. They too look with longing eyes toward the studios.

Interspersed here and there in the medley are gypsy tea rooms, dim lit and including tea or coffee-ground

HOLLYWOOD'S BOULEVARD OF HOPE AND TRAGEDY

readings in the *prix fixe*. There may be a dark handsome director in the bottom of the cup! Too, there are "horoscope" pitch men clotted along the curbs who will read your future for a dime.

Newcomers to Hollywood, as well as the old-timers, are "fortune-telling" conscious. The extravagant legends of the seers are thick. Valentino was told he would meet a mysterious death in New York the day before he started East. Mabel Normand was informed she was facing a lingering illness. Mary Miles Minter was warned of "a dangerous plot." Or so superstitious Hollywood foolishly believes. Not realizing that crystal gazers are the shrewdest of all propagandists.

HOLLYWOOD has the manner of a small factory town in the pink of early morning. Everybody is up at 6 A. M. to be off to the studios—the extras with actual jobs as well as the stars. The street benches fill with those who await "the lucky break." They have faced a thousand casting offices: "Sorry, but nothing today"; but they are the incurable optimists who never lose hope. They can reel off a hundred epics of famous stars who met every discouragement for months and years but waited—and won. And so they wait, gangly legged girls and freckled drug-store sheiks from the prairie cottage and village street, incredibly old women, gnarled old men, and living skeletons.

In the mid-center of Hollywood Boulevard is that faded, old stucco building with its shabby patch of lawn, a relic of old Hollywood and its briar patches. It is the only place the entire length of the boulevard where one may find ladies who do not resemble expectant actresses.

Otherwise every man, woman and child in the section is "cinema crazy." The butcher shop has an autographed picture in the window of Tessie Tottle proclaiming: "I like your meat" and he does a thriving business. An autographed picture of Greta Garbo in a millinery shop window would make any milliner independent for life. And you may quote me freely on that!

(Continued on page 127)



Above, the Montmartre as its first lights confront the soft California sunset. Here come the white-ermined ladies and silk-hatted gentlemen who constitute Hollywood's Who's Who.



Left, the Pig'n Whistle, decorated in Chinese red, is for those who take their Hollywood seriously, dine quietly and hurry home. Even here, says O.O. McIntyre, you find that the pretty girls who pour your coffee look with longing eyes toward the studios.

Hollywood Falls Under the Seductive Spell of the Empire Influence

Special Photographs
For NEW MOVIE
by Hurrell and Richee



Just above Clara Bow is wearing a chic frock of black crepe, accented with dots of silver and gold in mass design. This high-waisted dress, by the way, is worn by Miss Bow in the restaurant scenes of her new picture, "Her Wedding Night." At the right Joan Crawford is attired in glittering, shimmering satin that gives an appearance of patent leather. This form-fitting evening gown was originated by Adrian expressly for Miss Crawford. Cut in an intricate pattern the dress displays the approved lines for Fall and early Winter evening wear.



When WINTER Comes



Black satin pajamas, such as Clara Bow is wearing in the picture above, are just the thing for the afternoon in the drawing room. Over the pleated trousers and basque Miss Bow dons a white shawl fringed in white silk and embroidered in black jet. The stunning evening gown worn by Joan Crawford at the left was designed by Adrian. Made of crepe Elizabeth, this gown is fashioned with a slenderizing waistline and curved hipline pattern. The dress ends at the floor in front and has a sweeping train at the back. Beads, hand sewn onto the cowl neckline and adding weight to the drape at the back, lend a delicate richness to the costume, as well as causing weeks of extra work for the costume maker. The wrap worn with this dress is of crepe Elizabeth and is knee length, with flaring sleeves.



A charming retiring outfit is demonstrated by Miss Bow left. It is created of pink satin, lace and ermine. A short sleeved jacket bound with ermine is worn over the one-piece pajamas. The pajamas are girdled with silver and trimmed with écreu lace.

The tailored girl will continue to lend her capable appearance in contrast to her fluffier neighbor during the coming season. At the right Miss Crawford presents the newest thing in woolen frocks. Here Miss Crawford has chosen a Forstmann's chiffon worsted material done in the approved tunic style with touches of white on the collar, belt buckle and cuffs. A close fitting styled hat becomes this type of dress.



The Empire influence again is apparent in the hostess gown worn by Miss Bow at the right. The high waist line, accented with blue velvet ribbon and flowers, allows the narrow pleats of the blue chiffon skirt to fall straight to the floor. A striped metal jacket with jaunty fox-trimmed sleeves gives added effectiveness to the costume.



Russia is the inspiration of the smart suit worn by Miss Crawford at the left. Made in the Russian manner of Forstmann's Zenita, a novelty fabric, the suit reveals cartridge trimmings on the sleeves and at the front of the belted-in knee-length coat. All this lends a military air, while the skirt blends with the tailored style.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY

Special Photographs for NEW MOVIE

Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders Give a Real Ping-Pong Tournament and Entertain at a Buffet Supper

VISITORS from all over the United States saw how Hollywood can entertain its guests when Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders—Mrs. Saunders is Fay Wray—gave a party for the tennis champions who came West to compete in the famous Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament, held at the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

Fay and her husband, a well-known author, have a lovely tennis court and are intense tennis fans. They had a box for the tournament and met some of the players. So on a Saturday evening, following the matches, they entertained with a delightful dinner dance at their home in the Hollywood foothills.

The beautiful gardens, patio and tennis court, surrounded by acacia trees and covered with honeysuckle, were lighted with colored rays and bright lights played upon the playing court. The main feature of the affair was a real ping-pong tournament, which was very amusing. Wilmer Allison, who beat Bill Tilden at Wimbledon, Sidney Wood, George Lott, Marjorie Gladman and

Marjorie Morrill, all ranking stars of the court, took part.

THERE was a buffet supper, of course. You never see a sit-down dinner in Hollywood any more for over twelve people except at Marion Davies' residence. Long tables were set in the beautiful, wood-paneled dining room and small tables were arranged in the drawing room, the pretty green-painted library, and in the flowered patio.

After dinner the ping-pong tournament started. Three tables had been set on the tennis court, and the playing had been arranged by seeding, exactly as done in the big tennis tournament itself.

Charlie Chaplin, Eddie Lowe, Dick Arlen, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Jack Mulhall and Clive Brook were among the men who took part. But the amateur champions were too good for them. The only outsider who reached the finals was Bill Hawks, Bessie Love's husband. He used to be a great tennis player himself.

Across the ping-pong tables at Fay Wray's party. Miss Wray is presenting one cup to Sidney Wood, while Lilyan Tashman is presenting another—and smaller—cup to Cliff Setter. In the group are Georgia Hale, Charlie Chaplin, John Monk Saunders, Richard Arlen, Jobyna Ralston and Bessie Love.





An all-star party, given by Fay Wray and her husband. In the group above you can find, if you look closely, such famous folk as Richard Arlen, Eddie Sutherland, Marshal Neilan, Edmund Lowe, John Monk Saunders, Jules Furthman, Lilyan Tashman, Jesse Lasky, Jr., Fay Wray, Charlie Chaplin, Jobyna Ralston, Bessie Love and Jack Mulhall.

THE finals were between Bill Hawks and Sidney Wood, Cliff Sutter and Allan Herrington — who had played exhibition singles against Helen Wills Moody that afternoon. Sidney Wood was the final winner.

The girls' entries included Marjorie Morrill, Midge Gladman, Georgia Hale, Fay Wray, Lilyan Tashman, June Collyer, Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Estelle Taylor Dempsey, Jobyna Ralston Arlen and Mrs. Clive Brook.

Midge Gladman and Marjorie Morrill played the finals and Midge won.

After the tournament there was dancing and bridge.

FAY WRAY, as hostess, wore a simply cut frock of pale blue, embroidered in gold. Janet Gaynor was in ivory chiffon, with a plaited skirt and a winged cape.

June Collyer, looking exceptionally beautiful, had a dance dress of blue net, with a full, flowing skirt that just cleared the floor. And Jobyna Arlen (Mrs. Richard Arlen) was in white satin, trimmed with real lace.

Lilyan Tashman wore a backless, powder blue lace gown, belted tightly at the waist line with a narrow satin band, ornamented with an exquisite buckle of star

sapphires and diamonds. Bessie Love was in ivory satin and Clive Brook's pretty English wife wore ivory white crêpe, with jewelry in a lovely shade of blue.

MRS. JACK MULHALL was in black lace and net, embroidered in brilliants, and Estelle Taylor wore white satin, heavily trimmed in gold metal.

Georgia Hale, who came with Charlie Chaplin, was in eggshell chiffon, belted with velvet of a deeper tone. Nearly all the new dinner-dance frocks seemed to have this narrow belt exactly at the waist line.

(Continued on page 105)



Just before the guests arrived, Miss Wray looked over the prettily decorated tables arranged for the buffet supper.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

ONA MUNSON

REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

THREE FACES EAST

Warners

Directed by Roy Del Ruth.
The cast: *Frances Hawtree*, Constance Bennett; *Valdar*, Eric von Stroheim; *Arthur Chamberlain*, Anthony Bushell; *Mr. Yates*, William Countenay; *General Hewlett*, Crauford Kent; *Lady Chamberlain*, Charlotte Walker; *Sir Winston Chamberlain*, William Holden.

The combination of two such troupers as Eric Von Stroheim and Constance Bennett is unbeatable. Couple two stunning performances with an excellent spy melodrama of the World War—and you have corking entertainment. Von Stroheim plays a butler in the household of Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty. Despite his obvious Teutonic nationality, the fellow is a trusted servant. Of course, he is a spy. Miss Bennett in turn is a British spy, who has worked her way into the good graces of the German headquarters staff. She is sent to England by the Germans and the ensuing battle of wits between the spies is thrilling melodrama. A swell thriller.

Best—Eric Von Stroheim



WHAT A WIDOW!

United Artists

Directed by Allan Dwan.
The cast: *Tamarind*, Gloria Swanson; *Gerry*, Owen Moore; *Victor*, Lew Cody; *Valli*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. Lodge*, William Holden; *Jose Alvarado*, Herbert Braggiotti; *Bastikoff*, Gregory Gaye; *Paulette*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Marquis*, Nella Walker; *Masseuse*, Daphne Pollard.

Quite a step from "The Trespasser." Here Gloria Swanson does a lively slap-stick farce. She plays Tamarind Brooks, a young widow who is bequeathed five millions. She starts out to see life. Her adventures of the heart lead across to Paris, where she becomes involved with an eternally inebriated ball-room dancer. She herself drinks until she passes out and the chap puts her to bed. This is the scene that will get a gasp or two. However, as the dancer steps from the room, the door snaps locked and our widow is safe. The tempo of this comedy is fast and Miss Swanson is sartorially and dramatically effective as she blossoms forth from timid widowhood.

Best—Gloria Swanson



THE BAD MAN

First National

Directed by Clarence Badger.
The cast: *Pancho Lopez*, Walter Huston; *Ruth Pell*, Dorothy Revier; *Gilbert Jones*, James Rennie; *Henry Taylor*, O. P. Heggie; *Morgan Pell*, Sidney Blackmer; *Angela Hardy*, Marion Bryon; *Red Giddings*, Guinn Williams; *Pedro*, Arthur Stone; *Hardy*, E. Aldersen; *Jose*, Harry Semels.

The exceedingly versatile Walter Huston does his stuff again. Here he is the gay, amorous, barbarous, but bluntly honest Mexican bandit, once played so well on the stage and in the silent films by the late Holbrook Blinn. The play itself was a satirical comedy melodrama contrasting the close-to-the-soil naturalness of the Mexican with the devious civilized manners of Americans. The swaggering Pancho Lopez, who adjusts his problems with his six-shooter, is done with color and vigor by Mr. Huston. It's quite a striking contrast to his Abraham Lincoln. This talkie version, on the whole, is quite good.

Best—Walter Huston



LILIOM—Fox

Directed by Frank Borzage.
The cast: *Liliom*, Charles Farrell; *Julie*, Rose Hobart; *Madam Muskat*, Estelle Taylor; *The Buzzard*, Lee Tracy; *Linzman*, James Marcus; *The Carpenter*, Walter Abel; *Marie*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Hollinger*, Guinn Williams; *Aunt Hulda*, Lillian Elliott; *Wolf*, Bert Roach; *The Chief Magistrate*, H. B. Warner; *Louise*, Dawn O'Day.

The screen steadily grows more venturesome. Some years ago Franz Molnar's "Liliom" was turned into a silent picture—and murdered in the process. Now the talkies take over this strange fantasy—and develop it into an absorbing talkie. Borzage, the director, has moved out into the realm of imagery merely suggested by Molnar's drama and, aided by ingenious camerawork, produced some fine flashes of pictorial fancy. Thus we trace the hero who commits suicide, from the train to heaven to an express to hell; then back to earth for a brief period of regeneration. Charles Farrell's performance of the waster, Liliom, is flat, but Rose Hobart is sympathetic.

Best—Rose Hobart



THE SPOILERS

Paramount

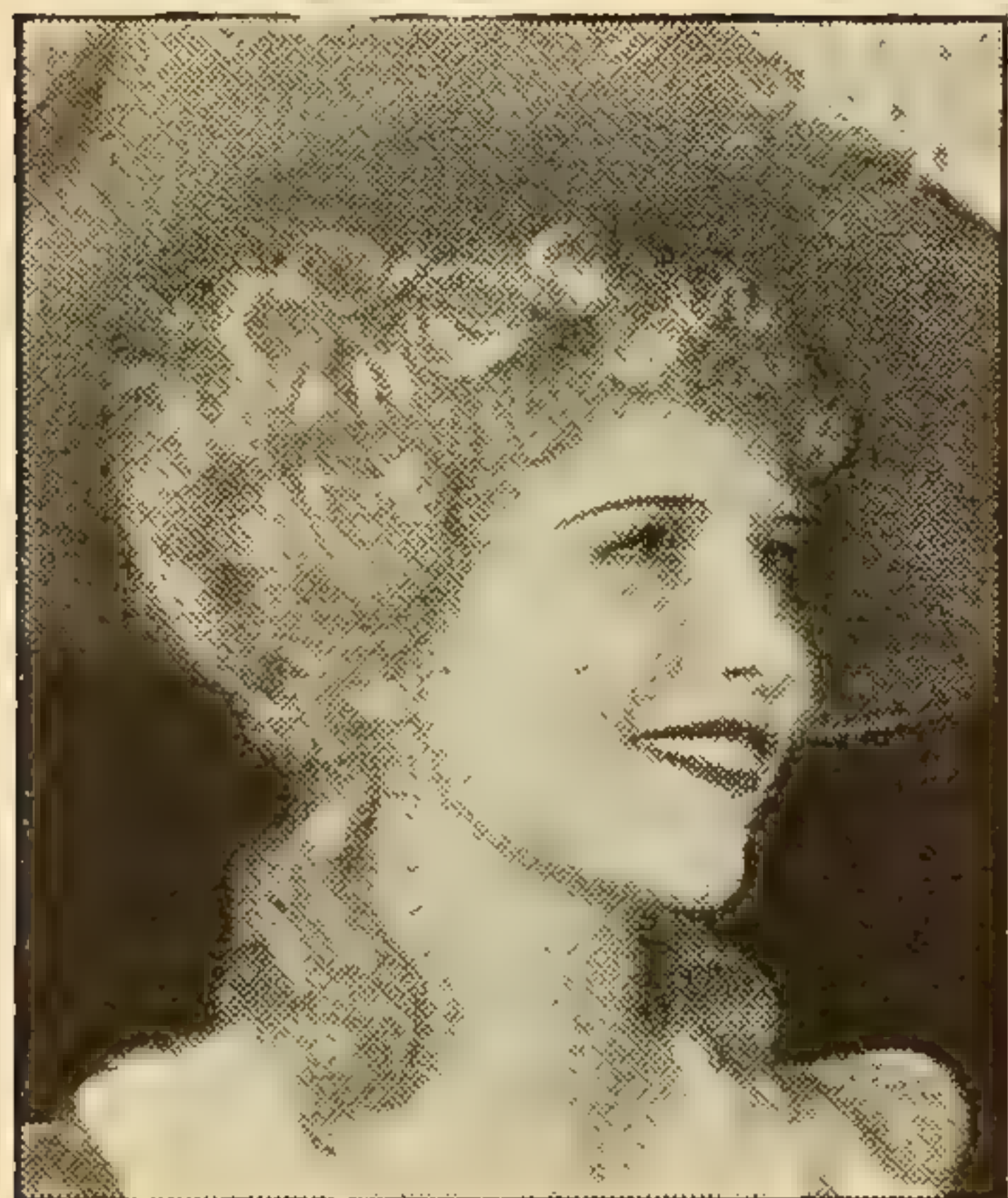
Directed by Edwin Carewe.
The cast: *Roy Glenister*, Gary Cooper; *Helen Chester*, Kay Johnson; *Cherry Malotte*, Betty Compson; *McNamara*, William Boyd; *Herman*, Harry Green; *Slapjack Simms*, Slim Summer-ville; *Dextry*, James Kirkwood; *Judge Stillman*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Struve*, Oscar Apfel; *Voorhees*, Jack Holmes.

Way back in—let's see—1913, Rex Beach's Alaskan gold rush story, "The Spoilers," was filmed. That film set a mark at which pictures shot for years. It had a great fight scene, graphically done by William Farnum and Tom Santschi. Just as the immortal Dempsey-Firpo battle gains with the years, this combat grew to heroic proportions in the memories of fans. Here is the same old melodrama, dusted up a bit, with Gary Cooper and William Boyd as the combatants. It's a fair enough fight but somehow the story has aged terribly. Indeed, the yarn wheezes along at snail's pace, completely outdated. How dramatic fashions change!

Best—Gary Cooper



ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



The Warners found a new and stunning newcomer, Claudia Dell, for the rôle of the belle of old Bath in the 17th Century. This is a mild and gentle-mannered costume story done in pastel color photography. Although all the young blades pay court to her, Kitty Bellairs has lost her heart to a mysterious masked highwayman. Signs, sword play, and furbelows—and little action. There are a few songs. Such well-known players as Ernest Torrence, Walter Pidgeon, and June Collyer seem lost. Altogether, a pretty but weak costume film of mild merit. However, Miss Dell has a certain promise if she gets an opportunity.

Best—Claudia Dell

SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS

Warners

Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, Claudia Dell; *Sir Jasper Standish*, Ernest Torrence; *Lord Verney*, Walter Pidgeon; *Captain O'Hara*, Perry Askam; *Julia Standish*, June Collyer; *Colonel Villiers*, Lionel Belmore; *Captain Spicer*, Arthur E. Carew; *Gossip*, Flora Finch; *Tom Stafford*, Douglas Gerrard; *Lydia*, Christiane Yves.



Adapted from one of John Russell's South Sea yarns. A handsome ne'er-do-well, a stowaway girl and a pearl-hunting expedition. When the girl is captured by cannibals, our hero (at the moment in a diving suit on the ocean floor) strides ashore and scares the natives into believing he is a god. All this makes for thrills, even if they are hardly believable. Still, the photographic sweep of the tropic sea has its appeal and the plot is ingeniously contrived to be theatrically effective. Richard Arlen is ingratiating as the adventurer and Fay Wray is very much the lady as the waif of the islands.

Best—Richard Arlen

THE SEA GOD

Paramount

Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Philip "Pink" Barker*, Richard Arlen; *Daisy*, Fay Wray; *"Square Deal" McCarthy*, Eugene Pallette; *Schultz*, Robert Gleckler; *Pearly Nick*, Ivan Simpson; *Abe*, Bob Perry; *Rudy*, Maurice Black; *Bill*, Fred Wallace.



What's this? The famous Frankie and Johnnie of lyric fame (very much adulterated, we hasten to add), before the background of a Havana dive. Frankie, in this expurgated adaptation, is enslaved by the dashing racketeer, Johnnie, but the handsome and honest sailor, Dan, comes along and carries off Frankie to a better life. Helen Twelvetrees is a surprisingly appealing Frankie while Dan is done well enough by Phillips Holmes. Marjorie Rambeau plays a small rôle, of a derelict, and the ornate Thelma Todd is Nellie Bly. This film has a certain theatrical effectiveness, largely due to Miss Twelvetrees.

Best—Helen Twelvetrees

HER MAN—Pathé

Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Frankie*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Annie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Johnnie*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dan*, Phillips Holmes; *Steve*, James Gleason; *Eddie*, Harry Sweet; *Al*, Stanley Fields; *Red*, Matthew Betz; *Nelly*, Thelma Todd; *Sport*, Franklin Pangborn; *Bartender*, Mike Donlin.



This was a highly successful stage musical comedy. Now, however, producers believe that the public is afraid of musical films. Box-office reports certainly indicate a general public timidity when song films come to town. In filming, "Follow Thru," its Hollywood makers decided to play up the weak and wobbly plot of a young golf pro and a pretty golfer—and to play down the musical numbers. The result is pretty dull, even with Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers as pleasant co-stars. The original hits—including "Button Up Your Overcoat"—are pleasant if familiar melodies.

Best—Nancy Carroll

FOLLOW THRU

Paramount

Directed by Schwab and Corigan. The cast: *Jerry Downs*, Charles Rogers; *Lora Moore*, Nancy Carroll; *Angie Howard*, Zelma O'Neal; *Jack Martin*, Jack Haley; *J. C. Effingham*, Eugene Pallette; *Ruth Van Horn*, Thelma Todd; *Mae Moore*, Claude King; *Mrs. Bascomb*, Kathryn Givney; *Babs Bascomb*, Margaret Lee; *Dinty Moore*, Don Tomkins; *Martin Bascomb*, Albert Gran.



After you have read Adela Rogers St. Johns' analysis of Clara Bow elsewhere in this issue, you surely will want to see her in her newest screen effort. The star deserves better of her employers than this undress bedroom farce with obviously racy intentions. It is based on an Avery Hopwood farce, "Little Miss Bluebeard," and hurries in and out of boudoir doors in relating the yarn of a young woman who discovers she is married (accidentally, Mr. Hays, purely accidentally) to two men at once. Miss Bow works hard to please and the redoubtable Charlie Ruggles—first aid to many 1930 films—is gorgeous in the rôle entirely too brief. You must see his imitation of a cat.

Best—Clara Bow

HER WEDDING NIGHT

Paramount

Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Norma Martin*, Clara Bow; *Larry Charters*, Ralph Forbes; *Bertie Bird*, Charlie Ruggles; *Bob Talmadge*, Skeets Gallagher; *Gloria Marshall*, Geneve Mitchell; *Lulu*, Rosita Moreno; *Eva*, Natalie Kingston; *Smithers*, Wilson Benge; *Mrs. Marshall*, Lillian Elliott.

ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

OUTWARD BOUND

Warners

Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Tom Prior*, Leslie Howard; *Henry*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Ann*, Helen Chandler; *Mrs. Midget*, Beryl Mercer; *Scrubby*, Alec B. Francis; *Mrs. Cliveden-Bank*, Alison Skipworth; *Rev. William Duke*, Lionel Watts; *Mr. Lingley*, Montagu Love; *Thompson*, the Examiner, Dudley Digges.

Really the mental wanderings of a young man who has attempted suicide by gas beside his sweetheart in a tawdry London flat, this dramatic oddity unfolds on a strange and macabre ship. The vessel, it develops, is a phantom one, peopled by souls who have departed from this earth but who do not realize that death has overtaken them. As the Great Examiner boards the ship, the vessel's whistle dissolves into an ambulance siren. Henry and Anna are being rushed across London for treatment and—life. A strange drama, intelligently handled. Not likely to be of wide popular appeal but a highly courageous production adventure.

Best—Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



BIG BOY—Warners

Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Gus*, Al Jolson; *Anabel Bedford*, Claudia Dell; *Mrs. Bedford*, Louise Closser Hale; *Jack Bedford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Coley Reed*, Eddie Phillips; *Doc Wilbur*, Lew Harvey; *Jim*, Franklin Batie; *Joe*, John Harron.

This is the Mammy Singer's last Warner Brothers' effort. Al Jolson is now a United Artist. This is Vitaphoned from a musical show done on the stage some time ago by Jolson. He is a blackface all through, playing a Negro stable boy—sentimental, oppressed, misunderstood, but always ready to burst into song. Eventually, Gus (that's Jolson) rides his colt to success in the Kentucky Derby. This, too, despite the best efforts of some wicked gamblers who stop at nothing. Somehow "Big Boy" doesn't lift itself, despite Jolson's strenuous efforts. Can it be that his particular vein of sentimentalism is exhausted?

Best—Al Jolson



THE OFFICE WIFE

Warners

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Anne Murdock*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Lawrence Fellows*, Lewis Stone; *Mr. McGowan*, Hobart Bosworth; *Kate Halsey*, Blanche Friderici; *Catherine Murdock*, Joan Blondell; *Linda Fellows*, Natalie Moorehead; *Mr. Jameson*, Brooks Benedict; *Miss Andrews*, Dale Fuller; *Ted O'Hara*, Walter Merrill.

Built from a current magazine serial by Faith Baldwin. Sure fire box-office hit. Here is the problem of the absent-minded big business man, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming and expensive wife who philanders when opportunity presents itself. So the office wife eats her heart out while the boss goes on oblivious to things about him. In the end, the girl who has shouldered the boss's office problems gets his domestic ones as well, for his wife asks a divorce. Dorothy Mackaill (herself excellent) heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the boss and Natalie Moorehead as the wife.

Best—Dorothy Mackaill



DIXIANA—RKO

Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: *Dixiana*, Bebe Daniels; *Harold Van Horn*, Everett Marshall; *Pee Wee*, Bert Wheeler; *Ginger*, Robert Woolsey; *Cornelius Van Horn*, Joseph Cawthorne; *Mrs. Van Horn*, Jobyna Howland; *Poppy*, Dorothy Lee; *Royal Montague*, Ralph Harolde; *Blondell*, Edward Chandler.

Pretentious but dull musical extravaganza. Bebe Daniels is a New Orleans circus beauty. She is loved by the handsome and wealthy son of a plantation owner but the lad's parents do their best to prevent the match. Indeed, the beautiful Dixiana is almost captured by a sleek, unscrupulous gambler. Miss Daniels does well enough but Everett Marshall (as the stalwart hero) acts as badly as all the rest of the Broadway singing importations. Among the comedians present are Joe Cawthorne, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey—and they are all pretty poor here. The Mardi Gras is Technicolored.

Best—Bebe Daniels



MADAM SATAN—M-G-M

Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Angela Brooks*, Kay Johnson; *Bob Brooks*, Reginald Denny; *Trixie*, Lillian Roth; *Jimmy Wade*, Roland Young; *Martha*, Elsa Petersen; *Officers of Zeppelin*, Boyd Irwin, Wallace MacDonald, Maine Geary, Allan Lane, Kenneth Gibson; *Guests at Masked Ball Aboard Zeppelin*: Wilfred Lucas, Tyler Brooke, Lotus Thompson, Vera Marsh, Martha Sleeper, Doris McMahon, Marie Valli.

The man who revolutionized American plumbing is back again with a new tinselled shocker. I refer to Cecil De Mille and his latest film, "Madam Satan." The old boudoir and bath wizard, I regret to report, seems to be losing his cunning. This one hits a pretty preposterous note. The involved plot concerns a husband, a wife and the inevitable other woman. Wifey finally wins her husband back during a lavish orgy on board a Zeppelin when—zowie—the aircraft is struck by lightning. Everybody has a parachute but our hero. You will have to see "Madam Satan" to learn the remainder of the pretentious thriller. The cast is buried under the De Mille trappings.

Best—Kay Johnson





Here is a striking composite study of the best Barthelmess characterizations. Few stars have such a record of noteworthy performances or one covering such a wide range of acting. Look above—and you will find the unforgettable Yellow Man of Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," the fearless ice-galloping youth of "Way Down East," the mountain boy of "Tol'able David," the broken soldier of "The Enchanted Cottage," the brash young pugilist of "The Patent Leather Kid," and the West Pointer in "Classmates," along with the heroes of "Weary River," "Seventh Day," "Scarlet Seas," "Soul Fire," "Drag," "The Noose," "The Wheel of Chance," "Fury" and "The Son of the Gods."

The Star Without Illusions

Richard Barthelmess, film idol—business man, analyzes his career cold-bloodedly

By SAMUEL R. MOOK



THE average life of a film star is five years." "The talkies will bring in a complete new set of stars." "When the talkie turmoil subsides the old favorites will still reign supreme." These and similar headlines have graced innumerable articles appearing in magazines for the past two years. Reading them and looking at the present line-up one may be forgiven for a sarcastic "Oh, yeah?" or "Is that so?"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has been a star for ten years. With the exception of Ruth Chatterton and possibly Ann Harding, where are the new stars the talkies have brought in? The turmoil has subsided, most of the stage actors have been sent back to New York, yet where are the old favorites who were to reign supreme once again? True, Novarro, Colman, Garbo and Shearer are still going strong but none of them has been a star as long as Barthelmess.

What of the old favorites—Mary Pickford, the Talmadges, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Thomas Meighan, Doug Fairbanks and Lillian Gish and others who shone in the cinematic skies at the time the Barthelmess orbit became ascendant? Their stars have waxed and waned while his has lost not one figurative candlepower.

Surely the fates the gods mete out are based on something more than a hit-and-miss idea. It must be something that goes deeper than that. And a person who talks to Barthelmess for five minutes is pretty apt to know what it is.

He is a man without illusions—at least as regards his career. He will take his screen work from

One of the reasons why Dick Barthelmess has steadily advanced in motion pictures, silent and noisy, lies in the fact that he is not afraid of having a capable cast beside him. No star has given wider opportunities to his fellow players or so much footage to their best scenes.

start to finish and analyze it cold-bloodedly for you. Analyze it without letting his personal likes and dislikes influence his judgment.

"When you are in the midst of a production," he says, "you lose all sense of perspective. Either the new picture is great or you find yourself, unconsciously, comparing it unfavorably to past vehicles. But looking back at your pictures after a lapse of time, you can view them dispassionately. Have you ever noticed, for instance, when a person lights a cigarette in the dark how the match casts shadows and high lights, illuminating prominent features? Well, that's how it is with pictures. Time is the match that makes their faults and merits stand out in bold relief."

Below are the pictures he's made since he first became prominent, with the ratings he himself gives them as entertainment values. AA is exceptional, A good, B fair, and C poor.

D. W. GRIFFITH PICTURES

Scarlet Days	B
Broken Blossoms	AA
The Idol Dancer	A
The Love Flower	B
'Way Down East	A

INSPIRATION PICTURES

New Toys	C
The Beautiful City	C

(Continued on page 123)

HOME TOWN STORIES OF THE STARS



Lewis De Laine Offield at the age of eighteen months. Lewis—now Jack Oakie—was born in the Queen City of the Prairie on November 12, 1902.

BY ROSEMARY BURROWES AND MARTHA INGE
of The Sedalia, Mo., Democrat

HURRY, Mary, the silver isn't on the table and it's almost time for the guests to arrive."
"But the silver's on, ma'm. I placed it there myself ten minutes ago."

A charming woman, living in Sedalia, Missouri, who was entertaining dinner guests that evening, about twenty-five years ago, walked back into her dining room, thinking she must have been mistaken. But she wasn't. There were no knives, forks, or spoons on the table.

"Where is the silver, Mary? I'll help you, it's getting late."

"But, ma'm," insisted Mary, "the silver is there, on the table."

"Come, Mary, see for yourself. It isn't there and we have no time to waste."

Knowing she had placed the silver on the table, Mary walked into the dining room with a feeling of assurance, but at the first look she turned pale. There were no knives, forks, or spoons to be seen.

SHE wondered if she had been dreaming, or just what had taken place.

She looked in the drawer where the silver was kept. It was gone. Again she looked on the table. Not there! Then she did get worried. She looked everywhere. It was time for the guests to arrive, and still no silverware.

What could have happened to it? There had been no one in the room except a neighbor's child, Lewis Offield, who had been pottering around while she set the table.

He couldn't have carried it off. It was gone nevertheless. Some of the guests who attended that dinner never did know that it was served thirty minutes late because the hostess had to call on the neighbors for silver to take the place of her own which was missing.

Meanwhile, the mystery of the lost silver was not solved for two days when the neighbor boy, Lewis De Laine Offield, now the famous Jack Oakie, toddled into the house, turned over a sofa pillow, and there, bright and

shining, was the missing silver—just where he had placed it two days before. He looked up, his freckled face covered with a grin—and that grin alone saved him from the spanking he had so truly earned.

IT is just such incidents that Sedalians remember of this now famous movie star, who was born in the Queen City of the Prairie, November 12, 1902, but left at the age of four years with his parents, to reside in Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Then again there was the time his mother took him to a club meeting. It was one of those meetings where some one reads a paper, usually one of considerable length, and certainly uninteresting to a small child.

Lewis tried his best to sit still. It was pretty hard. He squirmed and twisted. His mother sh-s-shushed him several times. Finally the reader paused to turn a page. Lewis thought she was certainly through and a sigh of relief was heard accompanied by, "Well, fank doodness, she's froe." But she wasn't. She went right on, much to the child's astonishment, and no wise-crack Jack Oakie has ever made to the millions of stage fans could ever be any more amusing than was his "Oh, my doodness, she ain't!" at that moment.

SEDALIANS love Jack Oakie. They crowd the theater when he appears. They watch his expression and applaud his wise-cracks. He looks like his father and acts like his mother. He brings back memories. They have watched his career and are proud of him because he is a native son.

They remember when he went to Muskogee from Sedalia. How he attended school there and in Kansas City. They'll tell you of the story brought back from Muskogee of how he told the government officials he was a Creek Indian.

There were many Indians living in his school district, and much talk about Indian allotments and reservations. Lewis was interested in the Indian children and felt badly because he was not of their clan.

One evening he came home from school and announced that when a man had come into his school room and asked all the Indian children to rise, he stood up.

"You are no Indian," said his mother, "why did you stand?"

"I thought it would be nice," he said. "There were only two boys stood up, so I helped them out. They said they were Cherokees but I

Jack Oakie, then Master Lewis Offield, at the age of four. Mrs. Offield, Jack's mother, conducted the Offield School of Expression at Sedalia in those days.

told the man I was a Creek."

"But why in the world did you say you were a Creek?" asked his



Missouri has Happy Recollections of Lewis Offield, now a Famous Hollywood Notable Named Jack Oakie

astonished and horrified mother.

"I decided to be a Creek," he told her, "because they have more money than the Cherokees, and I wanted to be a rich Indian, if I was going to be one at all."

JACK'S father, J. M. Offield, died in Muskogee and was buried in Sedalia. It was then the mother took her two small children, Alice Evelyn, better known as Sally, and the son, a few years younger, to New York.

Mrs. Offield was the daughter of a Methodist minister, Rev. Albert Jump. She had a college education and had taught school. She was especially trained in expression and in Sedalia conducted the Offield School of Expression.

In New York she placed the two children in school. Jack attended De La Salle High School, New York City, a school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and was graduated with high honors.

After leaving school Jack became a board marker and telephone order clerk in a Wall Street brokerage firm. He was a hard worker, and he loved the Wall Street game, but he loved to sing and dance, too.

He had inherited from his talented mother a charming personality. He was witty. He made friends quickly and kept them. He liked people and people liked him. He was a sunshine around an office.

One day his boss, with whom he was a favorite, asked him to do a little stunt in a Junior League Frolic. There was nothing he liked better. He went over big and other invitations came. He took part in many charity functions, but all the while continued his duties as a clerk for the brokerage firm.

WHEN an opportunity came to take a small part on the stage, his mother opposed it. She had worked hard to put him through school, he had a chance to rise in the business world, and she did not believe the stage offered much for her son. He thought it might, and he persuaded her that he was right.

Other offers came. His natural talent, his ready wit and constant jokes were a relief to

Jack Oakie used to appear in vaudeville with Lulu McConnell. They are shown at the right. The time is 1926.



How did Lewis De Laine Offield get the name of Jack Oakie? He came to New York from Oklahoma and had a habit of using the expression, "O.K." Thus the cognomen of Oakie grew.



the tired business world. He went into pictures.

Many have wondered why he changed his name. Why should he be known on the stage as Jack Oakie, rather than as Lewis De Laine Offield, and why did he select such a name as Oakie?

Most movie stars use an assumed name. The name Oakie was selected for two reasons. In New York he was hailed by many business associates as "Oklahoma," the name of the state from which he came. That was shortened to Oakie, and this nickname, coupled with his pet expression, "O. K." (and everything was O. K. to him) caused that name to be selected.

IN the picture, "Fast Company," which has been so popular, friends of the Offield family wonder if there is anything significant in the fact that the home town of the young baseball player (Jack Oakie), is
(Continued on page 121)



The newsreels recently brought John D. Rockefeller to the screen. These sound films revealed that the famous financier possesses a singularly vivid personality.

The Film Presenting World Events and Famous People Achieves New Importance with the Dawn of Sound

BY
LOUIS REID

WERE the restless rajahs of the newsreels to gather around an incredible conference table to decide who in all the world is most deserving of their salaams as well as their shekels, their task would not be as difficult as you might imagine. The meeting would be over as quickly as they could say "George Bernard Shaw."

Shaw is to the talking newsreel what Massa Jolson is to the talking pictures. He put them where they are today and the rajahs are more than satisfied.

Just as Massa Jolson swept out of the Hollywood goldfields with a tear in his voice for sonny boy and caused the croupiers of the cinema to rake in the money as it was never raked before, Britain's most provocative man of letters, airing his attitude on manners and morals for the benefit of the sound cameras of the headline hunters, put over the talking newsreels in what the boys still call a great big way.

The sprightliest of philosophers, he is also the big It-man of the newsreels, presenting that rarest of combinations—brains and sex appeal. It's hard to believe, Madame Glyn, but it's true. It is cause for dancing in the streets of Hollywood. The long-awaited dream come true. The complete and perfect answer to the picture-men's prayers.

THE fates are ever kind to the movie men. They produce a Jolson at a time when a national yawn was stretching from Gotham to the Golden Gate over the apparent halt in the progress of the screen—a restless and independent Jolson growing more and more indifferent to the irksome, if profitable, labors of lifting a footlight voice to mammy. Forthwith, their problems are solved. Forthwith Hollywood becomes again a promised land, promising untold riches, untold dominion over the seats of the mighty moviegoer.

Chaos, you will remember, stalked for a time while the wiring of theaters became the order of the day. The newsreel men

concerned with silent representations of the highlights of the world's events, were caught in the whirlpool of feverish confusion. What to do? What to do? Why, of course, they would go talkie too. They could not do otherwise and continue on speaking terms with their bankers.

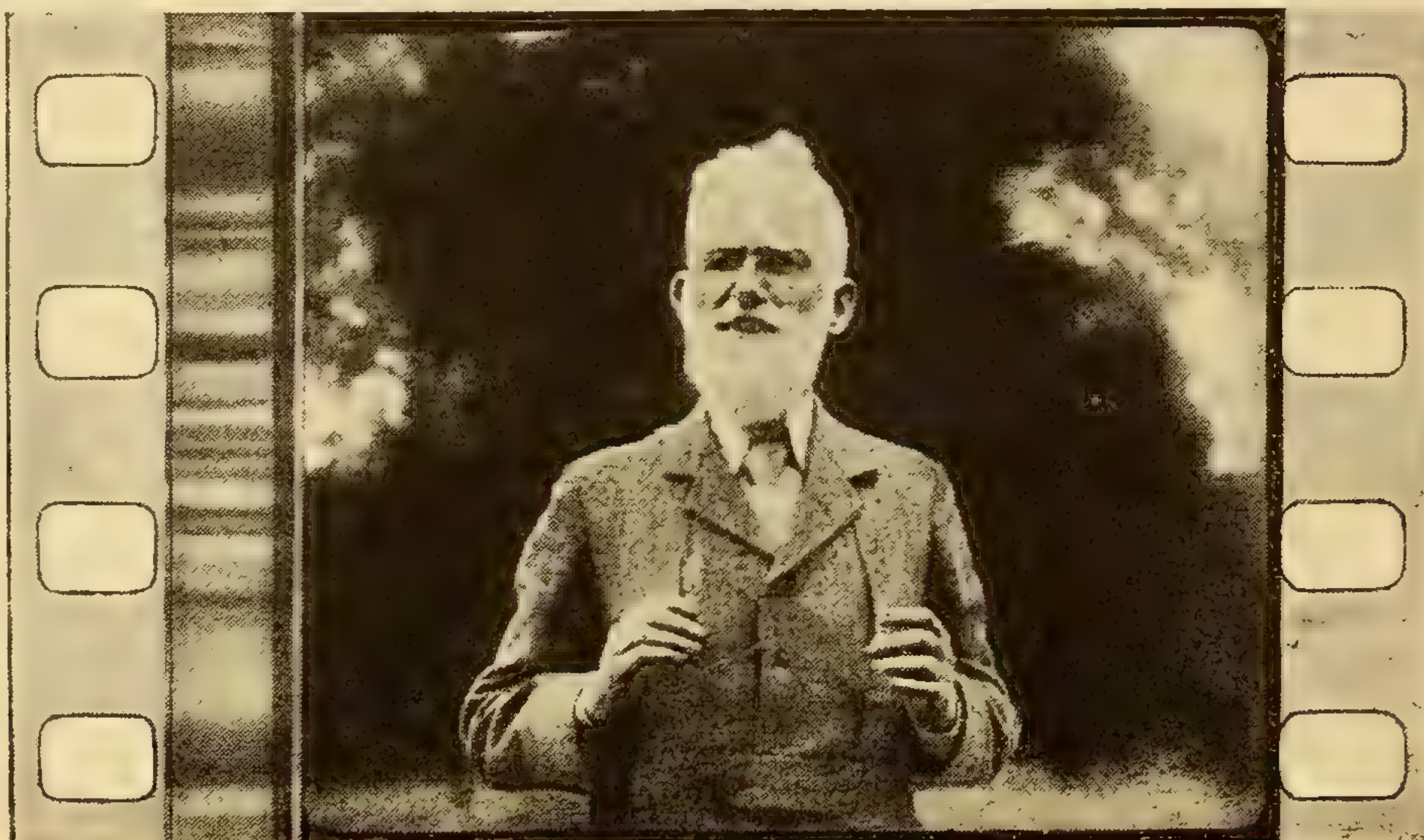
Overnight they scrapped the work of years, work which ever had a glamorous strife of completion, and began to record the voices of their subjects. Fate suddenly, smilingly handed them Shaw on a golden platter—Shaw all undressed and nowhere to go but the films. They shot him on the seaside strands, shot him defiant in an ill-fitting bathing suit, shot him with the remorseless march of time upon his legs and whiskers—scrawny legs, patriarchal whiskers—and bade him talk.

THE signal was right up the Shavian alley. Asking Shaw to talk is like asking an actor to act. He opened his mouth and personality—the rarest personality yet uncovered by the newsreel—leaped across the screen. You absorbed a vital, vivid figure with a superb voice, superb delivery, superb sentences. You saw a magnetic face, with eyes that revealed by their luminosity and depth a profound mind. The effect, in a word, was startling. The word passed up and down the highways that Shaw was not to be missed. Better to miss the Pulitzer prize play, the latest detective novel, the youthful houris of Dr. Ziegfeld.

And so the talking newsreel got off to a winning start that has gained momentum ever since and has placed them among the most alluring accomplishments of the electric age. Gaining experience, the newsreel nomads have left no part of the world untouched by their roving cameras and sound recorders and today they sit serene and confident atop the amusement mountains.

They worked fast to perfect their new art, the newsreel men.

George Bernard Shaw has been to the talking newsreels what Al Jolson has been to the film drama. Britain's popular man of letters proved just as provocative as Al's best vocal plea for Sunny Boy.



The Newsreel Comes into Its Own

The spectre of fierce and furious competition faced them on every side. There was no time to lose. It meant complete reorganization in their ranks. Their battalions of cameramen, long trained in grinding silent news subjects, were literally forced overnight to become voice recorders as well. Other field workers had to be recruited and instructed—liaison officers, contact men, microphone operators—a vast army that could keep pace with the latest event, the latest personage in the day's news and capture them for the theaters that dot the earth.

In the background were the generalissimos who mapped out the action of the day—men with discerning eyes and even more discerning minds, men who could anticipate who and what would be the big news of tomorrow and next week and even next month, men who knew how to go places and do things, men experienced in newspaper city rooms, men who when news was scarce tracked down the novel and unusual and that quality known as human interest.

SOON they were ready and those who went down to the theater with incredulous ears began to realize that the newsreel was no longer a mere filler on a movie program but that it was good enough to stand by itself, an attraction which spectacularly vitalized the news of the day for all to hear, for all to see. Feeling the public pulse, the newsreel men set about fulfilling a long-cherished dream. They established an exclusively newsreel theater on Broadway. With an admission fee of 25 cents and a continuous program they set out to catch the casual passerby, the transient pedestrian, the person with a few minutes to spare who might like the effect

A perilous climb along the steel framework of Eiffel Tower is just part of the daily job of the newsreel cameraman. Here John Sorel (center) is getting into position to photograph Paris from the dizzy tower heights.



Keystone View Company

H. R. H., The Prince of Wales, has always been an important figure in the newsreels, both silent and noisy. He is the most photographed young man in the world, save our own Lindbergh. The sound newsreels appear to have added to the Prince's world popularity.

of a newspaper or magazine recorded on the screen. Again they struck gold. The Embassy proved a hit from the start. It provided startling entertainment at a figure ridiculously low. Its schedule, moving on a fifty-minute basis, brought a ceaseless flow of money to the coffers, and it became at once a new and unique institution.

Across its silver screen passes everybody—well, most everybody—in the day's news. No sooner does the aged



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The Adventure and Thrill Behind the Newsreel

Poultney Bigelow visit the lonely Hohenzollern at Doorn, to apologize for some ugly words which he heaped on his one-time friend when ugly words were as common as cannon shells, than the newsreel men pounce upon him for his impressions.

No sooner does the Emperor Jones return from his far-flung golf dominions than he is revealed in that becoming modesty which has caused him to be hailed as one of the three most popular young men in the world. No sooner does Amy Johnson complete her flight from England to Australia than she is right before the mike and the camera, expressing in tones vivid, vivacious and to the point: "I'm delighted to be here in Sydney—it was my objective."

THE great, the near great, those who by no stretch of the imagination can ever be great, but who figure in the odd and unusual news of the day—all pass before your eyes, all penetrate the eardrums.

Not so long ago, as the sound waves travel, who should the newsreel men bring into their corral but the venerable figure of John D. Rockefeller? A signal victory for the newsreel men, considering John D's traditional reluctance to let the white light of publicity beat down too heavily upon him.

His face, wreathed in a thousand and one wrinkles, stared across the silver sheet. His voice, strong in spite of its age, leaped across the theater, a dominant reminder of a day when it issued orders that brought into being the colossal organization of which the lonely overlord of Pocantico Hills is the head. It did not utter commonplaces upon thrift. It did not express a recipe for longevity—John D. is 90 years old—nor did it repeat that stimulating cry which echoed across the hills last November when the Wall Street pack was in its most headlong rush to cover—"my son and I are buying."

You, of course, remember that cry. It rolled out of Pocantico with the force and volume of that gargantuan gun of the Germans which at intervals during the late unpleasantness pelted the chimney pots of Paris. It reassured a nation. It would have been good to have heard it again—on the news sound cameras. It would have sounded well upon the air had the aged Croesus given it voice as he



Associated Press Photos

Willard Vanderveer (left) and Joseph Rucker (right), the cameramen who filmed the Byrd Expedition during its many lonely months in Antarctica, with Emanuel Cohen, Paramount editor, in the center.

tieth anniversary celebration of the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland as well as to the rest of the world. His remarks were a greeting to the executives of the mighty organization he brought into being.

The newsreel men on the payroll of the Hearst Metro-tone News were justified in the pride of their achievement, for John D. was an exclusive feature in a field where exclusive features are few and far between. They rushed their films from Ormond Beach, Fla. by air mail to Cleveland but they did not neglect to rush a print to the Embassy Theater. And Broadway stopped to look and listen.

IT kept on looking and listening and the more it continued the more it became convinced that like Shaw, Rockefeller also possessed a vivid personality, also possessed, believe it or not, that precious little thing called "it." One could not escape the impression in cupping the ear and squinting the eye at the old man that he would have been a success in whatever walk of life he chose to follow. I wonder how he would have been as an actor. Probably in his younger days a star of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and later in life turning his attention to more serious things, to, say, "The Merchant of Venice."

The New York Newsreel Theater is now playing to larger audiences than at the beginning. As many as 48,000 persons have passed through its portals in the course of a week, and the theater's seating capacity is only 568 persons.

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Bixio Alberini risks his life to picture the eruption of Mt. Etna. Burning lava has just struck the building close in front of Alberini and, at the moment this shot was made, is pushing it from its path.



Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

ing car drew alongside, slowed down and the ugliest, toughest face in the world was pushed out of the front curtain. Bill and Vic were sure something was the matter after one peek at that face.

The face opened. That is, one corner of the mouth in the face opened. "You Bill Powell?" came the words.

"Yes," said Bill and took a deep breath. If it was coming it was coming and it was too late to do anything about it now. Then the face beamed into a broad smile.

"Well I seen you last night in a pitcher, Bill. You done good." The gent waved his hand, pulled his head inside the curtain again, and the car shot forward, leaving two very, very relieved persons from Hollywood to go their own way up Michigan Boulevard.

"I'm tired of France, men, myself, and the world in general. So I'm going to Hollywood." So said Peggy Hopkins Joyce in London and she added, "I'm still looking for my ideal man—someone about thirty-five, tall, dark. But I'm not going to get married again in a hurry." A scout sent out in Hollywood reported that the much-married and far-famed Peggy really is coming to Hollywood. Tall, dark men about thirty-five will please duck for cover.

HOOT GIBSON finished second in an air race at the National Air Derby held in Chicago. Hoot is the best pilot among the Hollywood airmen and a first class pilot in any league. He has a great eye, perfect control over his muscles, and is as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar.

BLANCHE SWEET, who has been signing her checks Blanche Neilan for a long time (she was the wife of Micky Neilan), has had her name legally changed back to Blanche Sweet.

THE population of the United States is 23,191,876.

There are thirty-one states in the Union.

The nation has had thirteen presidents.

The President of the United States is Millard Fillmore.

Easy, easy, we're not crazy. These are the facts as taught in the school room in Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Jackie Coogan's next picture. Because that's what they were when Tom was roaming the creeks and looking for birds' nests. The date was 1850.

MARLENE DIETRICH, the Berlin beauty now in Hollywood making movies, who has the lead opposite Gary Cooper in "Morocco," says that the happiest women in the world are found in America.

Sea pictures are coming in again.

RUTH CHATTERTON is going to play four rôles in her next picture, "The Right to Live." She will be seen as a young girl, then as a mother, then as a young daughter, then as that daughter grown older. And that is going to take acting that only a Chatterton could give.

PRODUCERS in Hollywood say that writers are the hardest people in the world to separate from a job. A writer will be given a script to do, he will take it home and do it in three days—and then put it under his mattress for three weeks. At least, the producers who pay the writer three weeks' salary for what he accomplishes in three days, say so. Hence Harry Rapf, producer at M.-G.-M., was knocked right out of his seat the other day when writer Paul Scofield signed a contract to do a story for Joan Crawford, took it home with him, read it all over again, did some thinking, and then handed it back to Rapf. "Sorry I took it," said Paul. "It's not my kind of a story. Someone else can do it better than I can. No use me working on it for a month and then turning out a bad script."

"Believe me," said Rapf, "most of the boys would have sat on that one and drawn salary for weeks before they turned it back. I'll remember Scofield."

HOLLYWOOD covers about twenty-five square miles. It has sunshine 334 days a year. It is twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean. Its average daytime temperature in winter is 62 degrees, in summer 75.2 degrees. It is about twenty degrees colder at night than it is in the daytime, both winter and summer.

Clara Bow very, very seldom wears a hat. Even when driving in her open car she merely ties a scarf around her flaming red hair and lets the wind do its worst.

WILLIAM HAINES always drinks milk for lunch and always wears a silk handkerchief around his neck on the set in between scenes.

THE first Friday night after Lon Chaney died the announcer at the Hollywood American Legion boxing contest called attention to a vacant seat at the ringside. It was Lon's; he had sat there every Friday night. Then the lights were dimmed and Alan Hale climbed into the ring and recited a short poem in memory of their departed friend. The lights were dimmed while Alan spoke and the response of the crowd when they went up again was ample proof of what the "fight crowd" thought of Lon.

BUSTER KEATON started his professional career as an acrobat in vaudeville. That's why he can take those terrible spills he does and not get hurt.

ALICE DUER MILLER, one of the most prominent of women writers in America, is in Hollywood doing some original screen stories for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE United States Navy is installing talkie equipment on more than two hundred vessels, including dreadnaughts, destroyers and airplane carriers. It will cost about \$5,000 to install talkie equipment in the larger ships and about \$3,000 in the smaller ships. About \$500,000 in all will be spent.

THE Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament held at the Los Angeles Tennis Club drew a great attendance from the motion picture colony. Corinne Griffith was there nearly every day watching the matches and trying to improve her own game by studying the methods of Helen Wills and other ranking tennis stars. She looked particularly lovely in a woolly sport dress of purple-blue and a silk knit hat to match.

William Powell had his mother and father and his aunt and uncle as his guests in his box on several occasions. Ronald Colman had the adjoining box and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess were his guests on the big days of the tournament. Saw Eleanor Boardman in a dark blue polo coat, a beret to match, and a brilliant varicolored silk scarf around her neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd had a box and on the final Sunday Mrs. Lloyd wore a suit of pale pink silk, trimmed with ermine. Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille were frequent attendants and had two sets of newlyweds in their box. Mr. de Mille's daughter just married Bernie Fineman and Mrs. de Mille's daughter, who is a coming young actress, became the bride of Donald Cook, stage leading man, the same week. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart shared a box with Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud. Bessie Love was there often, looking very pretty in one of these new black hats that are worn back off the face. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes had Aileen Pringle, in severely tailored gray, as their guest. Charlie Farrell attended many matches—and his friends hardly knew him now that he has a regulation hair cut after weeks as "Liliom." Joan Bennett was accompanied by John Considine, Jr., and she wore a three-piece suit of wine-red, trimmed with sable. Gloria Swanson came to see Miss Wills' exhibition matches, and wore a dark blue sport outfit. Gene Markey was her escort. John Gilbert was also there many times during the ten days the tournament lasted.

Almost all actors and actresses, as well as all people on the sets, are requested to wear rubber heels. That because the sound technicians raised merry Ned about the clack-clack noises made by leather heels.

THE University of Southern California (which is in Los Angeles, within shooting distance of Hollywood) is giving a course this year in love. It is a psychology class and has to do with human emotion when said human is in love, trying to be, trying to get out of being, or trying to get someone else out of being or into being in love. And the professors do say that the lads and lassies show more enthusiasm for their homework and laboratory work in this class than any other in the university.

DON MARQUIS, playwright and author, is in Hollywood where he is planning to stay for a year or more. Don says he is out here for his health

(Continued on page 100)



Mary Brian luxuriates in her Louis the XIV bedroom, with its paneled walls, covered with orchid brocade and its dove gray woodwork. The furniture of the bedroom is typical of this period, with occasional hand-decorated pieces. Miss Brian's comforter is in brocaded orchid satin, with a wide border of the plain material. In the far corner is a lamp with a shallow hand-painted shade of pale green.

In the picture at the right Miss Brian is wearing her favorite pajamas of jade green velvet. The low flat topped Louis the XIV dressing table has an overhanging mirror of beveled glass in an ornate frame. The twin lamps have Dresden stands and the shades are of pale green cretonne, sprinkled with orchid flowers. The side lights have flat shades of orchid taffeta. Her dressing table chair has no arms but the low back gives the necessary support. Like the easy chairs it is upholstered in pale green taffeta, figured with orchid sprays.



Miss Brian keeps her favorite books in her bedroom, so that, if she feels the urge to read before retiring, she can recline in comfort upon the soft white fur floor rug. The bookcase is hand decorated with sprays of flowers and fits admirably into her boudoir arrangement.



At the left is another view of Miss Brian's boudoir and still a better one of the young actress's pajamas. This picture, too, gives an excellent idea of the chair upholstering, which has the quaint floral design of the period.

MOVIE BOUDOIRS

MARY BRIAN

Christmas in Hollywood

(Continued from page 34)

and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) with their two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), and Mrs. Peg Talmadge. They live next door to Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, so naturally there will be a lot of "visiting" back and forth.

Anna Q. Nilsson is going back to Sweden to spend Christmas with her family. Isn't that good news? Her doctors have told Anna Q. that she is well enough to travel, so she expects to spend some time at home, getting well and strong in the bracing climate of Sweden. Her family has made all sorts of wonderful plans to celebrate her return.

St. Moritz will probably see Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith) at Christmas time. They have definitely planned to go over for the holidays. Now that Corinne isn't working, she can do as she pleases. And how she enjoys it.

For the first time in years, Beverly and Hollywood will miss Colleen Moore. She'll be opening her new play in New York.

JANET GAYNOR and her husband, Lydell Peck, will also be at their beach house, near Santa Monica, for Christmas. Mr. Peck's family expects to come down from San Francisco. Mrs. Gaynor lives only a few doors away from her daughter. And there is "Tommy," the little Englishwoman who is guide, friend, secretary and everything else to Janet. She and her two sons will be at Janet's for Christmas.

The Farrells also have been invited for Christmas dinner at Janet and Lydell's, for Mrs. Gaynor and Mrs. Farrell, Charlie's mother, are very close friends, and Charlie's sister and her little boy and husband, have been friends of the Gaynors for years. But the Farrells may decide to have Christmas at home, with just the family.

Gloria Swanson, of course, will spend the entire day with her children. She is planning all sorts of surprises for them, including Christmas carols on the eve of the great day, a real Santa Claus and many charming reminders of the day's real meaning.

THE Lloyds will have family and friends in their wonderful Beverly Hills estate. Mr. Lloyd's mother lives close by, and so does Mildred's. And Mildred has a kid brother who will be home from military school. This year, the new little adopted daughter, Peggy Lloyd, will spend her first Christmas with her new family. Every year Mildred Lloyd dresses hundreds of dolls for the Children's Hospital, doing the majority of the work herself. She will do the same this year, and also intends to dress two lovely dolls completely for Gloria and Peggy.

Six thousand miles separated Marlene Dietrich from her husband and baby in Berlin, but she thought nothing of that when Christmas came near and traveled back to her home for the holidays. She'll be right back, because she has made a great hit in her first picture, "Morocco."

Greta Garbo is insisting upon a "white Christmas," so she and one or two very intimate friends of hers are planning to spend the holiday in the high Sierras where the snow and cold are abundant. Greta says that is the closest she can get to home and Sweden this Christmas.

MARION DAVIES, as usual, will hold open house for her friends in her place at Santa Monica. In the morning she will give the children at her clinic, in Sawtelle, a real Christmas with a real Santa Claus who will distribute truck-loads of presents to the kiddies. Marion does this every year.

Billy Haines will have a Virginia Christmas in Hollywood. His entire family is now living in Hollywood and they will be together once more for one of those gatherings which so delighted Billy and his sister when they were children in Virginia.

You know, it just occurs to me that more kinds of Christmas will be spent in Hollywood than anywhere in the world. That's because there are so many people here from so many different sections of the country and nations of the world—and they all love to have Christmas just as they did when they were children.

CHARLES BICKFORD is certain of doing what Ramon wants to do—spend the Christmas holidays in Mexico. He is going to Mexico City.

And Johnny Mack Brown is going home to Alabama. It will be the first Christmas he and his wife have spent in the South since they came to Hollywood three years ago. They will take their little daughter with them, to get her first look at a real Southern Christmas.

Leila Hyams is also going home—to Long Island where her famous father and mother, the Hyams and McIntyre team of old vaudeville days—will welcome her and hang up a stocking for her just as they did years ago before Leila was a motion picture star.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is going to fly East to New York and says that no storms can stop him. He, also, insists upon a "white" Christmas.

Conrad Nagel is planning one of the most different of all Christmas days. He will spend it with his family on their yacht and is going to have the tree, lighted with tiny electric bulbs, the presents, a Santa Claus who comes through a porthole, and all. The Nagels will be on a cruise off the coast of Southern California.

All in all this one is being planned as the best Christmas ever. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is going to spend over twenty thousand dollars in decorating the streets alone. They are having specially designed Christmas trees constructed to fit around all the electroliners on Hollywood Boulevard. These will make the Boulevard look like one long row of old fashioned Christmas trees with a golden glow in their center.

The stars are more secretive than they ever have been about what they

are planning for their friends. Until this year the word would leak out that so-and-so was going to give her friend this or that for Christmas. But this year no one knows who is going to give who what. But it is certain that a great deal of giving will take place on Christmas Day in Hollywood. All the stars are thankful for what they have received during the year and feel that on this day, Christmas, they can be Santa Claus all they care to be.

PHILLIPS HOLMES will go to New York to join his father and family. His father, Taylor Holmes, is doing a play in New York. He will give his father a watch and a friend of his is bringing some perfume back from Paris which Phil will give his mother.

Dick Arlen and Joby Ralston say they want to spend the day on their boat, but will most probably stay at home and have a large tree. Dick is going to give Joby an emerald and sapphire ring for Christmas and Joby is giving Dick a new Packard phaeton.

William Powell will have Christmas dinner with his father and mother in Hollywood. He plans to give his mother some new furs and his father an order on the best tailor in town for several suits.

Mary Brian will return from New York to Hollywood and have a small tree with her brother in their apartment. Mary always sends greeting cards to every prop boy, grip and electrician she knows in Hollywood. She sends more than one thousand cards.

Fifty Dorsay says that she has worked on Christmas Day for years. But this year will be different. She will have a large decorated tree in her home in Hollywood and will have her brother and sister, all that remains from her large family, with her. "I'm going to have lots of presents for them," she says, "and a big dinner—more than anyone can eat. I want my friends to drop in and see us. I'm going to be happy, this Christmas, and not working, you bet."

WARNER BAXTER says Christmas is too far away to know what he and his family will do. "We never know from one day to the next what we will do," he says, "and when you get more than a week away, it's impossible to guess. If it's a nice day we'll probably go down to Malibu for a swim and come back home to as big a turkey as the cook can get into the oven."

Lois Moran wants to spend the holidays in Yosemite with its snow and towering cliffs. She adores the winter sports.

Marguerite Churchill wants to spend Christmas up in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. She was there on location with "The Big Trail" and fell in love with the place. "Teton Lodge—and the snow—is my ideal," she says.

"Just an old fashioned western ranch Christmas right here at home," says Will Rogers. Will's ranch is in the Santa Monica foothills near Beverly Hills.

The First Film Star Tells His Own Story

(Continued from page 49)

Edison. I had never met him, but I knew that the man who had invented the electric light and the phonograph could do almost anything he set out to do, and that if he said he could make a picture in motion he could do it. In fact if he had announced he could fly to the moon I, for one, would have believed him!

I was concerned only with my end of the proposition, that is, giving the Edison people something that was worth photographing.

I was living in Brady's house at the time and as my dresser was packing my bag, and putting my gloves in it, an idea struck me, which seemed important. I said to Brady, "I've got big gloves here—eight-ounce gloves." (With eight-ounce gloves you could hit a fellow as hard as you liked and if he was a healthy chap it wouldn't hurt him so much.)

"WE'VE got these big gloves," I explained to Brady, "but supposing Courtney turns out to be a game fellow, with a lot of vitality, and if these gloves are too big to stop him, what will we do? We'd better pack some five-ounce gloves to take with us, to be on the safe side."

And that was what we finally did, and as it turned out it was a good thing.

We reached the studio in Orange about nine o'clock in the morning, and found it was almost a gala day with much bustle and excitement. When they took us to where they were going to make the motion picture we found the queerest looking little frame contraption I have ever seen in my life. It was painted dead black, outside and inside, with a skylight for a roof, and was mounted on wheels. They explained to us that was so that the camera inside could follow the course of the sun and have all of the light possible for making the pictures. They could not move the camera, itself, and it could focus only on one spot at a time so that unless special care was taken in placing the people to be photographed, the whole thing would have to be done all over again. They called the little studio "the Black Maria," and it certainly did look like an old-fashioned police patrol wagon. And we hadn't been inside very long before most of us would have preferred a police patrol at that—for that little movable studio was the hottest, most cramped place I think I have ever known!

We were gathered around the director—I forget his name—in an excited group, everybody talking at once, when Mr. Edison strolled out of the laboratory. Somebody said that he had been working there for thirty-six hours without sleep on some improvement he was trying to perfect in the movie camera. And from all I had heard of his tremendous work, I would not have been surprised to see a disheveled, wild-eyed genius tearing his hair. But nothing of the sort!

Mr. Edison at that time was probably about forty-five years old, maybe fifty, but his face and eyes were as

fresh as a boy's, and with the exception of the fact that his hair was somewhat rumpled he might have just come from a comfortable, leisurely breakfast after a ten-hour sleep. What impressed me the most was that there was nothing awesome about him, nor high-hatty, as we would say today. He immediately became one of us, laughing and joking with us, and evidently enjoying himself more than anybody there.

Since then I have heard many people talk about his wonderful democracy. And after my first day as a movie actor, I can well understand it. Mr. Edison seemed much more interested in the humor of the problems we were facing than in the fact that he was the father of another great world invention. And how great or how far-reaching it was to be none of us, of course, had any conception!

THEY put us in the ring, and I do think without exaggeration that it was not more than eight feet square. But we had a referee and all the props of a real fight, and they called time.

Before we started the director told me that the sixth round was the one in which he wanted me to give the knockout but Courtney was not to know it. He said, "When I give you the signal you must act at once. Don't wait!"

Courtney began swinging and fighting like a mad man, and I was pretending to fight, pulling my punches and doing a lot of stuff that wasn't much but which I hoped would look all right in the picture. I figured that I'd have Courtney pretty tired by the fourth or fifth round and he wouldn't have much chance to get out of my way when the signal came for the knockout.

It seemed that we were only starting the first round when they called "Time." We stopped, and I said to the director, "What's the idea? We've only gone about a minute."

"You've gone a minute and twenty seconds," he answered. "That's as far as we can take, and we'll have to call it a round."

I found that sometimes the camera could go as long as a minute and forty-five seconds, but a minute and twenty seconds was about the average we could expect.

Well, that, of course, brought another thought to me. I had figured on getting Courtney tired, counting on a round of three minutes each and one minute to rest. So I saw I'd have to work a little faster. And then to my dismay I found it took two hours before they could get ready to take the next round. By that time Courtney was pretty fresh again.

SO we went on for the second round. McVey was in his corner giving Courtney a lot of confidence, and the poor fellow thought he was giving me a real battle. I was doing a lot of things that I thought would look nice in the picture and pulling in my punches, and all the time feeling the heat more and more. I didn't know it could be

so hot as it was that day.

We had started camera work about ten o'clock in the morning and at four in the afternoon we had taken only five rounds. It had needed all day to photograph twelve or fourteen minutes of action, with an hour and a half between each round.

I began to get really frightened that when the signal for the knockout finally did come, I wouldn't be able to make good. So Brady had a conference with McVey over in Courtney's corner, and told him that we would have to change to five-ounce gloves. He asked whether Courtney would do it, and he said, "Sure, he thinks he has a cinch."

So we switched the gloves. While I was in my corner, before we went up for the final round the director said to me, "Be sure, Jim, when you do hit him to stand on this chalk mark. Otherwise, you won't be in focus." So I had to remember that Courtney should be in focus, too, at the time I was to knock him out. I didn't think that it was all going to be so difficult.

THE sixth round started, the round where I was to put over the knockout—the first one ever shown in a moving picture. I worked Courtney up to the chalk line where they said we would be in focus for the blow. I got ready for a right-hand punch, with a little feint previous so that he would be in front of the camera, and I let it go. But in my excitement I aimed a little too high so that the blow didn't drop him. It did stagger him, though, so much that he fell back with everybody yelling at him, "You're out of focus!" McVey was shouting the same thing to him but Courtney, of course, didn't know what focus meant.

Finally we managed to get him back on the line and into focus again, pretty groggy, but still full of fight.

The director gave me the signal again and this time I measured my blow better.

It was a clean knockout, and Courtney dropped cold, but of course I knew he would be all right in a minute. And he was. I tended him myself, and he soon managed to get back to his feet. Then, to my surprise, he took me by the hand and said, "Say, Corbett, you're pretty good! But I don't think you could do it again!"

The pictures were only about six inches high, and you looked at them through something that resembled binoculars. But you could distinguish all the details of the action. I believe Mr. Edison called the invention Kinetoscope. You would often find it in front of stores. You'd drop a coin in the slot, and the movie would flash on before your eyes.

This is the true story of my engagement as the first star of the films. And I am very proud of the fact. Although I have played in the movies many times since—and in some elaborate pictures—I have never had the same thrill that came to me that day at Mr. Edison's laboratory thirty-five years ago when I first saw the "Black Maria."

The Master Mind

(Continued from page 53)

do it; that is, unless you admit I'm clever."

"Before the camera, yes. Away from it you're just one of the common people, and that's good enough for me."

"Then I'll find somebody who will appreciate me. I'm brainy all the time, I tell you!"

A momentary fear flickered in Miss Lacey's heliotrope eyes, but a whisper from the director transformed her into a seductiveness quite equal to melting even the bane of Scotland Yard. "I—I guess you must be, darling," she said smoothly, "because—"

"Aha!" smirked Mr. Martingale, shooting his cuffs, "that's better. I thought you'd agree with the rest of the world."

"Otherwise, darling," ended Linda, smiling her dreamiest, "you wouldn't be courting me."

* * * * *

THE brief space of a week turned the pompous Luther into a walking encyclopedia. While Linda toiled on her current picture he haunted museums and libraries, attended musicales and ate his luncheon at an artists' rendezvous near Westlake Park, where eighty per cent. of the customers were agreed that the moon was triangular.

The inevitable result of taking culture on the fly was that Mr. Martingale grew slightly foggy on such details as whether *appoggiatura* was a musical term or the scientific name for the seven years' itch. In his early days he had taken a course in showcard lettering at one of California's gigantic universities, from which he had resigned in confusion at the complexities of the Old English W, but now he was made of sterner stuff. Consequently, when delivering misinformation backed up by his "thinking manner," it would have

taken a less amorous person than Linda Lacey to contradict him.

Every evening that lustrous lady gazed deep into his eyes, letting the flood of language skim past her jade earrings and never giving a sign that silence would have been as welcome as intermission at a Junior League entertainment.

"See?" beamed Luther, coming up for air as they dined at the Crowned Heads Beach Club. "I'll bet you're surprised at all I know, but it's really quite simple if one uses the intellect one is blessed with."

"Yes, darling," cooed Linda dutifully. "Listen," said Mr. Martingale, suddenly slipping into the likeness of a lovesick young man, "what about marrying me? Tomorrow. I'd do it without even giving notice to the publicity department."

"We-e-el," faltered Linda, toying with the string of pearls at her throat, "when you look at me like that I—but no, ask me some other time, honey."

"Righto," agreed Luther, sensing gradual surrender. "Shall we wobble about a bit at what the public calls dancing?"

Miss Lacey slid eagerly into his arms, and for an hour or so they swept around the broad verandahs as a concealed orchestra beat its syncopated way into the soft California night. Coming to rest against a marble railing that curved out over the ocean, the girl looked starry-eyed out into the violet blur that stretched away toward Asia.

"Japan's out there," she said softly. "Wouldn't it be a gorgeous place for a honeymoon?"

Mr. Martingale assumed a professorial stance. "The population of Tokio," he announced, "is increasing at—why,

sweetheart, what's the trouble?"

LINDA'S heliotrope eyes had doubled in size and her mouth was rounded in astonishment. "Help!" she shrilled. "Thieves! Burglars! My pearls are gone!"

"Baldheaded Moses!" croaked Luther, forgetting his poise. "What, the ones I gave you for Christmas? How could they—er, I mean—"

"Don't stand there like a tailor's delight; do something!"

"Huh?" said the master mind dully. "You mean notify the police?"

"This is what I get for being in love with you," wailed Miss Lacey. "There we were, goggling at each other for hours, and I suppose someone snipped them without us noticing it. The police, says you, the same as any dumb-bell! Where are all those brains that you were overstuffed with?"

"Well, give me a little time for reflection."

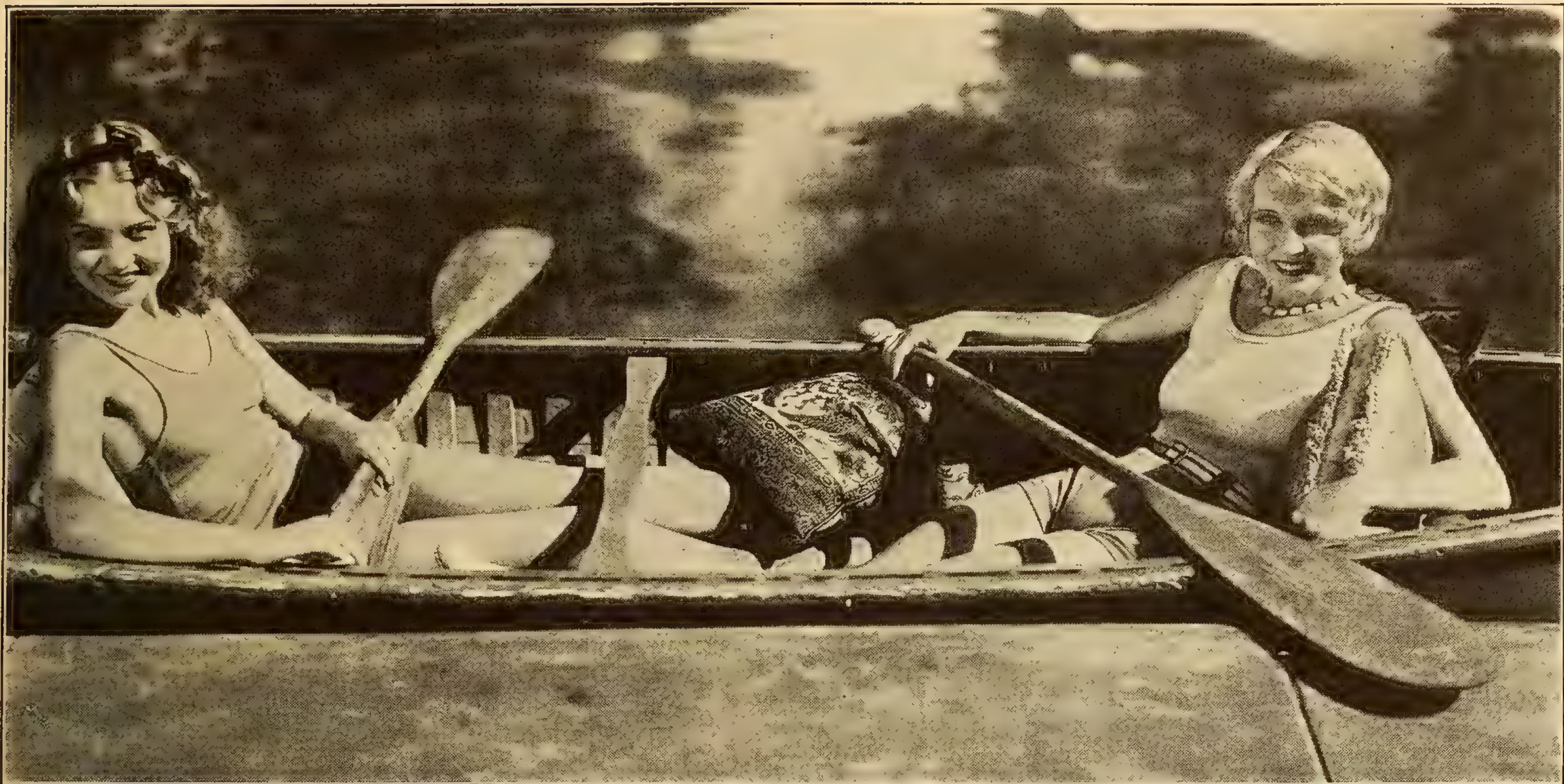
"Time! What I want is action. What about that 'rhythmic flow of pure mentality'? Pooh, I don't believe you can register intelligence without a watered silk dressing gown and the light from a phony fireplace shining on your masterful profile."

"Is that so?" shouted Luther, stung to fury. "I'll show you! Do you suppose I'm going to see a month's salary vanish without a battle? I'd know that necklace among a thousand, especially that octagon diamond clasp, and I'll recover it somehow."

"Oh, please do, darling," begged Linda, weeping on his lapels. "I don't mean to be disagreeable, but it's the only link I had left with the old Luther I used to love. If you'll get it back I'll admit you're brainy and never make fun of you any more. In fact, I'll



Gangway! The ice cream man has just come into view. Left to right you see agitated members of Our Gang: Chubby, Farina, Echo, Wheezer, Mary Ann, Shirley and Jackie. The newest comedy of "Our Gang" is called "Love Business."



Two pretty stars of Educational comedies, Marian Shockley and Estelle Bradley, pose for a summer scene. If you live in the blustery portion of America, forget your chills and think of these pleasant California moments.

marry you on the spot, but otherwise, well—

"Don't say it," pleaded Luther, "there isn't going to be any otherwise," and from that moment the Crowned Heads Beach Club was treated to the snappiest display of criminal investigation of which Somers Wintringham was capable. Guests laughingly turned out their pockets, the house committee posted a reward, but the Santa Monica police, arriving on the scene with a pair of bandit chasers, received the news with insulting scepticism. The yarn of an actress losing her jewels was a bit too frayed at the edges for them to take seriously.

BY two A.M. the clubhouse was almost deserted, and the tearful Linda slumped on a settee, watching Mr. Martingale as he went sniffing hither and yon.

"You look exactly as you did in 'Gaping Throats,'" she declared. "Remember the scene where you retraced the heroine's footsteps—that's what you're doing now, isn't it, dear?"

"Huh?" asked Mr. Martingale, who was thinking of precisely nothing. "Why, yes, you've hit it right on the nose." He commenced to walk slowly around the room. "Let's see, we dined and danced, and then I remember kissing you by this tub of cactus—well, may I be a master of ceremonies if there aren't some footprints on the floor. Red ones!"

Miss Lacey almost fell off the settee in her eagerness to reach his side and gazed curiously at several corrugated outlines. "Why, they're tennis shoes," she twittered. "Imagine anyone trying to dance in them."

"He wasn't dancing," said Luther with a superior smile. "He was sneaking around, my dear girl. These marks were made by the thief; let's follow them."

The trail ran by the wall, as if the maker of it had slunk close to it to be inconspicuous, and then led through a doorway, across the verandah, where it

vanished by a large pillar.

"Slid down it," bayed the bloodhound. "It's no trouble at all for me to see that, and now I'll measure them, which is all any expert could do."

"It sounds so hopeless," sighed the girl, "but still, it might help. They look rather queer, don't they, darling; see how every other one is heavy and smudgy? What makes a man walk like that?"

"A mere detail of no importance. Just you pay attention to the way I'll unravel this. Now—"

"Well, he *was* leaning over for some reason. Oh, dear, it's too much for me, but *you* should be able to find the answer. All bent over—could he be hurt—or—"

"Wait!" commanded the fairly sizzling Mr. Martingale. "I have it, or may I spend the rest of my career in an all-star cast. Your pearls, my child!"

"Yes, yes; hurry, darling."

"You will have them," announced the actor, by now so thoroughly professional that it was Somers Wintringham himself who pierced her with a glance, "as soon as I lay my hands upon The Man Who Limpis!"

* * * * *

TWENTY-FOUR hours later Mr. Martingale could sympathize with Sherlock Holmes in his most frustrated moments. True, he had done nothing but sit waiting for brilliant ideas on snaring cripples to assemble themselves, and these moments of agony had been coupled with telephone calls from the tearful Miss Lacey. At present, Mr. Martingale, somewhat exhausted and dubious about the exact caliber of his brain, was mangling an avocado at breakfast on his front lawn, when his mouth fell open in a vacuous expression quite foreign to a genius.

A sketchy and unlovely face was sticking up above the hedge, watching his every move with vulgar interest, and as Luther looked up, the apparition backed away a little, still staring.

"Wortle," said the star to his butler, "tell that person to haul in his anchor. Good heavens, but Beverly Hills is getting common; I've no more privacy than a Siamese twin."

The butler started forward, but the watching man began to drift across the pavement and was under full steam by the time Wortle reached the hedge.

"Just as well I didn't have to be harsh, sir," said that worthy. "There he goes, pretty fast for a lame chap, getting into a car."

An undignified rush took Mr. Martingale through the flower beds and into the drive just in time to see a foot being withdrawn from the running board—and on the foot was a canvas tennis shoe. Trembling with excitement, he went into conference with himself regarding the proper method of following up this clue, but the idol's mind was still idle even by the time the sunset afterglow was gilding the library windows.

Linda's mournful little face rose before him and Luther groaned in anguish. He was failing her! His head drooped lower in the dusk, and then, just as he was ready to telephone a detective agency, there came a tap on the sill and a hoarse whisper cut through the silence.

"I say, guv'nor," it rasped.

Mr. Martingale exhibited considerable fright for a disciple of Old King Brady, but theatrical etiquette assumed the upper hand.

"Who speaks?" he quoted from "Gaping Throats." "Show yourself, or by gad, I'll drag you into the light of day—I mean, I'll switch on the bridge lamp."

"NIX on the glim," begged the voice, and a shadowy form began to climb through the window. "If I was seen talking with you it'd be all off. Listen, guv-nor, I'm Minneapolis Pete." The figure came limping painfully across the room while the actor felt a curious prickling down his spine. "It's

(Continued on page 101)

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 93)

and not to do motion picture stories. His wife and their three children are with him.

Jean Arthur has three dogs. A chow, a wire-haired fox terrier, and a great big St. Bernard.

GLOWING reports drift out on "Cimarron," which Wesley Ruggles is directing with Richard Dix and Estelle Taylor. It is said that Dix is giving the greatest performance of his career.

SIX years ago a man was eating lunch in a drugstore. A girl came in holding a three weeks' old puppy in her arms. She was crying because her mother told her to take the dog out and give it away. The man liked the looks of the pup and gave the little girl thirty cents worth of drug store candy for the dog. The dog, King Tut, is now valued at fifty thousand dollars by the man, E. G. Henry. Because King Tut took to training like a duck takes to water, and is now a high-priced movie dog.

AMOS 'N' ANDY have left Hollywood for Chicago. But they'll be back. Their first picture, "Check and Double Check" has been previewed and everyone agrees that it is simply a "wow."

ANNA Q. NILSSON spent a weekend at Malibu with Corinne Griffith, and everyone on the beach dropped in to see her. She looks wonderful and expects to leave soon to visit her folks in Sweden.

Congratulations to New Movie

(See other Telegrams on pages 35-37)

AMONG the many messages of congratulations received by NEW MOVIE, were the following:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY OF NEW MOVIE BEST WISHES FOR LONG AND HAPPY LIFE

LORETTA YOUNG

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS

WALTER HUSTON

THERE IS JUST ONE THING THAT IS WRONG WITH NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE WHICH HAS ONE CANDLE ON ITS CAKE THIS MONTH STOP DID YOU EVER TRY TO BUY ONE STOP WHERE DO THEY ALL GO SO FAST STOP FROM TWO WOULD BE NEW MOVIE READERS TRYING TO GET ALONG IN HOLLYWOOD

OLSEN AND JOHNSON

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND THE MEMBERS OF YOUR STAFF WHO IN ONE YEAR HAVE BUILT NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE TO ITS PLACE AS ONE OF THE UNDISPUTED LEADERS IN ITS FIELD I HOPE EVERY SUCCEEDING YEAR IS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN YOUR FIRST

ERNST LUBITSCH

YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING OUT A GRAND PUBLICATION WITH A WORLD OF NEW IDEAS ABOUT THIS INDUSTRY OF OURS STOP MAY THIS FINE STARTING YEAR OF YOURS BE ONLY THE BEGINNING OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE MAGAZINE FIELD

REGINALD DENNY

THERE IS ONE CANDLE ON THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE AND I WISH I WERE THERE TO LIGHT IT

SUE CAROL

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES ON THE FIRST BIRTH-

DAY OF NEW MOVIE IT IS A GREAT MAGAZINE

LILA LEE

IF YOU THINK NEW MOVIE ISN'T THE FINEST UP AND COMING LITTLE OLD PUBLICATION YOU ARE HALF SHORT ON SUNRISE NOT TO SAY CUCKOO CONGRATULATIONS

BERT WHEELER AND ROBERT WOOLSEY

BEST WISHES ON YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY STOP YOU HAVE A GREAT MAGAZINE AND ONE THAT IS HIGHLY RESPECTED IN THE FILM COLONY STOP kindest personal regards

BEN LYON

PLEASE ACCEPT THE WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS FROM ONE OF YOUR MILLIONS OF READERS STOP WITH ALL GOOD WISHES

CLAUDIA DELL

EVERYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD ENJOYS AND LOOKS FORWARD TO EACH ISSUE OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP MAY IT HAVE MANY HAPPY BIRTHDAYS

IRENE DELROY

MY WISH FOR NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS FOR MANY YEARS OF SUCCESS AND PROSPERITY ON THIS YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

GRANT WITHERS

BEST WISHES AND HAPPY FELICITATIONS ON YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY MAY THE MAGAZINE GROW MORE THRIFTY WITH AGE AND ENJOY A LONG LONG LIFE

DAVID MANNERS

I HAVE WATCHED WITH GREAT INTEREST THE PROGRESS OF NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE AND ON THIS OCCASION OF YOUR FIRST ANNIVERSARY I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU SINCERELY ON BOTH THE EDITORIAL CONTENT AND PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF THIS MOST INTERESTING MAGAZINE STOP MOST CERTAINLY

YOU RICHLY DESERVE THE GREAT CIRCULATION YOU HAVE ATTAINED DURING THE YEAR JUST PASSED STOP SINCERELY YOURS

COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP

JOE BRANDT
PRESIDENT

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH NEW MOVIE WE BELIEVE MAGAZINE IS REALLY IMPORTANT FACTOR TO FILM FANS AND LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR GREATER SUCCESS IN YEAR AHEAD THANK YOU CORDIALLY FOR YOUR INTEREST IN FOX ACTIVITIES AND PERSONALITIES kindest regards

VICTOR M. SHAPIRO
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FOX FILM COMPANY

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE ENTERED THE FAN PUBLICATION FIELD UNDER STRONG SPONSORSHIP AND ITS FIRST YEAR IS ONE OF WHICH IT MAY WELL BE PROUD

CECIL B. DE MILLE

PLEASE ACCEPT SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE STOP WE HAVE FOLLOWED EACH EDITION WITH INTEREST AND FEEL YOU ARE ENTITLED TO COMPLIMENTS OF THE INDUSTRY AND THE PUBLIC ALIKE STOP WARMEST PERSONAL REGARDS

WILLIAM LE BARON

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE IS ONE YEAR OLD AND YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF THIS LUSTY INFANT STOP IT REFLECTS THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS IN TERSE AND INTERESTING STYLE KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK

DARRYL ZANUCK
ASSOCIATE EXECUTIVE WARNER BROS. PICTURES INC.

The Master Mind

(Continued from page 99)

just something about them poils."

Mentally sterile as he was, Luther was no coward, and the next moment he was sitting on top of the intruder, who made but puny resistance. "You thief!" he said bitterly. "Hand them over or I'll make you think you've been playing Puss in the Corner with the Broadway Limited. Come on, shell out!"

"I ain't got 'em now," whined the under dog. "I pinched 'em, right enough, but only for me boss, see? I takes 'em back to him, and then he won't give me the split he promised, so now I've come to you. It was me you seen this morning, but I didn't want no witnesses, so I blew."

"Who is your master?" thundered Luther, dragging the little man to his feet.

"We just know him as The Nemesis."

"That means nothing to me, you scoundrel!"

"It does to me," husked The Man Who Limp, "and to all the gang that works for him. He's got a mob of us preying on the movie colony, and you're going to be next unless—unless—"

"Do I have to choke it out of you?"

"Ouch! Listen, guv'nor, I've seen your pictures and I should say you're a smart bit of goods, so maybe you're game enough to come with me to The Nemesis' headquarters. He can't suspect me yet, and I can sneak you in where you can hold him up. Of course, a gent like you will be willing to gimme a grand for the info?"

"Lead on!" thrilled Mr. Martingale, glorying at the chance to redeem himself. "Some sort of mysterious leader, is he? Well, I've dealt with his breed before, my man."

"Gee, guv'nor, you're quick as a steel trap. Let's go, and don't forget your automatic."

Luther blushed in the gloom, knowing only too well that his weapons reposed in the Galaxy properties department. "M-my guns are being cleaned," he faltered.

"Here, take mine," said Minneapolis Pete, shoving a stubby Colt into Luther's pocket, and together they edged out of the library and over to where a limousine lay waiting. For a fleeting second Luther recalled that Somers Winttingham was wont to leave some cryptic message before embarking on a perilous exploit, but there was no time to be lost. He imagined Linda's delight at his success, her shy answer to his next proposal . . . he roused himself to notice that the car was speeding steadily southward.

ONCE outside Beverly Hills Minneapolis Pete halted in a darkened street and produced a large bandanna handkerchief.

"Have to blindfold you, guv'nor," he apologized, "so you can't tell where the place is, but you can slip it off the second you're inside. It ain't as if I was leaving The Nemesis for good; I just want to teach him a lesson without him suspecting me. It was a dirty trick at that, swiping them poils off a neck as lovely as your gal's."

"Slap it on," said the reckless Luther, and for the rest of the journey he reviewed his little drama with incredulous wonder while the limousine lurched through the night. There *had* been rumors of a band of jewel thieves . . . some panicky damsels had quit wearing any . . . a faint clang and creak indicated the opening of a gate, some muttered words, and then he was helped to the pavement and up some steps. Minneapolis Pete's key scratched in the lock.

Luther tore off his bandage and gazed sternly before him. The entrance hall was almost in darkness, only a single bulb shone redly at the foot of a wide staircase, throwing evil highlights on the banisters and a huge grandfather's clock.

"Up them stairs," whispered the thief, his face pallid with nervousness. "Second room on the right, press the admiral's left eye. Easy does it, guv'nor, and—" There was a click, a choked gurgle, and Mr. Martingale swayed dizzily against a chair. Minneapolis Pete had fallen backward through the grandfather's clock, snatched by unseen hands!

Suddenly a haunting shriek rang through the house; not the high-pitched wail Luther had heard in pictures, but the deep cry of a man in agony. On the heels of it came silence, clammy and oppressive. He threw himself against the clock, shouting incoherent threats, but it stood firm. The front door and the others opening off the hall were equally impassable, and Luther crept softly up the stairs.

Even the whirl of emotion he was in did not blind him to the fact that his mind was incapable of developing one single sensible idea. But now, too upset to rely any longer on Somers Winttingham, too fighting mad to turn back, Mr. Martingale carried on bravely into the unknown.

THE upper floor was in darkness but a chink of light showed under the second door on the right, and in a jiffy Luther, the nose of the automatic poked ahead, oozed silently into the room, half expecting the ceiling to drop on him. But the place was empty save for the ornate furnishings, and then his heart thumped even faster as he saw a portrait hanging on the wall. A ruddy-cheeked sailor in blue and gold, one eye concealed by a patch and the other gleaming with malignant intensity, stared down at him. Minneapolis Pete's muttered instructions were clear—"Press the admiral's left eye!"

Luther advanced until he saw that the orb was a cunningly painted ivory button imbedded in the canvas, and after a hurried glance behind him he laid his finger upon it. There was a gentle whir, and a rosewood panel directly below the portrait rolled aside, revealing a welter of jewelry heaped carelessly together. Crimson, green and blinding white stones flashed their splendor, and in one corner, softly pinkish, lay a pearl necklace.

One glance at the distinctive octagon diamond clasp assured Mr. Martingale that his search was ended and he stowed it away in a breast pocket, mar-

veling the while at the uncanny stillness of the house. Was he being watched? Would he be able to get away and notify the police to rescue the tortured Pete or—a muffled sound froze him with dread.

Again that agonized cry rose throbbing from the lower floor, and in that same instant Luther felt the rug collapse as he dropped heavily into a pitch black hole, while a mocking laugh issued from the aperture above. He had been spied on after all. Seething with rage and the shock to his dignity, he drew his revolver and fired three shots in the air, and in reply the laugh turned to a snarl.

"You'll rot there, my handsome camera hound," said a threatening voice, "unless I decide to give you a taste of what Pete is enjoying. What good are the pearls to you now?"

"You can't do this to me!" shouted Mr. Martingale in the inane manner of the films, disregarding the fact that it had already been done. "I'm entirely too famous! Scotland Ya—, I-I mean the Los Angeles police, will lay you by the heels before another sun has set."

The slam of the trapdoor was his only answer, and after severely bruising himself on various objects, it occurred to the actor to strike a match. His prison turned out to be some sort of a doorless cubbyhole, its walls hung with several lengths of rusty iron chain, and just as Luther was becoming desperate enough to try another spell of thinking, he noticed that a small section of the wall failed to meet the floor by about six inches. Here, without doubt, was a panel which had failed to slide back into place.

A FEW minutes of wriggling took him through to a stuffy recess entirely filled by a tiny flight of stairs that spiraled upward. Slowly he felt his way, step by step, until he reached the top, when a loose board squeaked loudly. As he shrank fearfully in the narrow space the snarling voice spoke beyond a thin partition.

"I've caught that pompous fool Martingale," it said, apparently conversing over the telephone. "Came sneaking in here with a traitor, and at that, he was the only one of the Hollywood heads with nerve enough to try it. Now, what you're to do is entice that Lacey girl to the house, and I'll teach her to squeal about her pearls. Tell her that Martingale wants to see her."

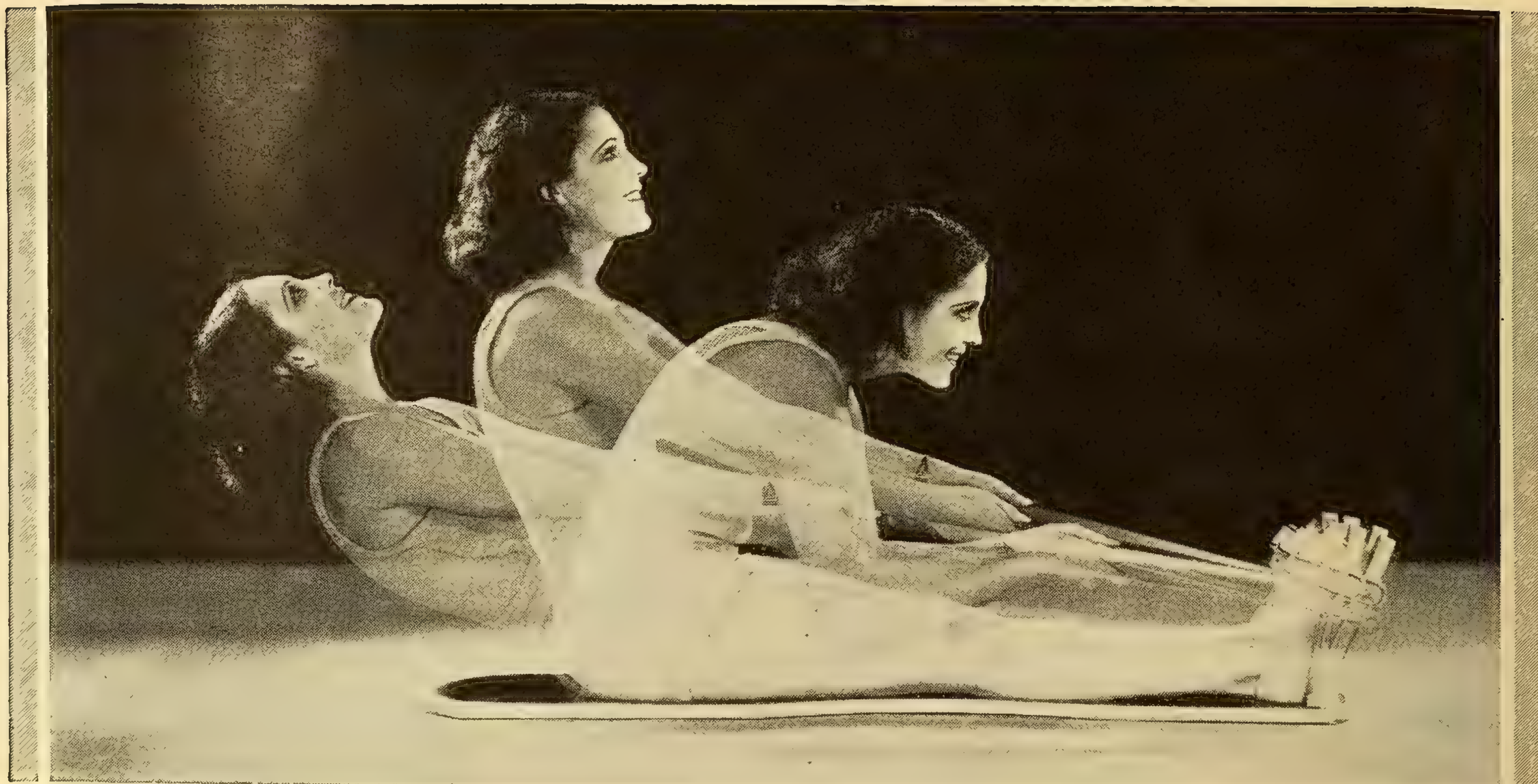
The rest of the sentence was never uttered, for Luther, his hand having groped against a lever, staggered into the room from behind a shelf of imitation books, his revolver ready for action.

"Hands up!" he gritted, quite certain that he was facing The Nemesis.

A bent figure all in black rose in swift alarm from a heavily carved desk and hunched above it like a raven poised for flight. A black silk skull-cap covered its head and a mask of the same material disguised all features save the maniacal eyes.

"Blast you!" cackled the figure. "How did you escape? Some one has

(Continued on page 104)



Raquel Torres demonstrates how to use an exercise board, made with rubber reins to permit the stretching of the body muscles without producing fatigue.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Solving Our Readers' Problems of Make-Up and How to Dress in Proper Colors—Rules for Charm and Attractiveness

By ANN BOYD

MOST of my letters this month seem to be from young business girls in large cities, who, you will admit, have their own particularly vexatious beauty problems. For instance, Evelyn M., of New York, has a beautiful and delicate skin and wants to know how she may keep it that way, in the dust and the grime of the city. Her skin is developing a tendency toward large pores and the astringents she has been using have done little good. Evelyn's skin, like all delicate complexions, requires special care.

If I were you, Evelyn, I would buy myself a good, mild cold cream and I would use it often for cleansing purposes. Do not use very hot water or a very rough wash cloth. You need to select a bland soap and proceed with care. I would rely on my cold cream for most of my face cleansings. There are good remedies for large pores that come in cream form which may be applied before you go to bed and left on all night. I think a treatment of this kind would suit your skin better than ice applications.

With your coloring, Evelyn, you would look well in rose, in Nile green, in tans and browns with plenty of gold tints and in black, relieved with some bright color. Both your rouge and your lipstick should be very light, to bring out the best in your fair skin.

THERE are plenty of inquiries about powder bases. For E. K., of Omaha, I shall say that the foundation cream or lotion comes first, then the rouge is applied and then the powder is put on smoothly and evenly to blend the rouge with the natural complexion. E. K. is another business girl and she has a problem that, I am sure, all office workers face. E. K. is an early riser and eats an early breakfast and she has developed the

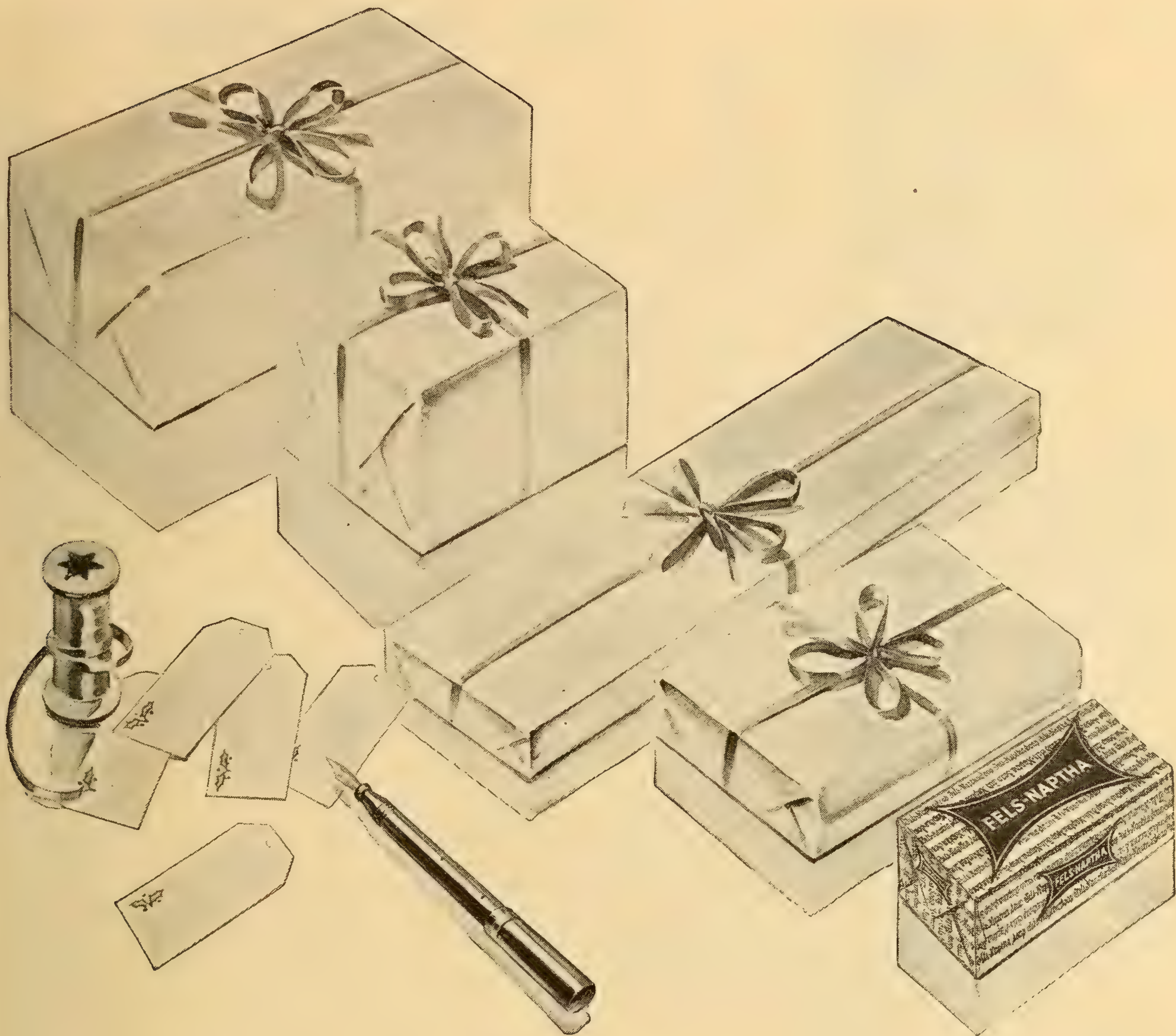
habit of nibbling food in the middle of the morning. She is five feet six inches tall and weighs 138 pounds, so she isn't actually stout. But she is afraid of getting fat, as she surely will do if she encourages the eating-between-meals habit.

E. K. ought to drink a cup of tea with lemon in it when she feels hungry. Or perhaps a glass of orange or tomato juice. All fresh fruits are slightly fattening, but I do not think that they would put on any serious poundage and they are refreshing and sustaining to eat between meals.

M. G., of Revere, Mass., wants to know how to attain that smooth-looking make-up which really defies detection. Some girls naturally have a smooth, ivory skin that takes make-up easily and naturally. Others must use a powder base in some form. You may either apply liquid powder—which is best when used for the arms, neck and shoulders when you are wearing evening dress—or you may resort to a cream or lotion base. If your skin doesn't take a cream base easily and smoothly, it is best to use a lotion which, besides acting as a foundation for powder, is soothing and protecting to the skin. Since M. G. evidently has a sensitive skin, she will probably find a lotion most satisfactory.

IT is quite a trick, too, to blend make-up successfully. The rouge should follow the line of your natural coloring and the powder should be put on evenly and thoroughly, not in little dabs and dashes. Given the right shade of powder and rouge, M. G. should practice making up carefully before her own mirror.

Margaret B., of Toledo, O., wants to bob her hair again, but she is afraid that the bob is "out." As a matter of fact, the bob is (Continued on page 107)



...and what is that one on the end for?

THAT big package is easy to guess. It's a pair of slippers for Grandpa. Hope they're big enough. And that next gift is a collar-box for Dad. Maybe he'll be able to find a clean collar now without the help of the whole family. Then there are silk stockings for Sally. And a book for Cousin Clara.

But that bar of Fels-Naptha. Of all things! Standing there with those other gifts as though it belonged with them. Surely you're not giving that to Mother?... No, I didn't think so. She deserves something expensive, sort of luxurious.

But you say that this bar of Fels-Naptha is really a gift? For whom? . . . Oh, ye-es. Say, that's cute. And thoughtful, too. Giving the family clothes a Christmas present! That's splendid!

The clothes have done their best—they've looked as well as they could under the circumstances. But watch them now! With the good soap and

plentiful naptha in Fels-Naptha working together to loosen the dirt and wash it away—the family wardrobe is in for a sure-enough happy New Year!

Mother will be pleased, too, with Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. Clothes clean and white and sweet—without hard rubbing. Dad's shirts will last longer now. Junior'll get more mileage from his rompers.. Fels-Naptha, move right up to the head of the line! You *are* a gift—even if you're not a Christmas gift!

Seriously, we hope this coming year you'll give *your* clothes the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha's generous bar. You'll get a lovely wash without hard rubbing—whether you use washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil the clothes; whether you use hot, lukewarm or cool water. And Fels-Naptha will help keep your hands nice! And now . . .

FELS-NAPTHA HAS A GIFT FOR YOU!

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Send only four cents in stamps to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Write to-day! ©1930, FELS & CO

TNM—12-30
FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose 4 cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

The Master Mind

(Continued from page 101)



LOVELY NEW COLOR FOR DRESSES, DRAPES AND LINGERIE

It's simple the Tintex Way!

Pastel-colored frocks are made the newer, dark shades... home decorations are transformed to rich color-brightness... faded "undies" renew their original delicate color—when you know the secret of Tintex.

And Tintex-ing is so easy, quick and safe. It takes only a few minutes to transform everything washable to new beauty and usefulness. And such smart colors to choose from! 33 Tintex shades in all... including the six newest Paris-sponsored colors—Wine—Rust—Beige—Seal Brown—Turquoise and Royal Blue.

Have you tried Tintex for curtains? It restores faded color or gives bright new color... ecru, maize, tan, green or gold—the fashionable Tintex curtain-colors.

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

PARK & TILFORD, ESTABLISHED 1840,
GUARANTEES TINTEX

On sale at drug and notion
counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

bungled, but you will never leave this room alive."

"Won't I?" mocked Mr. Martingale, noting the one door and the absence of windows. "We'll see about that. Come on, out you go, hands in the air, and you can tell your tale to the sergeant down at the Irish clubhouse."

"That door is solid steel," snarled The Nemesis, waving a small shiny object, "and here is the only key. Do you think I'm fool enough to open it and let a ham actor turn me over to the law? Faugh! Why, you dolt, I could blow this house to atoms with a flick of my finger."

He made a sudden spring toward the wall and Luther, closing both eyes with the shock, fired twice at the crouching figure. The man in black swayed, dropped to one knee and then, with a convulsive movement, popped the key into his mouth. Smothered groans burst from his lips as he sagged lower and lower until he lay prone in a slowly widening pool of blood.

LUTHER stared wildly from The Nemesis to the smoking automatic, the horror of the situation growing stronger upon him. His life in a world of make-believe where every action was planned left him unfit to grapple with the stalwart figure of reality. Here he was, alone with a dying or already dead man, in a room that defied escape. Even if he descended the spiral staircase he would only find himself in another prison. Where were his so-called brains? Somers Wintringham would surely have devised some scheme to trick The Nemesis before he swallowed the key, but he, Luther the Sleuth, was what he had been called—a dolt.

"What an idiot I am!" he cried in anguish. "Not enough brains for a decent headache! What would my public say if they knew I was nothing but a mental midget. Just a fathead, after all!"

"Do you really mean it, darling?" inquired a creamy contralto, and Luther wheeled to find Miss Linda Lacey standing in the supposedly impregnable doorway.

Mr. Martingale's large brown eyes protruded like those of a stag at bay. "I'll say I mean it!" he shouted fervently. "And now they've lured you here! Back, get back; you're in danger!"

"No, honey, I'm in luck," said Linda, coming fearlessly to his side. "Aren't you my own real Luther once more?"

"You don't understand! Behind that desk lies a fiend. This house isn't what it seems to be, Linda. Somebody lured you here, didn't they?"

"Sure," boomed the director, ambling in from the hall, "I did. We've both been here for an hour trying to keep from having hysterics at your detective work, but it was worth it to hear you deliver that line about being a fathead. I'm a witness, remember."

"Me, too," cackled The Nemesis, rising shakily, his mask awry to reveal the features of Bertie the Stiff, "even though it meant wallowing in half a pint of the best beef blood. It's all for Art," he went on, dragging a punc-

tured bladder from under his coat, "but chewing tinfoil doorkeys and getting shot at with blanks is kind of strenuous. Say, Joe, how did you like my writhing?"

"Blanks?" echoed Luther. "You mean—"

"I SLIPPED you a load of dummies," I put in Minneapolis Pete, edging around the door. "A man of your perception must have noticed they had almost no kick on firing. No? Still, that's not surprising when you weren't suspicious of me. Those footprints I made were heavy on the left foot, but all the time I was with you I limped on my right."

Mr. Martingale gamely tried to muster a grin. "Here are your pearls," he said confusedly. "I guess you'll want them, Linda."

"She'll take the clasp," the director replied for her. "That's real enough, but you don't need any more evidence, just as we hoped. That string's worth about a dollar, Luther; didn't you notice how heavy and irregular they are? The real ones are at home, where they've been all the time, so the laugh's on you."

"Leave him alone," ordered Miss Lacey, her tanned satin arms about the foundered sleuth. "The hoax is over, though I hated to be a party to it, but I simply *had* to save you, darling."

"But this house," Luther wanted to know. "How could anyone have built such a place innocently? Where is it—out in Pasadena?"

The director chuckled amiably. "We're right on the Galaxy lot," he announced, "which is why you were blindfolded. This, old sock, is nothing less than 'The Mansion of Mystery,' the scene and title of your next picture. Bertie will kick off as usual; Pete, here, is a newcomer imported from Broadway, and Linda will be your leading lady."

"She'll be more than that," promised Luther, "providing I've brains enough left to think of the proper words."

"You'll only have to ask once," said the grinning Joe, waving the two celluloid crooks from the room. "Whew! What a time we had to make you admit you're ordinary, but don't worry about us broadcasting the news. Now, what about a little rehearsal? This is the spot where you meet for the final clinch, so you, Linda, snuggle up against your life preserver and gaze into his eyes. Perfect! And you, Luther—well, I see you're doing it already, so I'll have to be satisfied with remote control. S'long," and the counterfeit steel door closed upon the lovers.

Mr. Martingale was kissing his fiancée with a devotion to detail that proved his mind was decidedly a single track one.

"It's so much nicer using your heart instead of your head," he murmured. "Do I make the grade there, honey?"

"Almost," crooned the radiant Linda, "but you know how hard I am to please. So darling, as the director would say, let's have a retake on that last one!"

THE END.

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 81)

THE tournament idea was really grand fun. While the matches were going on, all the other guests stood about, watching and cheering. I think a tournament party of any kind would be grand fun. Because no one takes it seriously, anyway, and it is a good foundation for lots of laughs and competition.

Fay served a wonderful dinner. Of course, everyone was hungry—the tennis guests had nearly all played a lot of hard sets that afternoon and the others had been outdoors all day watching them. So it had to be a real dinner.

There were platters of fried chicken, turkeys and delicious baked ham. Fay has a special recipe for this. After the ham is boiled, she rubs it thickly with brown sugar, fills it with cloves and then uses apple cider to baste it with.

All the salads were specially delightful. One was of Chinese lichee nuts, which you can buy in cans everywhere nowadays. They were stuffed with grapefruit, served with romaine lettuce and a French dressing. There was another of avocado, chicken and celery.

FOR dessert, which was served at the tables, there was an ice cream pie which was a great hit. On a foundation of lady-finger crust, ice cream had been placed. This was covered with a meringue, put in the oven just a few seconds to brown the meringue, and it was a triumph.

The tennis guests for the evening included Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Allison, John Van Ryn, Marjorie Gladman, Marjorie Morrill, George Lott, Keith Gledhill, Gregory Mangin, Josephine Cruickshank, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stratford, Allan Herrington, Sidney Wood and L. A. Hall.

The Hollywood contingent to gather to meet these celebrities of the sport world included Charlie Chaplin, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford, Mrs. Jack Dempsey, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck (Janet Gaynor), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer), Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks (Bessie Love), Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks, June Collyer, Jesse Lasky, Jr., and June McCloy.

Every Month—

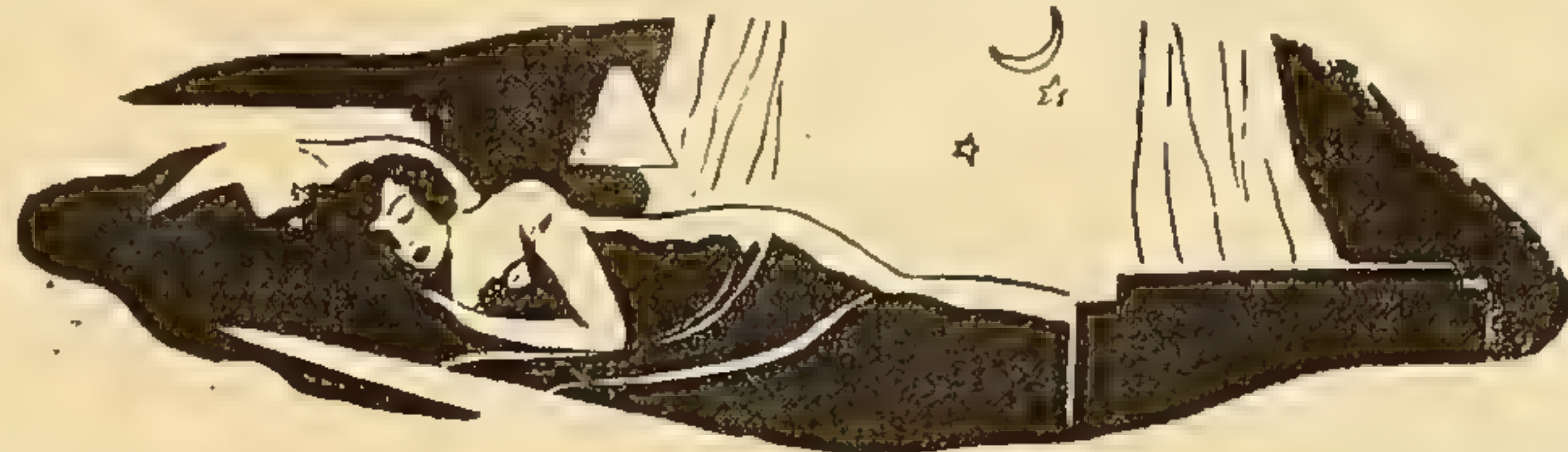
NEW MOVIE

tells you how the famous folk of Hollywood entertain. Full details of the formal and informal affairs are given, together with the favorite recipes of the celebrated stars, so that you can give a party in the Hollywood manner. Next month NEW MOVIE will tell you all about another movie colony party. Watch for this regular feature!



What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below... should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.



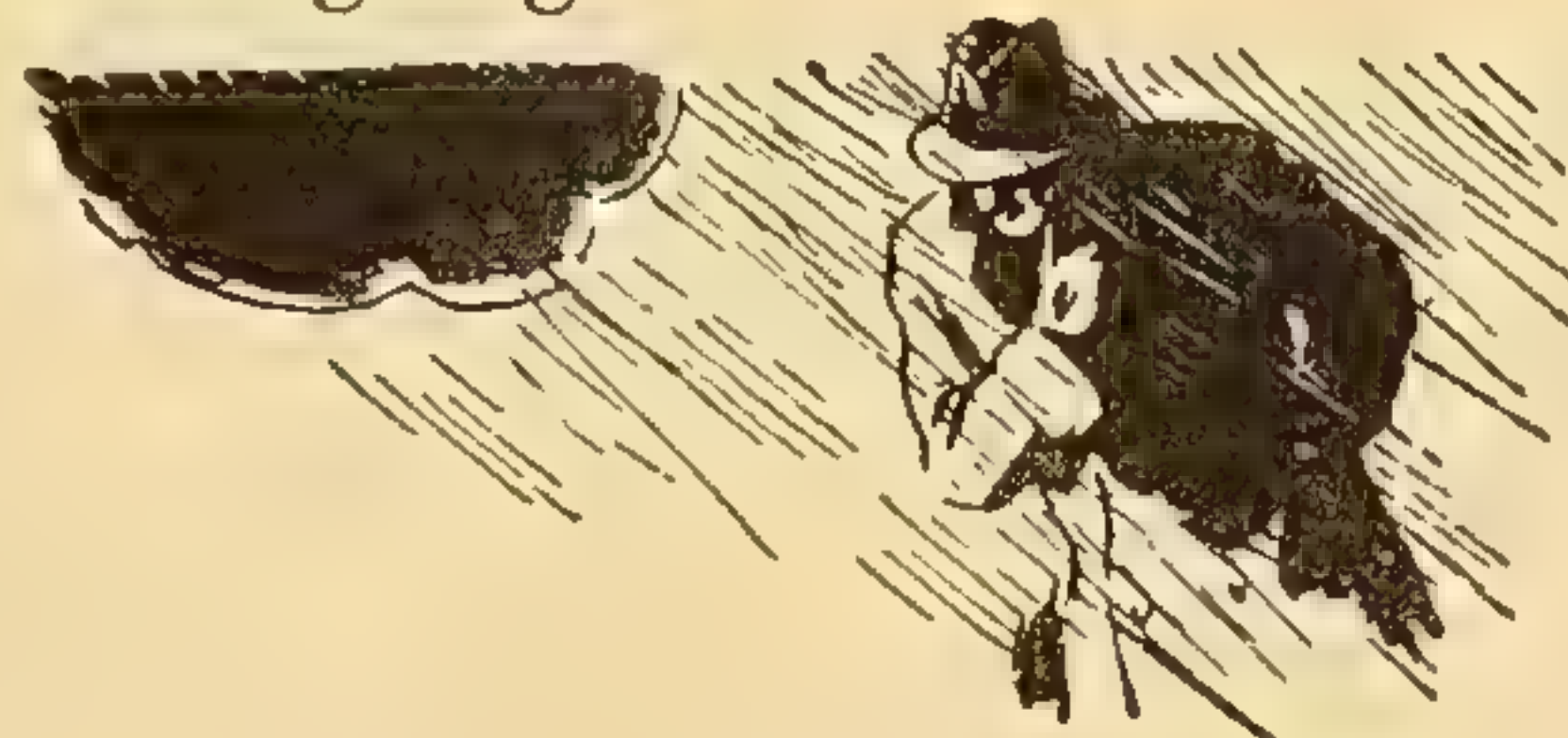
What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).



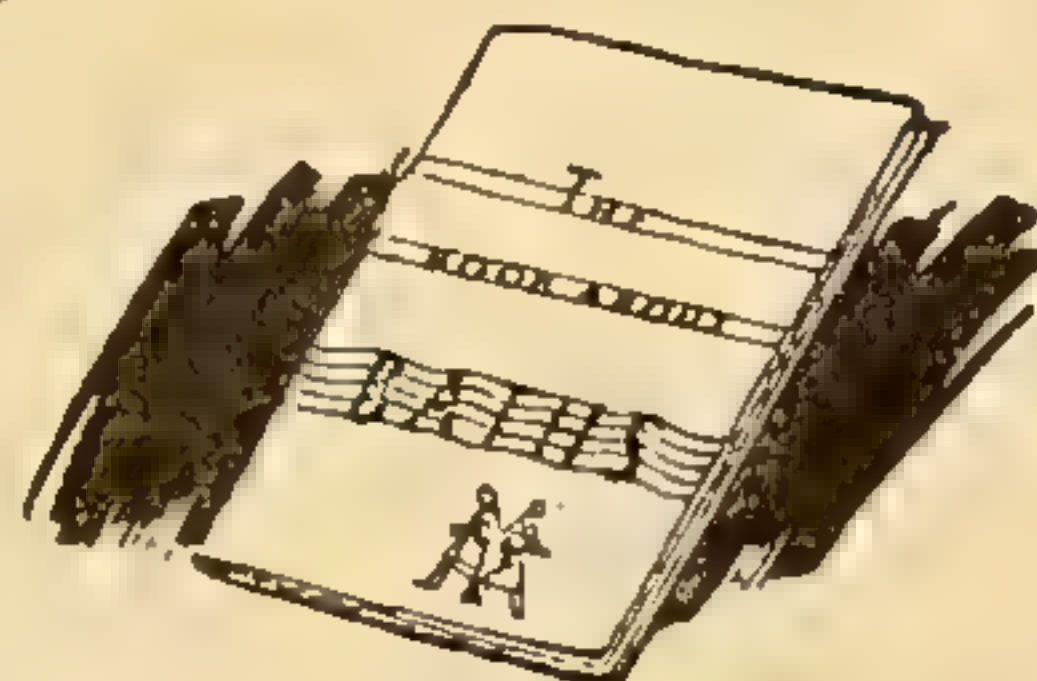
What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.



What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off... And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet, "The Book About Baths."



Send for "The Book About Baths"

Why is it that so many people have tended to think **it's FREE!** of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. T-5
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....



Prevention . . . the best cure for colds

Why worry if the city air IS loaded with germs? You must breathe, and far be it from us to play bogey-man!

But on the other hand, unless you enjoy sneezing and sniffing and coughing through the winter, you really should follow the advice of doctors, who know that prevention is the best cure for colds. All that's necessary is a daily lubrication of the membranes of nose and throat. At bedtime, simply snuff a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly into the nostrils. It coats the throat and nose with a film of Jelly which prevents germs from getting a foothold in the sensitive tissues. If you spend much of your time in a very warm, dry room, do it oftener. For a raspy throat swallow a spoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly—it is perfectly safe to take internally.

You can buy "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at any drug store for a few cents. And remember when you buy that the trade mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

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Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY



The Salvation of Clara Bow

(Continued from page 40)

have closed the door upon the other dimension—upon the future.

CLARA BOW never looks one moment into the future.

"I don't want to," she told me once. "I don't dare. I distrust the future. If someone would lift the veil for me, I wouldn't let them. It is better not to look ahead and not to look back. I—*will* not look back. I must not. And I dare not look ahead. I am afraid."

So we find her living only in the moment, only in the present. Can't you see how that must change every action? The whole balance and accustomed values of life are destroyed.

Of course, that is what makes her a very great actress. Since only the moment has reality, her acting becomes intensely real to her. She is so glad to get away from reality that her parts seem real to her. She loves to have them seem real. Her greatest joy is in her work, when she is being someone else, living vicariously, getting away from herself and being some girl whom she would much rather have been.

The drama of a love affair, of men, is another escape from that reality, an escape we may all crave at times, but Clara more than anyone, because reality has shown her so much horror. The passion and excitement of a love affair—and in Clara's mind a love affair is about fifty per cent of each—are intense enough to hold her vitally in the present.

It also does another thing. It keeps her from being alone. And she simply *will* not be alone, ever, even for a moment. Those quiet hours which most of us crave, when we can take stock of ourselves, when we can rest and read and think things out, are not for Clara. She doesn't want to think. She must occupy herself with something outside, something definite all the time. Naturally, a love affair is the perfect answer to that.

SO Clara has had a long list of them. And in this connection it isn't possible to forget that her plastic mind, living so vitally in the present, has accepted the estimate of herself as the "It" girl.

There was Gilbert Roland, Gary Cooper, Vic Fleming and a few others. But they always seemed surface things to me. It will take a very strong man to break through Clara's shell of self-centered egotism, her fears and fancies about life. That fear makes her pull back, hesitate to allow anyone to enter too deeply into her heart.

Then, when you live in the moment, you must tire of things very quickly. So much of enjoyment, of permanence is built upon memories and anticipation. Clara has neither.

Clara met Harry Richman. She was jockeyed into the engagement. No matter what comes, I think it would be only fair of Mr. Richman to let Clara keep the \$10,000 diamond. He surely had more than \$10,000

worth of publicity from his engagement to the "It" girl. However, they grew very fond of each other. Then Clara got a little tired of Richman, too. The big kick of a love affair to Clara is its beginnings. That is true of many women. Beginnings and endings embody the most drama. The most excitement. That is why Clara seeks them.

Rex Bell, a stalwart and handsome young cowboy, was seen about with her for a time.

You see, Clara Bow doesn't do these things from any inner conviction, with any courage to live up to her own beliefs. She has no inner convictions—only warm-hearted impulses. She acts entirely upon these. They are often honest, often generous, often emotionally terrific, but they are sometimes unwise.

Now all this is important only for one reason. It is childish to be sentimental about people, to start attempting to help them, even to discuss their mental processes, unless they belong to your actual orbit, or unless they belong to the universal orbit.

I believe that Clara Bow as an artist is being menaced by her uncontrolled actions. None of us wants to see the waste, the tragedy, of a Barbara La Marr, a Mabel Normand, to happen again.

If her work were big enough to absorb that surplus of nervous energy, that tremendous vitality, for which she now finds outlet in the excitement of men and synthetic love affairs; if her emotional force could by some engineer, dealing in human power instead of forces of nature, be turned into the proper channel of her art, Clara might contribute great things to the theatrical history of our generation.

I BELIEVE her capable of reaching heights as an actress not yet reached by anyone in pictures. Her day as a mere personality, as the "It" girl, is over. But in its place, were she given proper stories, proper direction, would be found the day of a great dramatic actress.

Clara is a hard worker. Loves to work, will work, any hours, under any conditions. Work would be her salvation. Not these silly little parts which she can do without expending one-tenth of her powers. But real parts that demand finesse, strength, characterization. In a new tempo, and a new medium, but such parts as made Bernhardt and Duse famous.

There is a feeling that the public would not accept Bow in anything but "It" rôles. I believe that the public will accept fine work and good strong drama from anybody. I believe no great artist on the screen can fail of a public, if given suitable vehicles.

Art is always above personality. We are concerned with Clara Bow as an artist. And upon her chance as an artist depends her salvation as a person.

Next Month ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS tells you all about
KAY FRANCIS

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

staging a triumphant return and many girls who allowed their hair to grow, are now having it cut off again. But they aren't going in for the shingle or the boyish clip, but are cutting their hair just off the shoulder. Long hair and elaborate coiffures never really did come back into fashion and I doubt if they will for many seasons. Long hair must be arranged with meticulous care, else it looks simply dowdy, and, in most cases, it requires the artful aid of false hair in some form to build it up. I very much suspect that the modern girl has no time for such things and too much sense of humor to go back to "rats." The new hats, too, almost demand a bob—either short or shoulder length.

Frances H., Dallas, Tex. Vaseline will make your eyelashes grow. Apply it every night before you go to bed and leave it on all night.

GIRL of Sixteen, Scranton, Pa. Massage your elbows every night with warm olive oil, using a bit of cotton to apply the oil. If, at your age, you have wrinkles on your neck and around your eyes and mouth, you probably are under weight or your skin is undernourished. Get a good cold cream, asking for a heavy skin food, and apply it to those disturbing wrinkles.

Rose W., Chicago, Ill. Don't be sensitive about the fact that the conformation of your lower teeth gives you a slightly heavy chin. Teeth may be corrected in the very young but, in your case, I doubt whether straightening bands would have done much good. Slight variations from normal facial structure usually annoy ourselves more than they annoy others and too many girls have a habit of brooding on noses that are a little too large or cheekbones that are too high or chins that either thrust out too much or curve in too much. You can help a little if you avoid using too much heavy white powder on your chin. That is to say, don't accent what you think is a defect by make-up. If I were you, I would forget about it.

H. K., New Haven, Conn. Red hands are caused either by poor circulation or by careless washing. Use a soothing lotion after washing your hands and wear gloves out of doors. But first find out if you have poor circulation and what causes it and how it may be treated.

Send Your
Beauty Problems
to ANN BOYD

Read Miss Boyd's Advice
Every Month in
NEW MOVIE

Address All Communications to
Miss Ann Boyd,
NEW MOVIE
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Be Smart *indoors* with a radiant "OUTDOOR" Skin!

Use this marvelous
OLIVE OIL powder to
accent the radiant
tones of your complexion!



HELEN TWELVETEETHS, featured in "Beyond Victory," a new Pathe Production

TODAY it's fashionable to have a skin that glows with *outdoor* beauty—even under ballroom lights. It's smart to look natural and morning-fresh at all times. And now, it's so easy! . . . The answer is OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder—utterly different from any other you have known!

Because of its unique olive oil base (found in no other face powder) OUTDOOR GIRL imparts to the complexion the warm, healthy tones of youth. Satiny in texture, it *clings* . . . fresh and sweet, for hours . . . and keeps the skin young and alive. Protection against winter's biting winds and cold, OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder is the perfect choice of the modern American girl.

Try this unusual powder! . . . Its seven enchanting tones include *Lido*, a gypsy tint for brunettes, and *Boulevard* for those of fairer skin. Generous acquaintance packages of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other leading chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and \$1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

LIGHTEX
for Oily Skins
in the Red Box



With
OLIVE OIL
for Normal Skin
in the Purple Box

Buy these other smart OUTDOOR GIRL
Beauty Aids at your favorite 10c counter!
[15 cents in Canada]

Vanishing Cream {in tubes}. Olive Oil Cream {in tubes}.
Lightex Face Powder, in 7 shades, for the oily skin.
Lipstick, in 4 shades. Cold Cream {in tubes}.
Dry Rouge with olive oil, in 7 shades.
Liquefying Cleansing Cream {in tubes}.
Lip and Cheek Rouge, in 4 shades.
Nail Beautifiers and Cosmetique.

OUTDOOR GIRL

OLIVE OIL
FACE POWDER

By the makers of Z. B. T. BABY TALCUM
Fine for Baby's Body — Fine for Everybody!

A New and Exciting Vogue!—
Blend Your Own Powder Tone

The Special 10-cent packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder make "shade-blending" simple and inexpensive. Choose two or more tints and with them make your own private powder. Use the darker tones to heighten the color—the white to subdue it.

Cooked in Patapar . . . vegetables are more tasteful

HERE'S the way to enjoy the full, true flavor and nourishment of fresh vegetables. Just cook them in Patapar, the household form of Paterson Vegetable Parchment. You will be amazed and delighted at the wonderful results. Try it!



Season First

Place prepared vegetables on a moistened sheet of Patapar and add seasonings (butter, salt, pepper, etc.)



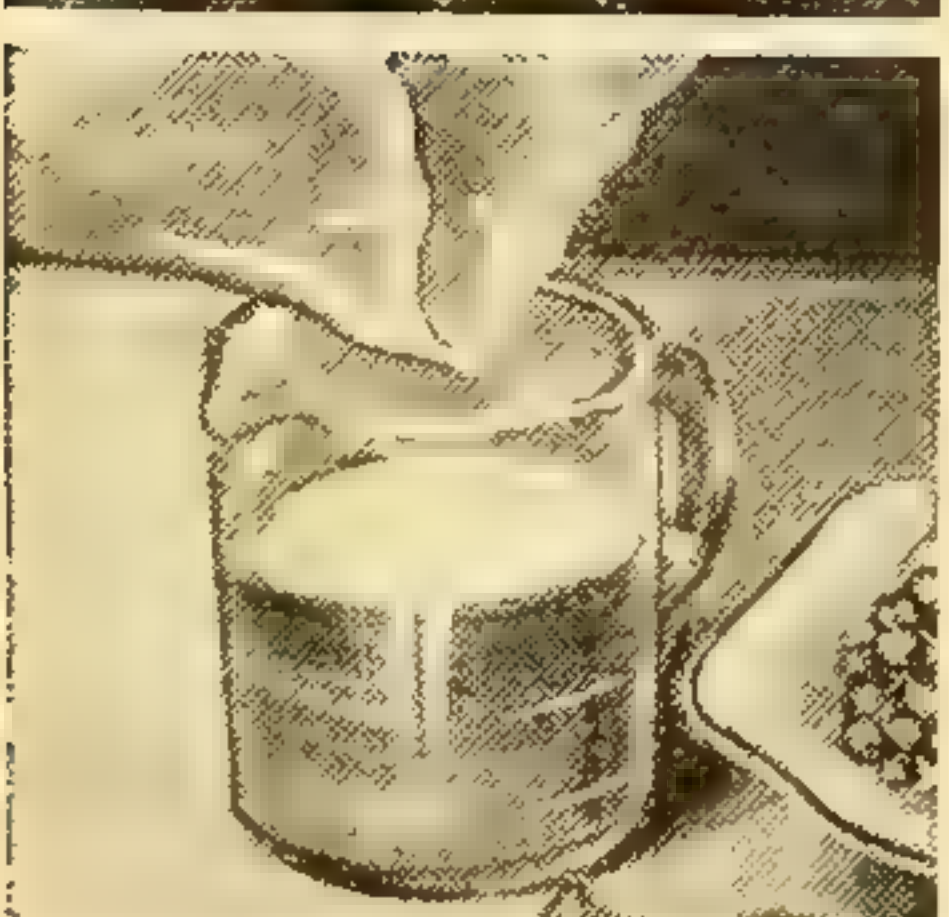
Tie Up Corners

Then take up corners and tie with string to form a bag.



Boil as Usual

Place in ordinary pot of boiling water and cook as usual. No water enters; no juices escape.



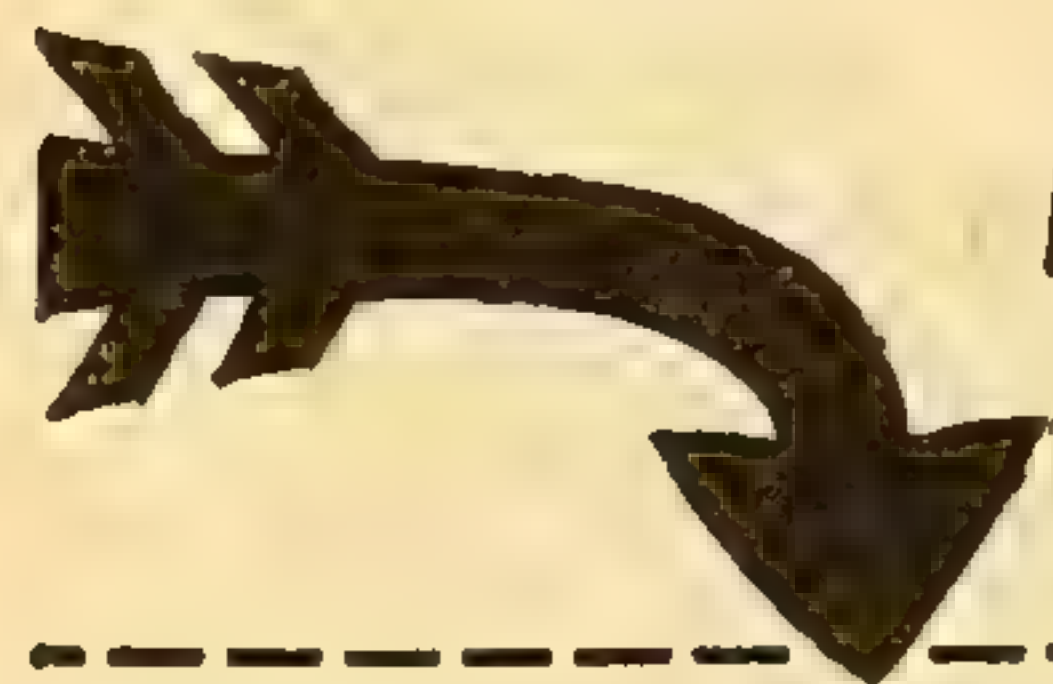
Save Juices

The vegetables have cooked in their own juices, saving all their flavor and nourishment. (Note: These juices make delicious vegetable cocktails. Serve them hot to the whole family!)

Where you can buy Patapar

Patapar comes ten large sheets to the package. Costs only 35c per package (40c, Denver to Pacific Coast). In each package you will discover a free 24-page booklet: "Little Ways to Lighten Housework with Patapar." Ask at your housefurnishing, hardware, stationery, drug, grocery or department store.

Trial Package . . . only 10c



THIS
MAIL COUPON
TO-DAY

Paterson Parchment Paper Company/
Patapar Division
Passaic, New Jersey

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Enclosed find 10c (coins or stamps). Please send prepaid the introductory trial package of Patapar cookery parchment.

Also the free 24-page booklet by Anne Pierce, "Little Ways to Lighten Housework with Patapar."

Name

Street

City State

Priced for U. S. only.

The Newsreel Comes Into Its Own

(Continued from page 92)

Unquestionably, the human interest character of the program is to a great extent responsible for its success. Each bill contains from twenty-six to thirty subjects—subjects from the most remote corners of the earth, subjects from every country known to man and Byrd.

Because of the educational value of the offerings a large number of children are brought each week to the newsreel theater. Churches also endorse it. Recently more than 500 priests in the metropolitan area visited it to see and hear Cardinal Hayes speak in Rome.

Probably no branch of the motion picture industry has moved forward with such rapid strides during the past year as has the newsreel. Not so very long ago the bishops of the cinema cathedrals regarded it with none too kindly eyes. If the feature picture and perhaps the stage show ran five minutes short of the desired length, audiences would be given five minutes of newsreels—five minutes (they seemed like fifty) devoted chiefly to military and naval maneuvers. Newsreel editors pleaded for better treatment of their product, upon which vast sums of money had been spent. They wanted a longer and more varied representation. Occasionally they got it. But for the most part the poor old newsreel was just so much parsley on a movie program.

EDGAR B. HATRICK was responsible for issuing the first actual newsreel in the world. As far back as fifteen years ago, he told me, he envisioned a theater that would be devoted exclusively to the showing of newsreel subjects. He talked of it and dreamed of it.

"Every time," he said, "an important subject was mutilated in the theater's cutting-room, every time a 'special' that had entailed enormous expense and effort had been rushed to the theater only to be allowed to lie upon the shelf I fumed and fretted and declared the day would come when the newsreel would be regarded as an important part of a movie theater program.

"The day has come. The newsreel, thanks to sound, is no longer looked upon as just so much filler. Today it is as welcome on the bill as the feature itself. It has humanized the great figures in the world's news. It has brought within hearing, within sight such figures as the Prince of Wales, King Albert of Belgium, King George, Mussolini, Emperor Hirohito of Japan, Briand, Andre Tardieu, President Rubio of Mexico, Lindbergh, Henry Ford, Edison, President Cosgrave of Ireland, Einstein, President Hoover, Babe Ruth, the King of Afghanistan, King Gustave of Sweden, the King and Queen of Italy, Al Smith, Mayor Walker, Chief Justice Hughes, Charles M. Schwab, Helen Wills, Glenna Collett, Calvin Coolidge and Nicholas Longworth."

Whom hasn't it brought? They come and they go, these people of the headlines, and a nation looks and cups its colossal ear.

AND who are the best subjects for the sound cameras? Always, my comrades, those of the most vivid personalities. The Prince of Wales is a favorite with the newsreel audiences. So also are Al Smith, Babe Ruth and, to a lesser degree, Lindbergh. The sound cameras reflect unerringly the dynamic force of Mussolini, the quiet force of Henry Ford; the rugged conservatism of the good Calvin invariably gets a big hand, I am told, though I'm inclined to believe that as much of it is due to the halo of prosperity which surrounded his reign as to the old-fashioned common sense so unmistakably suggested in his face and voice.

The Prince of Wales attracts mostly by his ever-present air of jauntiness, the good humor and good fellowship that rests in his eyes. The sound cameras bring out the humanness and glowing sincerity of Al in a way that testifies eloquently to the reason for much of his political success . . . Moreover, he has a good speaking voice. For that matter so has Hoover, though until recently he was not microphonically wise. With experience, Hoover has overcome his tendency to clear his throat and end his sentence upon the wrong inflection.

For the most part the celebrities of the day appear the same upon the sound screen as in the rotogravures. Helen Wills changes her poker face for the newsreels no whit more than James J. Walker alters his expression of quizzical sophistication. Sir Thomas Lipton is the same genial sportsman on the screen that he is in the pages of the newspaper. Incidentally, the newsreel men tell a story of Sir Thomas.

He was taken to the home of Paramount Sound News. It was his first experience inside a modern movie plant and he was keenly interested in the devices which form a part of sound equipment. His biggest thrill, however, came just after his voice was recorded. He was asked to listen to the "play-back." He seemed amazed he could hear his own voice so quickly and sat listening intently. At the end he shook his head gravely for a moment and then said:

"It's quite remarkable, but hasn't it a terrible foreign accent?"

THE cartoonist, concerned with the thrills that come once in a lifetime, cannot be thinking of the cameramen on the payrolls of the newsreels, for their lives are just a succession of thrills. The newsreel cameraman's life is probably the most hazardous of any in the world—and the least exploited. Day in and day out they are sent on dangerous assignments in all parts of the globe. Let Vesuvius or Etna break loose and a few minutes later a newsreel man is on his way to record the event.

Let a sea disaster occur or transatlantic flyers land in the wilds of Labrador and cameramen by specially chartered planes and trains and ships are speeding to the scene, hoping, of course, to get a beat upon their competitors but hoping, beat or no beat, to

return with pictures. Swift and reckless and tempestuous is their routine. It makes the life of a war correspondent seem as safe as a florist's in comparison.

In the last eruption of Mt. Etna, for example, a Paramount News cameraman named Bixio Alberini, managed to make not only the first moving pictures to reach this country, but also one of the most striking records of a greater disaster that has ever been filmed.

Alberini managed to obtain a fifteen hour lead on his rivals by flying from Rome to Palermo and then working his way back across the island of Sicily while his competitors were making the long train trip from Rome to Messina. Before he left he borrowed from the army a gas mask equipped with an oxygen respirator which was to prove nearly as valuable to him on the assignment as his camera.

Once in the threatened area, he made his way up the volcano's slopes to meet the stream of molten lava. Priests and peasants watched him pass aghast at his fool-hardiness. Climbing ever higher he came upon deserted villages black with volcanic dust and half-hidden by drifting clouds of sulphuric smoke.

When Alberini finally reached the lava flow he pulled on his mask and worked his way in among the fumes and as close to the stream as its heat made possible. Then, as a river of burning earth poured down the mountainside he made one of the most spectacular moving pictures ever filmed.

ON the biggest sea disaster of recent years, the sinking of the *S.S. Vestris* with a loss of more than 100 lives, Paramount News came through with the first pictures of the event and a special that was chosen for showing by most of the nation's picture theaters, regardless of their affiliations.

Emanuel Cohen, Paramount editor, in describing how the beat was put across explained:

"Unfortunately sea disasters are none too rare and we have learned from grim experience the one way of handling them. In this case we proved that it is not the newsreel that gets up earliest in the morning that gets the pictures. Rather it is the one that does not go to bed at all.

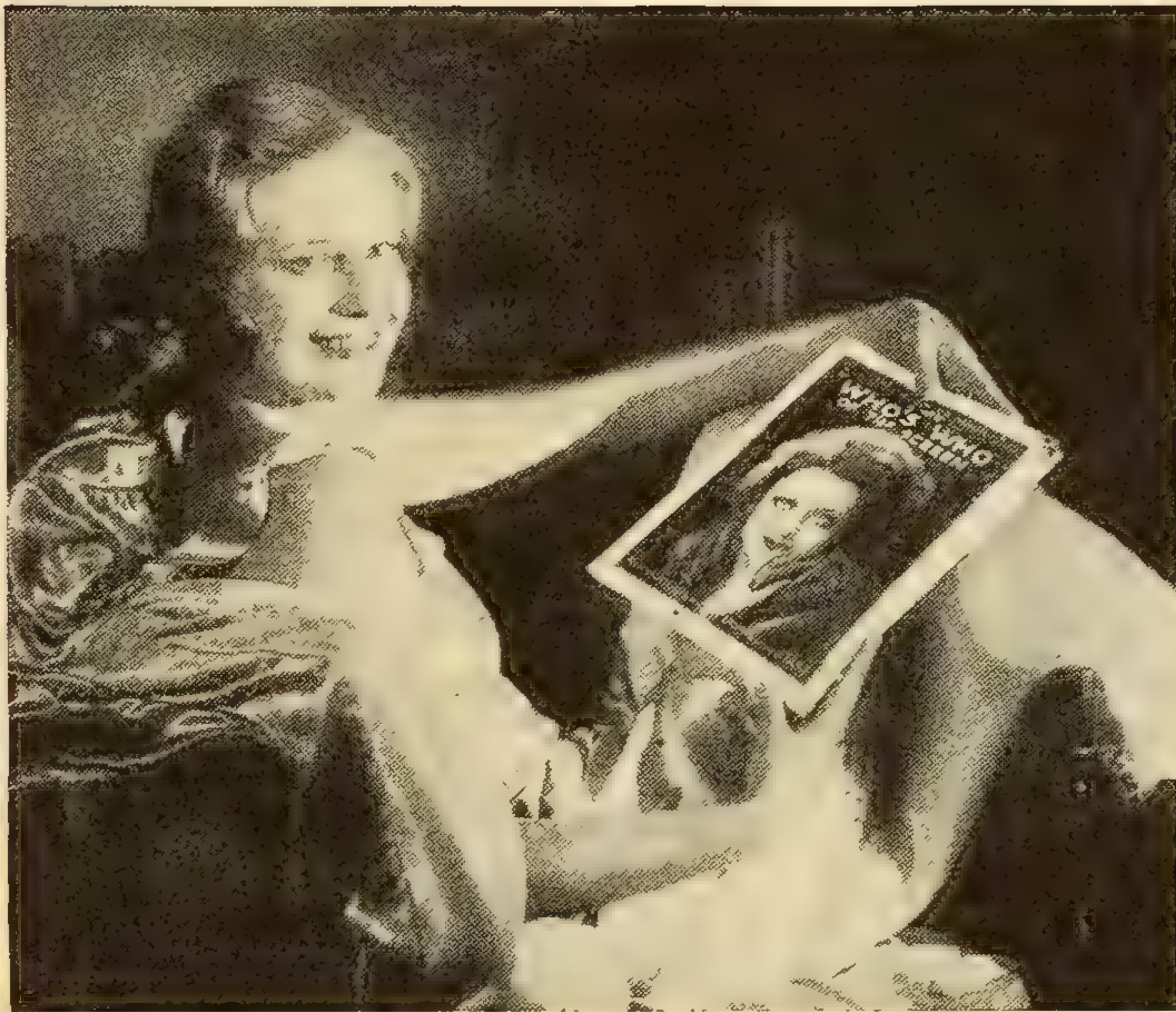
"We received a flash on the *Vestris* a few seconds after she sent out her S. O. S. A plane was hired at once to rush one of our men down to Norfolk, the nearest point for rescue ships to put out from. We also radioed the different ships steaming to the scene of the disaster in an effort to locate moving pictures.

"The following night a good sixteen hours before the first of the rescue ships was due in New York, I put one of our editors on board a tug with a squad of cameramen and sent them down the bay. All night our tug kicked around the lower bay, patrolling back and forth between the Quarantine telegraph station and the channel. Finally, shortly after daylight and hours before she was expected, the *S.S. Berlin* slipped into the harbor. Ten minutes later our tug picked her up."

Then, Cohen explained, began a search for moving pictures of the rescue of the survivors, conducted through a megaphone with the passengers of the *Berlin*. After half an hour of shouting in German and English, of waving ten dollar bills, a

(Continued on page 110)

Have You Bought Your Copy of the New WHO'S WHO OF THE SCREEN?



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55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.



GARY COOPER



NORMA SHEARER



LEILA HYAMS

The Newsreel Comes Into Its Own

(Continued from page 109)

German banker, whose hobby is motion picture photographs and who had a standard sized camera with him, was dug out of his berth and dragged on deck by an English-speaking friend. Negotiations then began and were completed with promises of a bargain struck on both sides.

NEWREEL gathering contains all the competitive thrill that was once the special pride and glory of the newspaper. All newsreel men can point to spectacular beats. All of them can point to exclusive stunts which, while having no news significance, are none the less among their outstanding achievements. Of the latter classification Cohen is particularly proud of a picture which Tom Cummins of his London office took on a ride around a five hundred foot high ferris wheel while lashed upside down to its rim.

The pictures that Cummins made are sufficiently unusual to deserve a place in any newsreel. They give the impression of having been made from a stunting airplane, which had done a combination of loop the loop and falling leaf. The world starts by being spread out beneath the camera in a great panorama.

An example of a newsreel that combines the best features of spectacular news and a special stunt is that of the pictures which Vanderveer and Rucker took of the frozen wastes of Antarctica while members of the Byrd expedition. For eighteen months they took their lives literally daily in their hands as they shot the treacherous peaks and ice-packs of the polar region.

They will tell you, if you ask them, that they would not trade the memories of their hazardous experiences in Antarctica for a bag of gold, but they will also add they would not undertake a similar assignment again for all the money still in Monte Carlo. Not that the dangers were too horrifying. Rather, that the isolation was maddening.

When Vanderveer and Rucker returned to New York they were guests of honor at a dinner of fellow cameramen. Special homage was paid to them, not so much because of their signal courage—for all newsreel men must possess courage—but because they had been where no newsreel men had penetrated before. That was distinction. That was something worth sitting around a banquet board and talking about.

I TALKED with Vanderveer after he had recounted the major portion of his adventures for the benefit of his comrades of the camera. His most startling statement was that no member of the expedition was sick during the entire sojourn in the polar region. I could scarcely believe my ears. It speaks wonders for the superb judgment of Byrd in the selection of his personnel as well as for the superlative attention he gave to the minutest preparations for his expedition.

The newsreel men recently put their restless fingers on the elusive coat-tails of Graham McNamee, the big radio

noun-and-adjective man. Those who go down to the arena in armchairs have long been familiar with Graham McNamee's unusual gift for creating excitement. Often have they moved to the edges of their rockers as they listened to his breathless description of ponderous palookas. They have absorbed—these ear-cuppers of the nation—something of his glowing enthusiasm as they sat, tensely, in the comparative comfort of the old front parlor. They have come to regard him as a microphonic institution, as necessary to their thrills and entertainment as a radio set itself.

With the microphone now so closely identified with the camera is it any wonder the newsreel men tracked McNamee down with their dotted lines? Why, of course not. The tracking was inevitable.

McNamee's heavy-sugared voice roams through the varied programs which make up the Universal Newsreel, commenting upon the highlights of the day's events as they flash across the screen. His radio technique seems to me to be admirably suited to his new activity. Newsreels call for excitement and enthusiasm if anything in this world calls for them, and the M. McNamee provides them in abundance.

Universal shoots its subjects without the benefit of McNamee's presence. He waits back in the cutting-room where the reel is unwound slowly and exclusively for him. It is his job to fit the words to the action and the action to the words. If he is in his customary glowing mood and the subjects before his eyes capture his imagination, he voices a description as colorful as it is dramatic.

FREQUENTLY a subject of rather ordinary interest may pass before him and McNamee, so eager and dynamic is his temperament, gives it a vivid quality far beyond its importance. A man, let us say, is paddling a canoe down a fairly turbulent stream. Ahead of him looms a small waterfall. Is McNamee content with merely narrating the action? Indeed, no. He gets excited.

"Here he comes," he will say. "He's getting closer and closer to the brink. He's only a—few—yards away. . . . Oh, boy! He's coming fast . . . and I don't mean maybe . . . twenty feet away now. . . . Now he's—only—ten. He's—he's OVER."

And all the time the announcer is half-panting, half-chuckling. He appears to be enjoying himself hugely and that to my mind explains the greater part of McNamee's success as a commentator. He loves his work.

Newsreels will probably depend more and more upon radio announcers, particularly those announcers who can vitalize thrillingly, absorbingly, the subjects of their comment. In an age when the gift of gab is reaping the richest rewards in all its history it would seem a lack of foresight on the part of the newsreel magnificoes were they to pass by that field where gab is enjoying its greatest glorification.

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Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 47)

On my way out of the restaurant I met young W. L. River, one of the lads responsible for the dialogue and story of "Way for a Sailor." About twenty-seven years old, he shrank like a violet when I asked him concerning his career.

"Really, I don't know how to begin... my life has been so active. But I do feel a duty toward my public also. How many readers did you say NEW MOVIE had—ten millions—well let's see."

"My God," exclaimed Sam Wood. "We'll never get to work."

"But I've got to tell him this, Sam," said River. "I may be dead in the morning. Thalberg's liable to kill you and me both when he sees that last sequence." I started to leave. River grabbed my coat lapel.

"I was born in San Francisco and in 1906 I set fire to the city and was taken for observation and bringing-up to New York and then moved to a fuller upbringing in Chicago to keep my accent American. I fled to New York after a university training, which proved of little value in Manhattan except that a good course in philosophy gave necessary equipment to withstand hunger and life in Greenwich Village. Spent three days in the Tombs for breaking some plates, then fled to Staten Island to muse in peace, where I wrote a few columns for *The Evening World*, a few stories for the pulp paper magazines. I then became lazy and began on poetry. I lived on stolen milk and bread (delivered in front of the corner store at four in the morning). I was later ousted from a small icebox room in the dead of winter to make way for a happy family of six. After sleeping in the kitchen for several days and then, having pondered long enough on the ships going out to sea, I went aboard one bound for London. I was a seaman on freighters to the Baltic, the Mediterranean and South America over a year's period and then six months of advertising and suddenly my typewriter gave birth to 'Death of a Young Man,' my first book. I then journeyed overland to New Orleans and shipped to the Far East. Returning, got drunk in Hollywood while in San Pedro harbor, and missed the ship. Not caring much for the idea of enlisted sailors who peel potatoes and learn how to be machinists, went to work with Laurence Stallings on 'Way for a Sailor.'"

Sam Wood jerked me away, saying angrily, "If you ask another guy about himself for NEW MOVIE, I'll have you—"

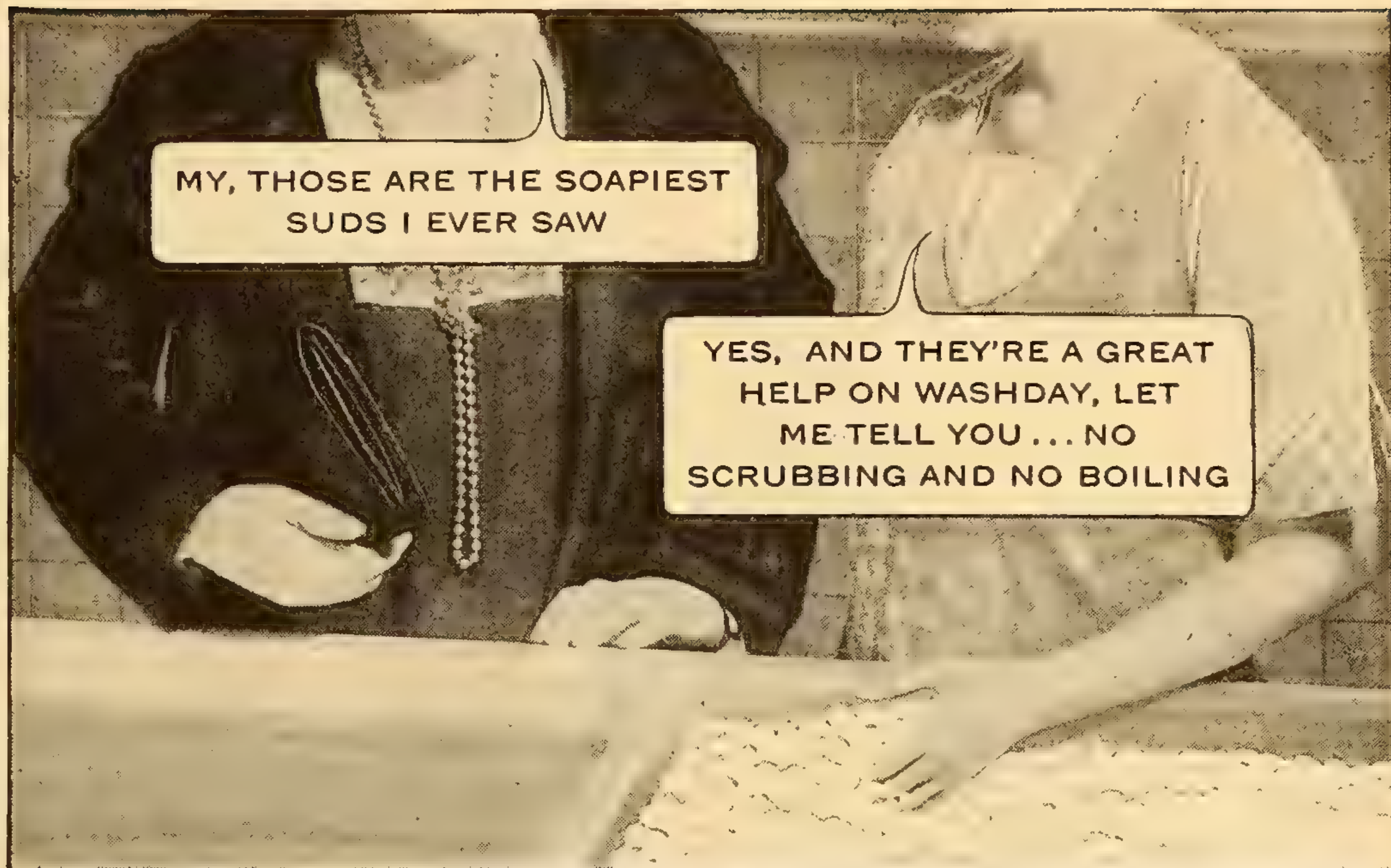
"But, Sam, I also want a sketch of your career—"

"Well, *that's different*—let's see—I was born in Philadelphia, became an actor at an early age. . . ."

"That's enough," I said. "You directors are all alike." That night I was made to do one scene over and over again—thirty-eight and a half times.

SAM WOOD is one of the most patient and one of the most able directors in the business. At his best in broad human comedy, he is shrewd enough to stick to that medium in the films. A man in middle life, an actor always, he served but a short time as

(Continued on page 112)



How women marvel at these whiter washes!

"I love the way Rinso gets the clothes so sweet and clean," writes Mrs. H. Gorman of Peoria, Ill.

Thousands have written to tell us how thrilled they are with Rinso whiteness. Cottons and linens come like new, safely.

"I notice my clothes last much longer since I've given up scrubbing and changed to the gentle Rinso way," writes Mrs. P. W. Davis of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan



Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 111)

an assistant director before taking the megaphone himself.

Sam would laugh his casual laugh which betokened a long day tomorrow and go right on taking a scene over a score of times.

"You know," said Sam Wood, during a lull in directing. "Arizona's the toughest place in the country to make pictures in. One time down there I found a dozen tarantulas in my bed."

"Probably put there by actors," I responded.

"Or supervisors," was his comeback. "But Lewin wouldn't do a thing like that, he's pretty regular," he added as a humorous afterthought.

I had known Albert Lewin, supervisor on "Way for a Sailor" for nearly a dozen years. More than any man in Hollywood he had encouraged me to clear my own patch of timber as a writer.

Long ago, when "Beggars of Life" was in crude manuscript I stood with him under a California moon. Our combined salaries amounted to

eighty-five dollars a week. He was getting fifty dollars of that.

I have always respected his opinion as I do Mencken's.

"Be simple and direct," he advised. "Write like you talk—and you'll get somewhere if you work."

His faith had never wavered. He is now one of Irving Thalberg's assistants. As a record of achievement, Lewin's rise is an amazing story even in amazing Hollywood.

I agreed with Sam Wood.

WE were fortunate in having John Gilbert along. We called him Five O'clock Jack. For it was stipulated in his contract he need not work longer than that civilized hour in the afternoon.

And so naturally we always warned Jack when "His Hour" approached.

The most dangerous phase of the work in "Way of a Sailor" was the photographing of the storm which swept over the sea. It was taken at the rear of the M.-G.-M. lot, miles from

the ocean. It is one of the most realistic scenes ever depicted, and it speaks volumes for the mechanical genius of a group of men who are seldom mentioned in the public prints.

A ship, costing thousands of dollars, was built on the lot. Its framework was so devised that the decks could be changed, making it the sort of ship desired. A permanent fixture on the lot, it has served in many films. It is made to rock, to sway, to plunge forward through the sea, by the slight pressure of an electric button. An hydraulic apparatus is under the ship. A lake has been dug in the foreground which serves as an outlet for the water which crashes over the ship.

About forty feet above the ship, and about a hundred feet to one side, are eight immense tanks, each holding many thousands of gallons of water. They can be dumped simultaneously, or one at a time, as desired by the director. A man sits at a small desk and touches very lightly the button which controls the tank which he wishes to empty. As each tank can be refilled by hydraulic pressure in thirty seconds, the producers can be as careless with water as the Ruler of the Elements often is in a playful mood.

The director and his lieutenants, cameramen, wardrobe flunkies, mechanical and art experts, the men who can the sound, all are grouped on an improvised framework of wood, many feet above the ground, and overlooking the deck of the ship.

ACROSS the lake, on the second porch of a house that has once been used in a tale of decaying southern grandeur, are a group of sightseers: Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, Eddie Mannix, Harry Rapf, Paul Bern, Albert Lewin and other men under whose nervous pulses beats the lifeblood of the tremendous organization that will later exhibit this film in the most remote corners of the world, and which callow critics will take seriously, as critics always do what is only done for fun—and money.

We have arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon—for night work. The call has been "on the set at four."

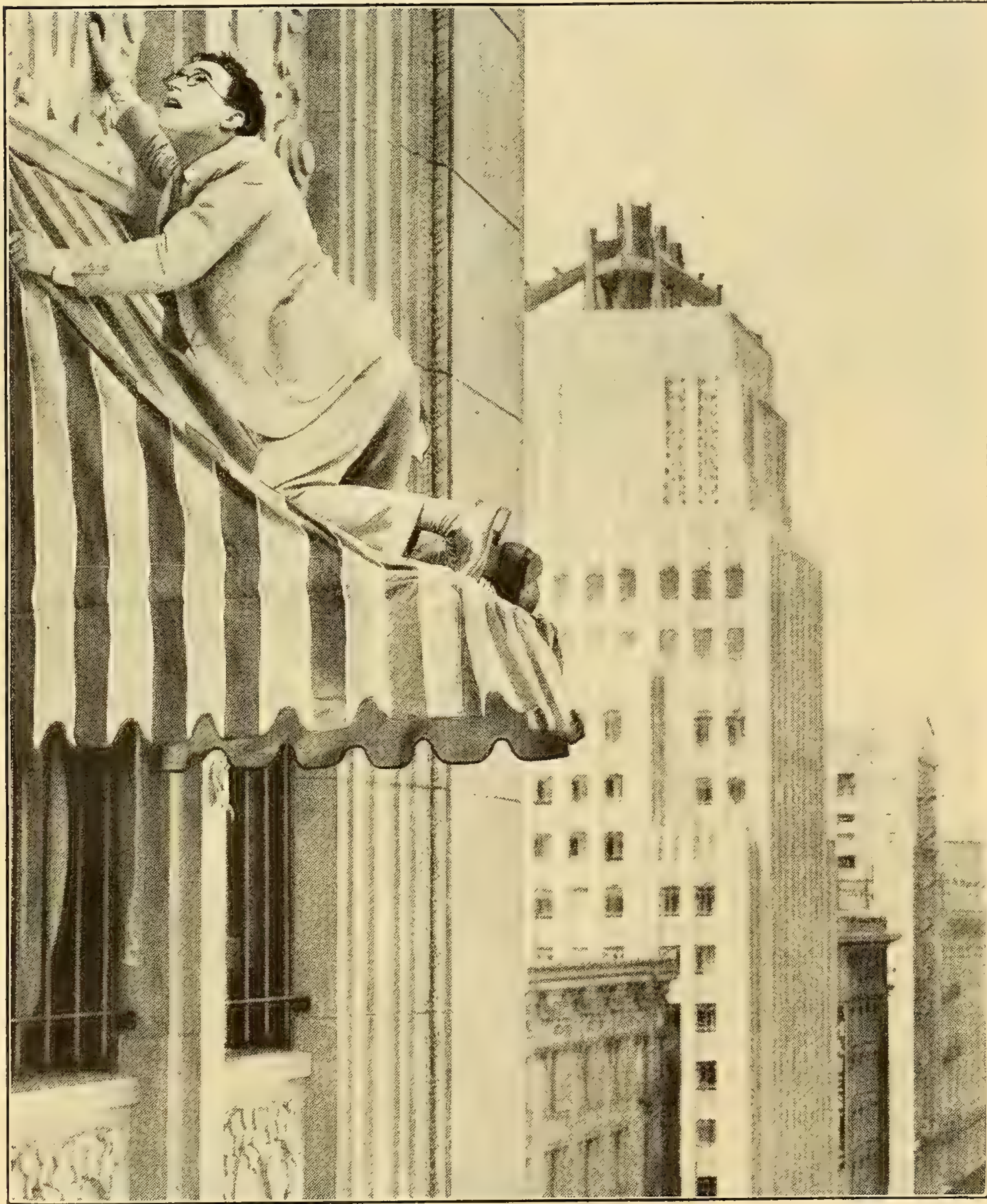
The indefatigable Wood paces up and down, up and down, relentless in his energy, terrifying in his enthusiasm. His face is as drawn as if he were directing a "Paradise Lost," and a group of actors were the souls in hell—as they should be.

I had changed shirts on this day, fearful that the one discarded would fall in cakes of dirt from me. Wood, going into battle with the elements, and with the full knowledge that every time the ship moved it would cost the company five thousand dollars, noticed that I had changed shirts. There was but a very slight difference in the color; photographed, the difference would not have been detected with a microscope. But the glutton for detail thought otherwise. His hands tore his hair. One would have thought that all he loved was perishing before his eyes.

"Oh . . . my God, Jimmy . . . oh, my God—Jimmy—why did you do that—why did you do that—?"

I looked about me. There were no

(Continued on page 114)



Harold Lloyd is doing some more breath-taking stunts in his new comedy, "Feet First." A lot of the action takes place on the dizzy front of a skyscraper and the stunts outdo those startling sequences of "Safety Last." Next Harold is going to do a college comedy on terra firma.

Movie Puppets

(Continued from page 8)

hard benches for half an hour waiting for a tardy one. But they don't mind. The atmosphere of the Club Guignol is too casual and chummy for anyone to get upstage. It's hard to be temperamental wedged into a space that was intended for fifty but that will accommodate sixty if they all know each other.

What is the real attraction of the puppet show? The stars themselves, those who have been most intrigued by the performances of their miniature selves, admit that they do not know. It might be the play instinct.

Colleen Moore, whose collection of dolls is famous, has come again and again to watch her own puppet stage its clever little dance and sing its characteristic little song.

"I cannot understand my attachment for puppets," she confided, "unless it's the novelty of seeing a doll become animate. I've stopped counting the number of times I've been to see the puppets, but they are almost as much fun as they were the first time."

Incidentally, it's lots of fun to see Colleen back stage, after the show, taking the controls and putting her miniature self through intricate dance steps.

EVEN Sid Grauman, that greatest of contemporary Los Angeles showmen, has enjoyed the puppets. "They are the most convincing manikins I have ever seen," he volunteered.

"I'm going to quit acting," Kenneth Thompson jokingly announced as the first scene came to a climax with the actors on the stage rising to lofty dramatic heights.

Leatrice Joy gave a party not long ago. She bought out all the seats for the amusement of her friends, then, entering into the spirit of camaraderie that pervades Club Guignol, she went back stage and stood on the bridge, speaking the lines for her puppet to gain a realistic effect.

"It's never any trouble to gather a motion picture party to see the puppets," said Miss Joy. "We are all so weary of the usual dance places and hotel dinners that the marionette theatre furnishes just the unusual, highly amusing entertainment we are seeking."

Whenever a party is given in film-land, it is quite the smart thing to have the Club Guignol transported—puppets, controls and operators—to the lawn or one of the rooms of the entertaining star's home. Colleen Moore has entertained her friends in this manner, as has Tom Mix.

RUTH CHATTERTON is another who enjoyed working the control strings that bring her puppet to life. But Miss Chatterton refused to spoil the illusion by letting her eyes stray above the figure itself. However, and this is a secret, it is rumored that she did peek once or twice.

The lovely blond Esther Ralston is another who was so intrigued that she was lavish in her praise.

As for Ramon Novarro, he admitted with much pleasure that he made puppets when a boy in old Mexico.

"I had a regular puppet theatre," said Novarro, "and it was then perhaps that I became interested in acting. But," he examined his own puppet, "my puppets were not so beeg."



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Name.....
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Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 113)

dead men near. So I had not committed murder. The director yelled to Johnny Waters, to the second assistant, to the wardrobe flunkies, "Why didn't someone watch this—now men—please don't let this happen again."

In all his scolding there was kindness. Highly nervous, Johnny Waters was a magnificent foil for him. For even if worlds crashed around the quiet Irishman, he would reach for a match and light his ever present cigar.

AFTER hours of rehearsing in oilskins and heavy rubber boots, the director called "Lunch" and we went to the commissary for one hour. We returned to the boat, and under the glare of lights that would melt the heart of a Third Avenue pawnbroker we began rehearsing again. The director would make sure that we remembered our lines, even though the roar of the elements that would soon be around us would make it impossible for even Gabriel to be heard. But Wood, relentless in detail, watched our words, for he felt they would help to accentuate our actions.

All in readiness, with Beery of the great gusto our leader, the cameras began to click, the sound apparatus was made ready, and all became as tense as the moment preceding a great championship prize fight.

Then suddenly, Wood's voice was heard, sharp, terse, "Camera!"

We each began to move through our allotted actions. A fearful roar was heard above. Number one tank was released.

The water roared down, a veritable Niagara. The trough, twelve feet wide and five deep, had an upward curve at the end. The surging water struck the curve, dashed upward, and rolled across the ship with appalling force. The men, all save one, seasoned by life, ex-pugilists, sailors, miners, knew instinctively how to keep from being washed from the ship.

We dared not watch the water. Our business was with art, and to keep from being injured.

Number two was released. It wrapped around us with the force of a caress by Dempsey. I was thrown against Beery, who stood, strong as a Rodin in bronze, the water dripping from his powerful face, out of whose wide mouth was escaping a heavy grunt that was brother to a groan.

POWERFUL wind machines lashed the water in every direction.

No voice could be heard... the ship rocked, plunged, and stood for a second still as if ready for the final dive.

Suddenly we beheld a body swishing across the deck and lying for a second in the position of a man crucified, while the water surged over it.

The water stopped. There came a dreadful silence.

The prostrate man was an English actor from a "Journey's End" company.

The director was on the ship in a jiffy. He leaned over the stretched-out figure. "Are you hurt?"

"Not at all, thank you," was the dead game answer of a member of a race with the courage to die on a thousand battlefields.

He was back on the job in a week or so, though he was never again subjected to the roaring water. He could not withstand that which we had withstood, but each extra and star was big enough to admire his "Not at all, thank you."

Carried from the ship, more directions from Sam Wood, a few more from Johnny Waters, conferences all around, and then—we took our places once again.

The wind machines began to drive a spray over the ship, and to roar in unison. We began to go through our paces in the ghastly light, like demented somnambulists, now groping here, now there. Then "CAMERA!"

Number one roared down and caught us, number two followed, number three, four, five, six, seven, eight. No storm ever devised in the brain of any God had been so terrible. The water crashed against the sides of the deck, and rolled downward in the plunging ship and rolled back again. Another ten thousand gallons of water would strike us, would bend our knees under, would throw us against immovable objects, would wash the very hair from our heads.

A sailor accidentally grabbed a rope. He was thrown downward, his back wrenched.

"You shouldn't grab anything that moves," said a voice when the silence came.

"I knew better—damnit," was the answer, as the man limped away.

HOUR after hour we were bombarded with the water. By midnight we were worn out. We were led to the flood gates after that hour, and though the director insisted and pleaded, we were useless. At last we would be allowed to go home in the early morning.

The men who had stood the battling of the waves with Wallace Beery and myself were always overjoyed when quitting time came.

They would troup off the set singing: *It ain't goin' to rain no more, no more It ain't goin' to rain no more, But how in the heck kin we wash our neck,*

If it ain't goin' to rain no more.

The extra players were always of deep interest to me. They came from far lands and of many different kinds of people.

One, Bunny Summers, was the brother of Johnny Summers, one of the greatest lightweight pugilists England had ever produced.

"What's Johnny doing now?" I asked.

"E's gone to 'ell," answered Bunny, "somewheres in London."

"Do you ever write to him?" was my next question.

"Never do," was the reply.

A girl on the set was reading "The Well of Loneliness."

She was a beauty forlorn.

"Do you like the book?" I asked her.

"Fairly well," was the answer. "A person has to wade through a whole book to get what Havelock Ellis would give in a chapter."

I learned that Sam Wood always tried to give her whatever work was possible in the pictures which he directed.

And there came a tale from her of which the director need not be ashamed. Neither does he know that I know.

In another film he had engaged a young woman who claimed to be a parachute jumper. It was the pretty young woman reader of "The Well of Loneliness."

When she was about to jump from the balloon the director learned that she had never been up in the air before.

Wood faced the situation like a man and a soldier.

The girl was game and the picture was taken. She actually made the jump.

But not all the tale is told.

In a nation where some men are allowed to earn a million or more dollars a year, the young woman, the mother of two children faced a judge, guilty of the crime of not being able to support her babies.

The judge, with the average intelligence of his breed, solved the question with very lawyer-like simplicity and lack of understanding. He merely gave the young lady two days in which to get a hundred dollars or lose her children.

One hundred dollars was the price the company paid her for jumping from the parachute. She took the job, and let Sam Wood hold the goat.

The intrepid young woman was injured later.

SAM WOOD gave her a sum of money out of his own pocket to defray the expenses of an operation.

"Every time I ask him to let me pay it back he pushes me away from him," she said.

"A white fellow," I said.

"None whiter," she answered.

It is often of such tales that the fabric of Hollywood is woven.

Al Boasberg was always a source of amusement.

In one of his gags, in speaking of women, as that was all we talked about in the film, Jack Gilbert says to me, "Cheer up, Ginger, Rome wasn't made in a day." And my reply was . . . "Rome ain't never been out with me yet."

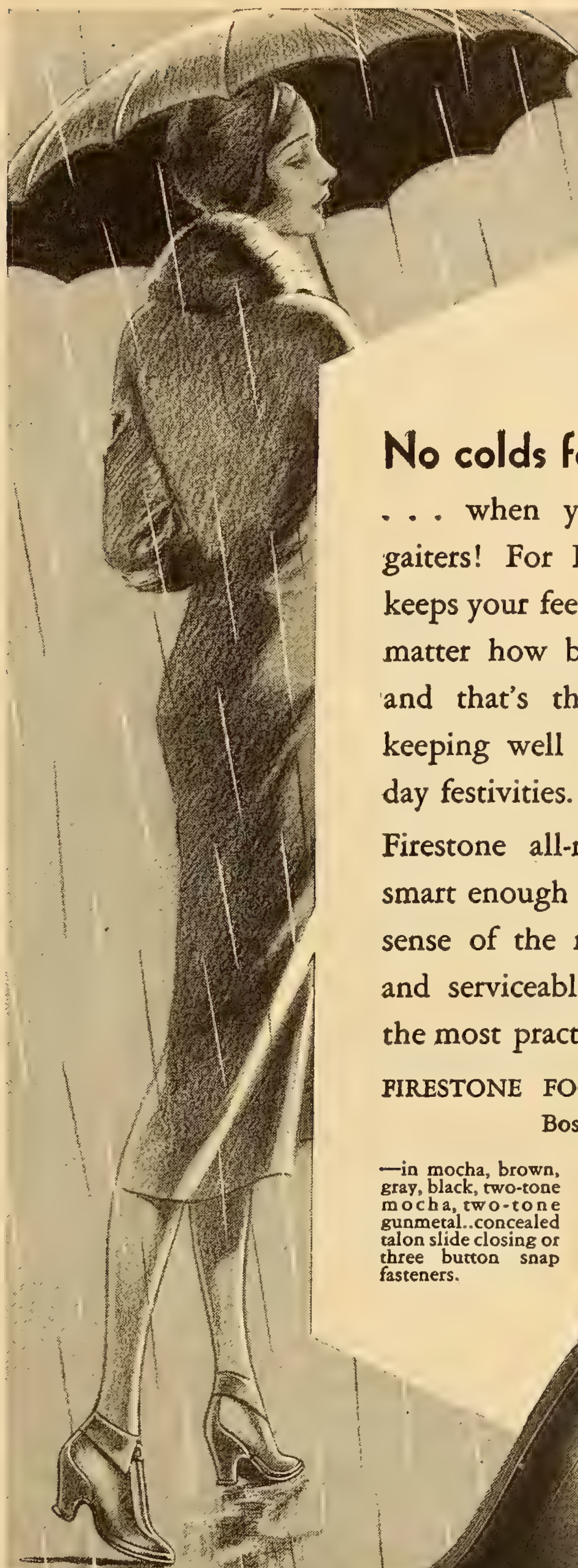
Mr. Boasberg appeared on the set with deep consternation the day after the above scene was shot. Between gasps he gave the information that Supervisor Albert Lewin, an ex-instructor of English, had decided against the gag for the reason that it was ungrammatical. That Mr. Gilbert's line should read—Rome was not properly constructed in a day. Therefore, the line should be made to read correctly, even if the entire point were lost.

The filming of a picture includes a great deal of seemingly endless waiting. Something goes wrong with the lights, the cameras need refilling, the sound track has gone wrong, the story needs revising, and many other things happen. To while away the tedium, tales are told, and repartee exchanged.

The successful prison play, "The Last Mile," was at that time in Los Angeles; Robert Blake, the twenty-one-year-old Texas boy upon whose execution the drama had been founded, had been my friend.

Evidently, the state of Texas, in the last gesture of kindness before legal murder, grants the doomed man the privilege of having two people witness his execution. Blake, a boy with a certain future as a writer, requested that

(Continued on page 118)



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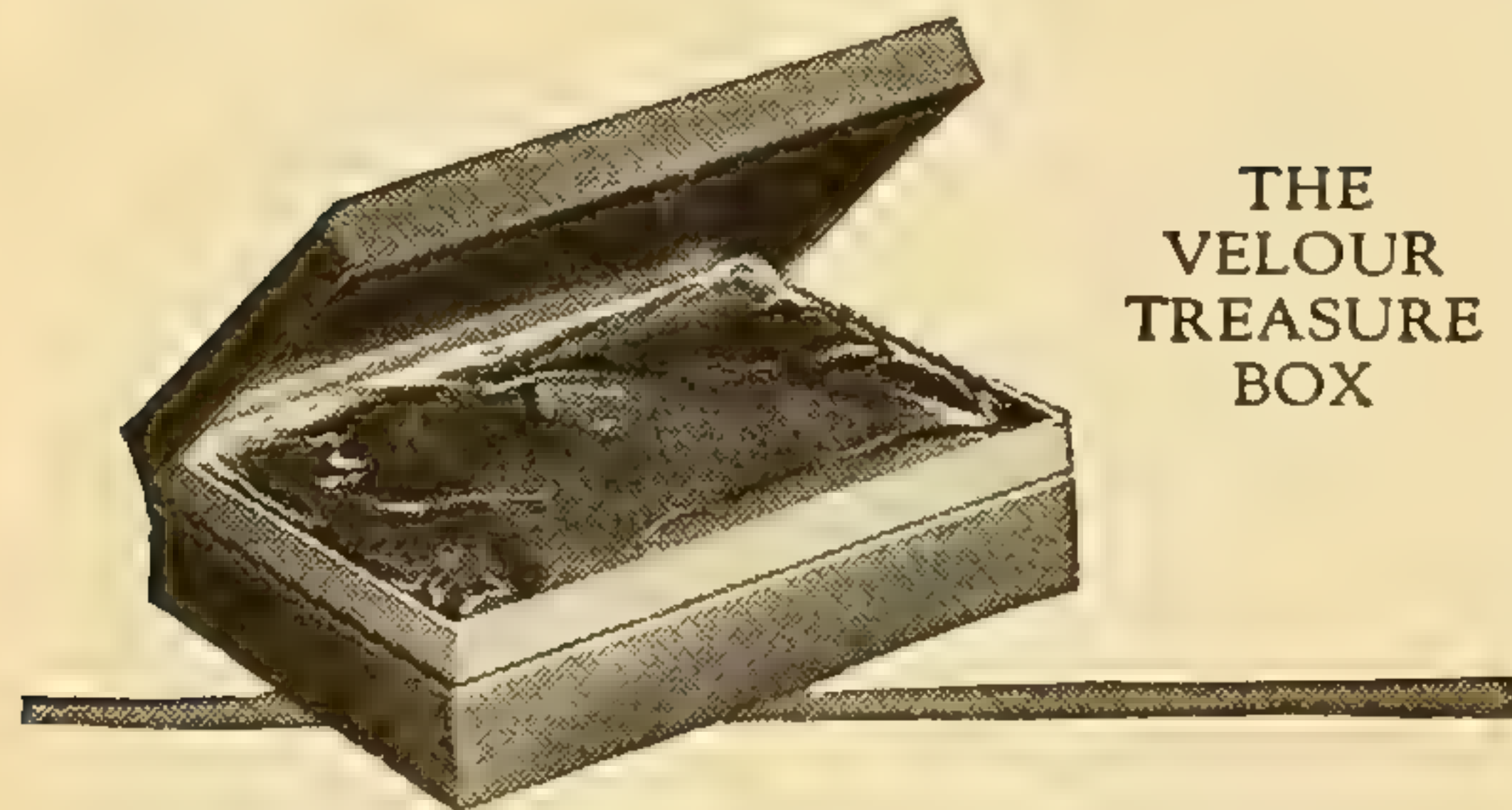
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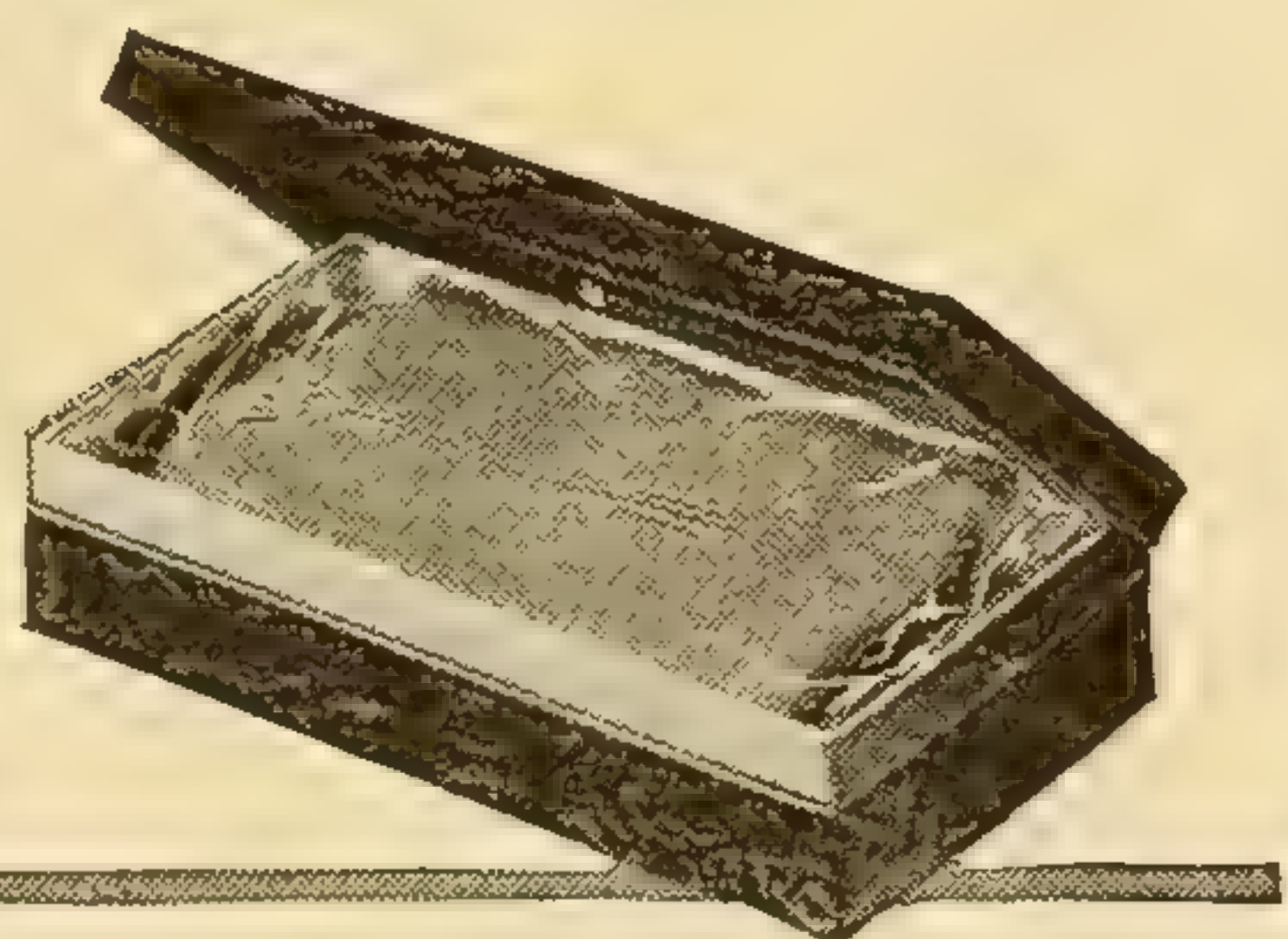
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Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 10)

Wants Kisses, Not Songs

Lafayette, La.

What in the world has happened to our love scenes? Where are the ardent kisses which caused our hearts to miss several beats? They have decreased amazingly since the coming of the talking pictures. Are we supposed to get a thrill out of heroes standing several feet away from heroines singing their songs of love in these modern talkies?

Elaine Monteleon,
512 Lafayette Street.

Likes Re-Filmed Films

Bywood, Pa.

One reader writes that re-filmed pictures are not favored—that the plot is the only thing and, in re-filming, the plot loses interest. I disagree and base my disapproval on the fact that most people enjoy the art of acting enough to be interested in the interpretation of different characters by the fans' favorite stars. Look at the opera, at the stage. Some characters will live forever.

Helen Waine,
411 Spence Avenue.

Admires Ruth Chatterton

San Francisco, Calif.

Ruth Chatterton is without doubt the best ever. Anyone who can do "Madame X," "Charming Sinners," "Sarah and Son" and then a faultless "Anybody's Woman," and all of them perfectly, just can't be beaten. After the so-called beauty of such vacant faces as Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith and Betty Compson, she's a wonderful relief.

Mrs. W. Francis,
640 Polk Street, Apt. 604.

Those Invisible Orchestras

Philadelphia, Pa.

None of my friends have been fortunate enough to have an orchestra play for them while they are making love, in the woods or in a canoe. As an instance—"High Society Blues," if my readers will recall, an orchestra was playing for Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell while they were enacting a love scene, in their favorite nook. I should like very much to have the opinion of NEW MOVIE on this matter, and whether or not I am justified in saying that movie producers should consider such details as an important factor.

Dorothy Cohen,
801 So. 22nd Street.

Vive, Maurice!

Utica, N. Y.

Remember the male idols of yester-

day's screen? Namely, Maurice Costello, daddy of all idols? Followed by the heroic Francis X. Bushman, supplanted by the boyish deviltry of Wallace Reid, who in turn was succeeded by the incomparable Rudolph Valentino? A parade of kings, each in succession giving way to the royal screen proclamation, "The King Is Dead—Long Live the King." As the silent screen was on its dying legs, the incorrigible John Gilbert flashed like a meteor to dazzle the silver sheet with his supremacy. Then came the dawn—the talking picture régime. Like a diamond from the sky, Monsieur Maurice Chevalier, abetted by his two henchmen, personality and pep, pounced upon the unsuspecting Gilbert and snatched the throne away from him. But is Gilbert vanquished forever? Not by a long shot!

George A. Abbate,
630 Mary Street.

Garbo a Soprano?

New Orleans, La.

Greta Garbo's picture, "Romance," was quite entertaining and the work of the artists excellent, but the musical director let a few slips go by him. In the ballroom scene, when Greta sings for the entertainment of her guests, her selection is "Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber of Seville," a distinct coloratura soprano song, and the voice recorded was such. Can anyone imagine Garbo singing in such a voice? She has such a deep contralto voice that another double should have been used. Then later she sang the rôle of "Marta," a lyric soprano rôle. Why not have her sing something like "Samson and Delilah"?

G. A. H.,
1629 Bordeaux.

Adapt Films for Stage

Chicago, Ill.

We hear so much lately of all being quiet on the "Broadway Front." This, I take it, means that the crowds flock to picture houses, instead of attending performances of the legitimate stage, which must be hard on stage companies. Couldn't Broadway help to remedy the situation by acknowledging defeat and taking second place? Stage plays have formerly been reproduced on the screen, resulting in a flood at the box-office, especially when a great hit was in question. Why don't they adapt picture plays to the stage now? I am sure legitimate houses could not hold the crowds who would throng to see such plays as "Sunny Side Up," "Devil's Holiday" or "Our Modern Maidens."

Florence Stuart,
1414 E. 65th Place.

IN NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH FREDERICK JAMES SMITH'S REVIEW OF THE SCREEN YEAR

What has happened to the stars during the year? What were the artistic and what were the box office hits of 1930? A complete summary of your favorites' activities, the best performances, the best instances of direction. Watch for this!

In Defense of Opera

Birmingham, Ala.

I would like to answer two of the opinions of my fellow-townsmen, Mr. James G. Eady, on which he so naively invited agreement in your September issue. He asked "Do you know that opera pictures will never become popular? That Lawrence Tibbett's type of singing does not appeal to about ninety-nine per cent of the American people?"

My answer, Mr. Eady is this:

Do you know that the Metropolitan Opera Company, in which Mr. Tibbett sings, has just closed its most successful season? That its business has steadily increased during recent years? That they will produce another great American opera there during the coming season, and that other American operas will follow? Do you know that Tibbett draws tremendously large and enthusiastic audiences wherever he gives a concert? That his picture was a sensation in New York and many other cities? That Novarro, whom you praise so highly, has just finished one of a long series of training periods under the famous singer, Louis Graveure, and is a most ardent admirer and disciple of the singing of Tibbett?

Adrian Anderson,
1903 14th Av. N., Apt. 9.

A Nancy Carroll Admirer

Los Angeles, Calif.

Nancy Carroll's fine acting in "The Devil's Holiday" brought her praise and recognition from the critics, which was assuredly well earned on her part, but rather late in coming. Nancy has always been a fine actress and has given some excellent performances, notably in "The Dance of Life." To hear the critics talk one might think that she does her first good acting in "The Devil's Holiday." They even hint that some of her success in this picture may be attributed to the director and not to her own talents. All of which is rather unfair to Nancy.

D. H. Chapman,
1337 Shatto Street.

Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 14)

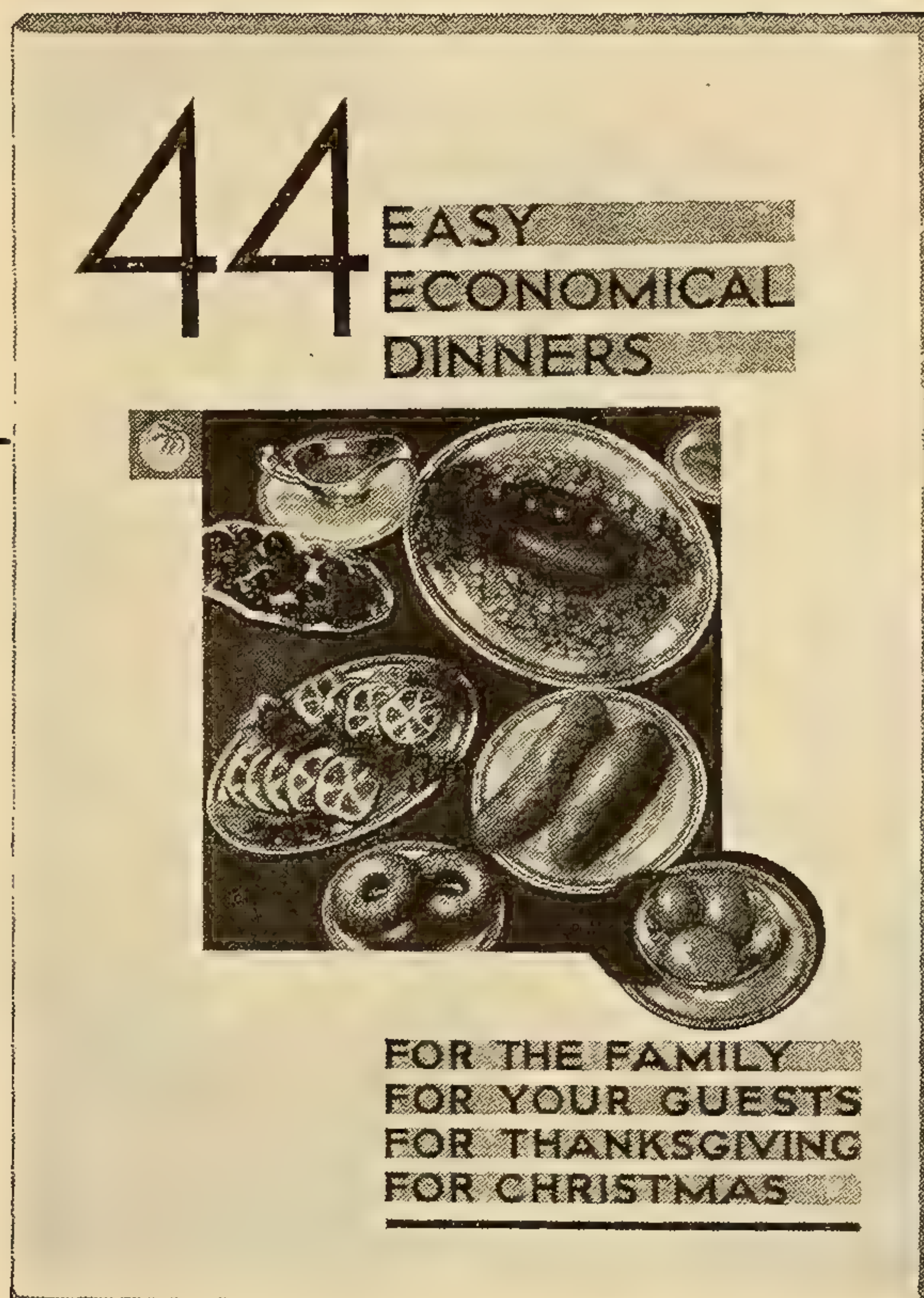
Hell's Angels. Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is pitiful. Not very well acted, either. Still, it has its thrills in the clouds. *United Artists.*

Moby Dick. John Barrymore's newest talkie version of Herman Melville's priceless old sea yarn, once done by Jack as a silent film called "The Sea Beast." Joan Bennett now has the rôle that made Dolores Costello both famous and Mrs. Barrymore. *Warners.*

Safety in Numbers. A snappy comedy in which Buddy Rogers plays a handsome heir to a fortune and has for his guardians three beautiful Follies girls. Easily the best Rogers film in some time. Has plenty of charm. *Paramount-Publix.*

Raffles. Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of "Bulldog Drummond." Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis, who supplies the heart interest of the film. *United Artists.*

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Almost an Actor

(Continued from page 115)

H. L. Mencken and I watch his last moments on earth.

His diary later appeared in *The American Mercury*. He told in vivid detail the last hour of a condemned man as he waited for death.

His mother, a poverty-stricken woman, by a freak of circumstance, had shared in the immense profits of the play, which unknowingly had been conceived in the brain of a boy about to die.

A three-page, single spaced type-written letter had been written to me by young Blake a few hours before he died. He told me that he had about given up hope of life and a literary future, as he had just seen the executioner on his way to adjust the chair.

He closed his letter with the poignant line, "I feel more deeply for my dear mother than for myself. You see, Jim, there were seven boys—I was the youngest."

I TOLD this tale on the set. Even Sam Wood stopped to listen. The story finished, each listener was intent for a silent period on the nightmare called life.

Finally Wally Beery said, "Lord—if they only executed her six other boys—she'd be a very rich woman."

Some smiled grimly, while Beery, the shrewd buffoon, hiding an ache with a smile, looked at Jack Gilbert, who in turn looked at Sam Wood.

That fellow, chin on his chest, feet wide apart, looked up quickly at Polly Moran, and said half to himself, "A tough break."

Polly made no answer. She was sobbing.

There followed days at sea in which we became sunburned, water-soaked and weary of wind and weather.

We spent an entire day doing one sequence. Wally Beery, who generally had the faculty of getting his lines out of the air, was at this time unable to remember three lines in succession.

Never will I forget his struggling with the dialogue and always winding up with—"Now the sea is like the ocean and the ocean's like the sea."

The line which bothered me and made of life a thing of terror was "One guy went down, a German, playing away on a concertina."

So miserably did I say the words, so bad was my acting that the whole troupe took up the line and from then on I heard it wherever I turned—I'll hear it on the Judgment Day—**ONE GUY WENT DOWN—A GERMAN—**

This sequence was thrown out of the picture after being seen in the projection room.

At last, after an endless journey from the Arctic on a Mexican tramp steamer, the filthiest boat in the world, we reached again the harbor of San Pedro, London for film purposes, and there was the usual gathering of frayed humanity to greet us.

Mr. Beery had captured a trained seal in the Arctic. He was bringing it to London. The seal ate vast quanti-

ties of fish, and when not so engaged, would casually bite Mr. Beery. Once, it gashed his chest, at another time his arm.

The seal was rehearsed so much that it eventually gave up. Unmindful of roughneck sailors soon to go ashore, it stretched itself upon the deck and reclined wearily.

Sam Wood scolded. The seal, too sensible to wish a prolonged existence as an actor, stared at him sadly out of his mild eyes as much as to say, "If you don't mind, you can tell the M.-G.-M. officials to go to hell. I'm not a ham actor. I know when I've had enough."

Soon it was all over. The happy and dishevelled gang of gay and troubled troubadours disbanded, never, perhaps to meet again and perhaps never wanting to.

BUT it was an experience. Something to be treasured in the long and dismal hall of memory.

The extras stood in line for their seven and a half and ten dollars a day pay checks. The stars, in dungarees, whirled away in their machines.

Soon a cloud of dust covered the ship, the debris on the shore and the clamoring group of humanity that stood in line for money.

"No unkind word, no discourteous action, no semblance of anything that wasn't sportsmanlike and clean as wind on water in all that gang for two months," I thought, as my driver, Jockey Haeffle, a friend of twenty years, and on every rung of the ladder, turned the machine in the direction of Hollywood.

Jockey, my "double" in the film, has always had that happy faculty of fitting into my every mood. A fellow of my own age and of such manhood that no one could outgrow him, he now reached the hands that had guided thoroughbreds, on the steering wheel of the powerful machine.

He was pensive for a moment, for Jockey also has his moods.

"They're a damned great bunch in this game, Jimmy, the rats are bein' weeded out."

"Well, that gang was right people," I said to Jockey.

"You're right, they're right people—just a gang of gypsies with hearts still in the mud."

Jockey turned the machine onto a boulevard that went straight home. The engine purred evenly as a sleek black cat in the sun. "They're your people, no matter how much hell you raise with them, Jimmy."

"Yeap, Jockey—I hate them and I love them."

"I know—you've never fooled me—even for a minute."

Evading, I asked, "What are you doing next, Jockey?"

"Dublin' for Richard Dix at R.K.O."

"Do you think you'll ever be a real actor?" I bantered.

"By the time you are, Jimmy."

I thought it was time to be quiet.

Watch for The Life Story of William Powell
in Next Month's NEW MOVIE

Sure of Himself

(Continued from page 71)

question. By that time I thought I had him pegged, but I wanted to be sure.

"They tell me you are rather fresh, Bob," I said, "Do you think so?"

"In what way?" he asked. And I'll fall right off this chair I'm sitting on if the question surprised him. I don't think Bob Montgomery shows surprise very often. He thinks too fast.

"Well," I said. "I'm told that you are not a bit bashful about saying what you can do."

"Why should I be?" And there he had me.

"It's not done very much, is it?"

"No?" he lifted one eyebrow. "Where have you been keeping yourself? Of course, it is done. Every day. And by a lot of people who pass as shy and modest. Only they take the trouble, which I don't, to beat about the bush, never saying anything definite, until you tumble to what they are talking about. Which is what they can do, have done, or hope to do."

I admitted to myself that Mr. Montgomery had scored a bull's-eye with that little speech. But I wanted to know further.

"For instance", I said.

"Here's a double-headed example of not only what I mean, but of why I've got a reputation for saying things about myself. We went up to Lake Elsinore to make a picture. Up there was a fellow who could ride a surf board and make it talk. He could step onto one in a dinner jacket, spin around the lake at thirty-five miles an hour, get off, and never even wet his shoes. But he was always talking about aquaplaning. He never mentioned how good he was himself, but it was in the back of his mind every minute. And someone always said, 'You're the best one I have ever seen' to him, which was what he meant and wanted brought up in the first place.

HE talked so much about it that it got on my nerves and when he criticized me because I'd never been on one of the darned things it was too much. I told him that I did not doubt what he said about the wonderful this and that needed to ride a surf board, but that whatever it was I could do it any time I wanted to. He laughed at me and went into another song and dance about the skill needed, so I said, "Here goes, Mister," and stepped onto one at the wharf. The boatman opened up and away I went around the lake, as fast as my boy friend ever had. I even held the rope in my teeth and waved my fingers at the great champion when I went by.

"It shut him up—but he said I was a fresh fat-head. Just because I said I could do something, did it, and did not think it any great accomplishment."

(Continued on page 120)

J. P. McEVOY

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Sure of Himself

(Continued from page 119)

I admitted I did not think that too fair. But one thing puzzled me. How had he been able to ride that board? I remember all too vividly getting spilled off one of the treacherous things and felt that some explanation was forthcoming regarding his ability to get away with his stunt. I asked him.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "I guess I was born with an imitative quality that gets me through spots like that. I'd been watching him ride the boards for a couple of days and I saw how he handled them so I just stepped onto one and tried to do the same thing. And it worked. I never could have done it had I not seen one ridden. It's the same way with acting."

"I've had some experience—here and in New York—and feel that I can do some things without being told how. I know there are a great many things I can't do. Certain scenes are brand new to me. I don't know how to carry them off. But let me take a peek at someone else who can do them, and I'll be able to figure out a way to do it myself."

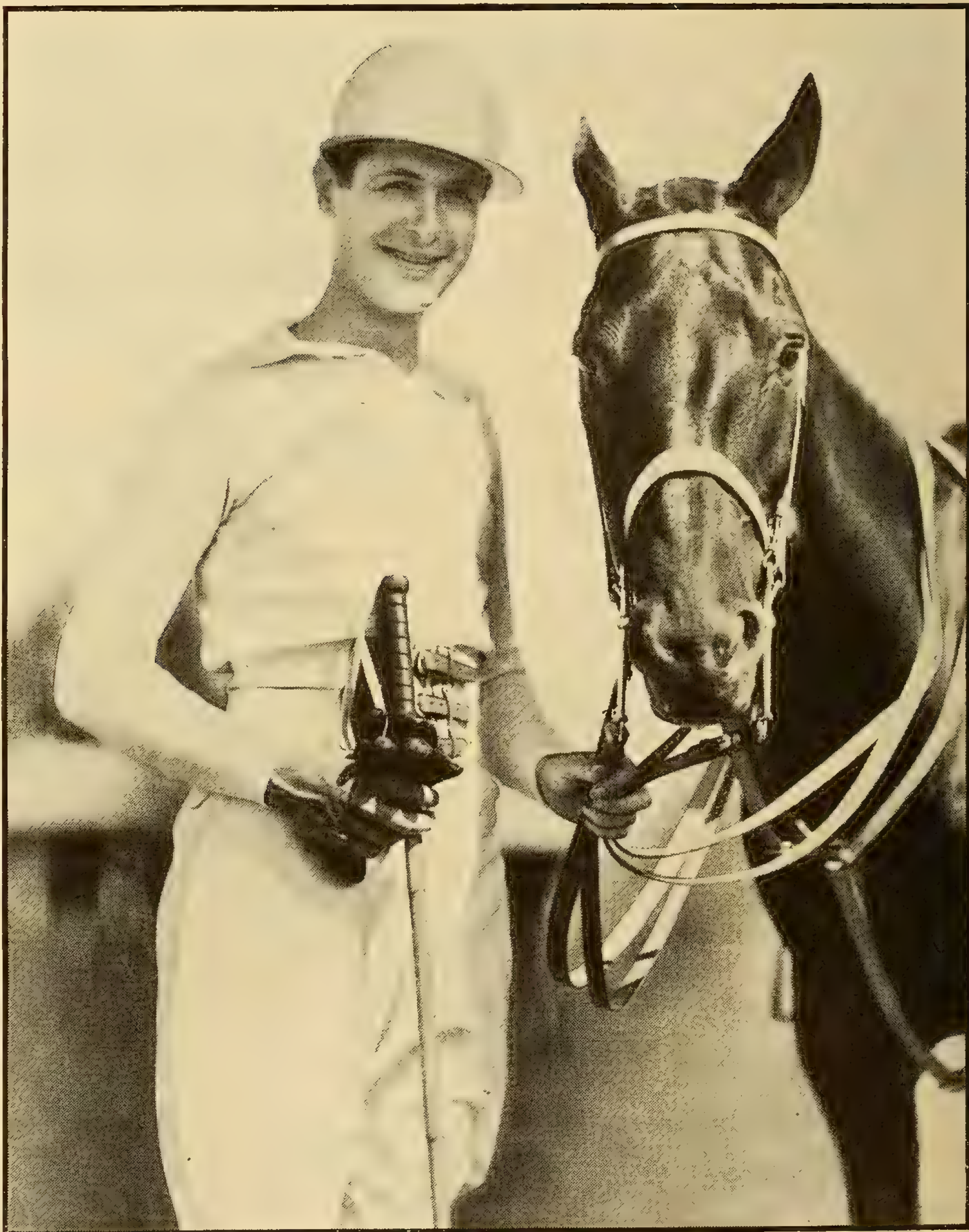
AGAIN my memory traveled back to the football field. I remembered the punting coach talking for twenty minutes to a player trying to tell him what to do when he kicked. It did not get over. Finally the coach, who had been a great kicker in his day, took the ball and let fly at it. The player watched him and then stepped up and did it perfectly. It was that imitative quality.

"You know," Montgomery broke in on my thoughts, "life would be a lot easier if it was not hedged around with so many phoney rules and regulations, so many bewildering customs."

"In what way?" I asked.

"This not talking about what you can do. Maybe 'talking' is a bad word there. Let's change it to 'saying.' I can pop up and say I *can't* do something, and that is all right. But if I say I *can* do a thing, why is that all wrong? I don't say either of them, unless I really think so. And I have a good idea of what I can and cannot do. Better than anyone else has."

(Continued on page 125)



Robert Montgomery is an enthusiastic polo player. He has been playing this year, between pictures, on one of the Southern California amateur teams.

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 89)



In this house, in Sedalia, Mo., the brash Jack Oakie of film fame was born. Then his name was Lewis Offield.

Gentryville. The name of his sweetheart was Evelyn. Oakie's mother's name is Evelyn, and Gentry is the family name of many of his relatives.

One of the first things Jack did after making good in California was to send for his mother. He arranged for an apartment in Hollywood for her. He continued to live in an apartment with some young men friends of his. Mother and son saw each other every day. Soon they made arrangements for a home together, and today there is no more "homey" home in Hollywood than theirs.

They have had with them this summer, Jack's sister, Mrs. G. A. Lindbergh and her two children, Virginia and Evelyn, of Brooklyn, New York. They have been a happy family group. Mrs. Lindbergh looks very much like her famous brother. The children worship "Uncle Jack," but can't understand why he can't see them from the screen, when they see him so plainly.

Fame hasn't brought snobbishness to this young man. He remembers and likes old friends. In his home he is a charming host. If the doorbell rings, he doesn't hesitate to answer it before the maid is on the scene. If anyone comes while the family is at dinner, he insists on their partaking of the meal.

"IT'S no trouble to place an extra plate on the table," he insists. "Let's be sociable."

He's that way, too, in the studios, those who are with him daily say. He is friendly with the workers on the location. He can pick up a spade and dig a ditch as well as anyone—and he's done it. All of this is what makes him

so popular, both on the screen and off.

Last month Evangeline Adams spoke highly of Jack's future. Recently in a London paper a noted astrologist predicted that he will be one of the leaders of the cinema world. "He owes his coming prominence," the critic adds, "to the fact that he can look like an American Marine, a sort of cherubic Victor McLaglen."

Old friends who know him, who know his mother, and who knew his father, attribute his success to natural ability, his early training, and to the wonderful influence of a talented mother.



J. M. Offield

Father of Jack Oakie and once a prominent citizen of Sedalia, Mo.

NEXT MONTH—The home town story of
ROBERT MONTGOMERY

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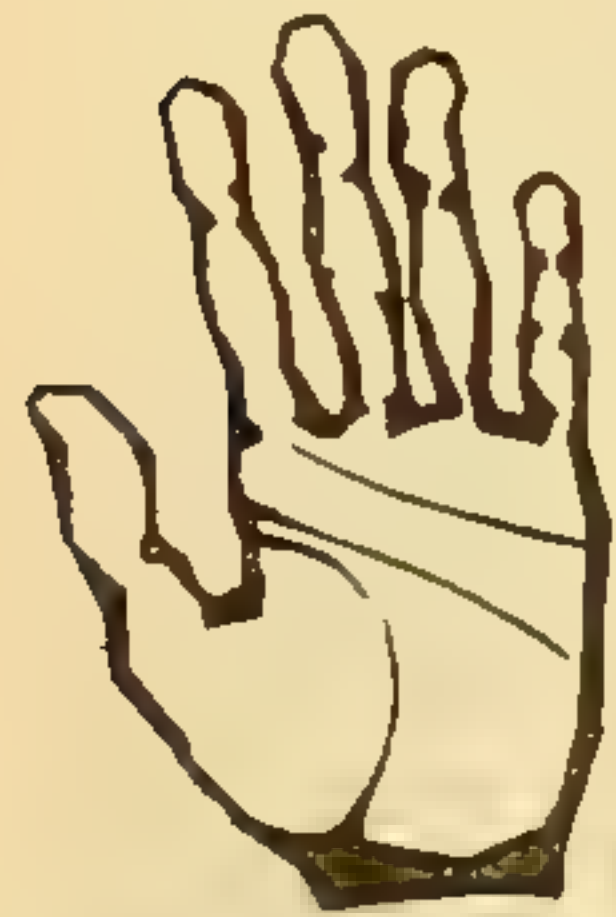


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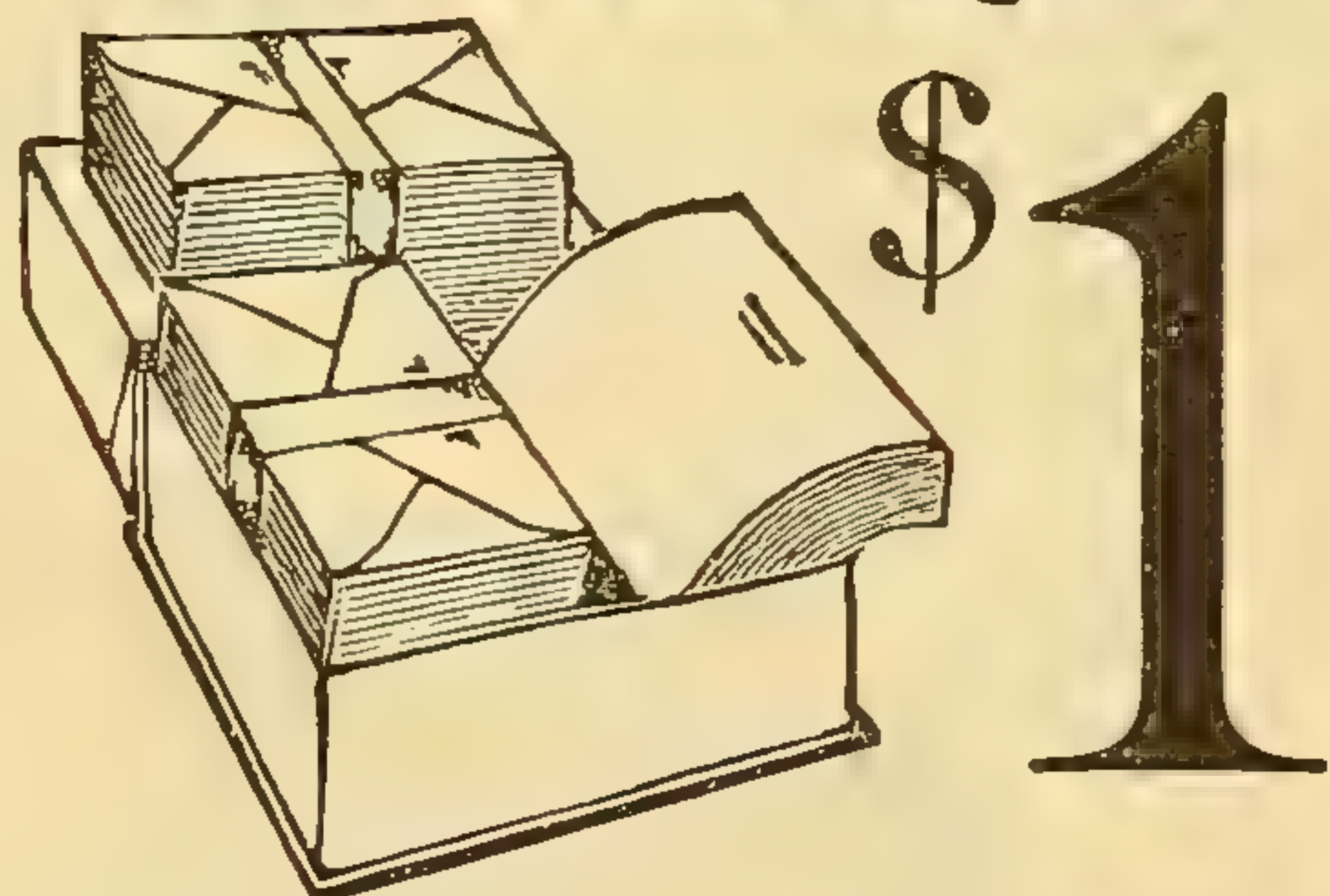
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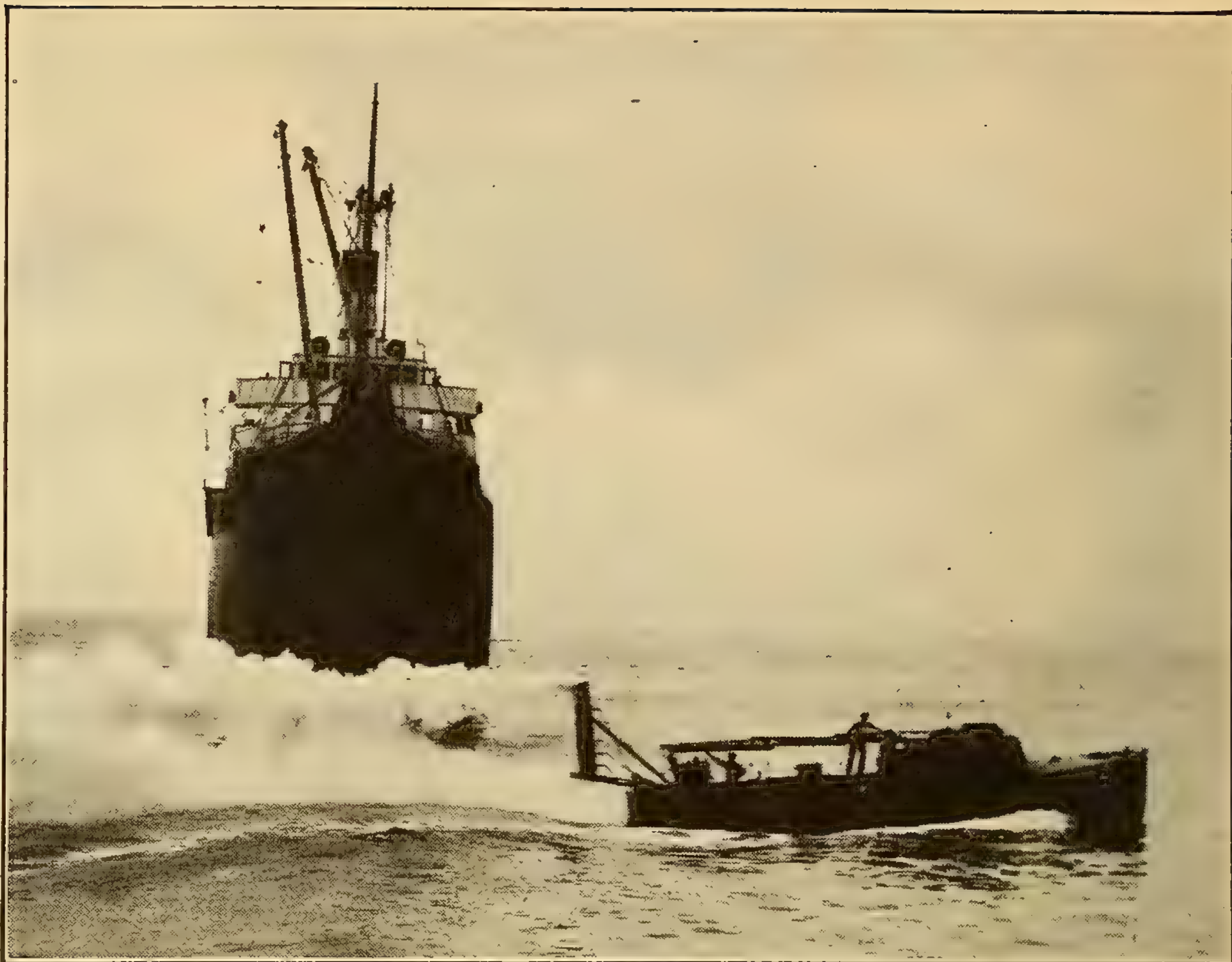


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The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 66)

again, I say you have beauty, not so much in itself as in its effect.

UNDER that same allure, we must place others. Pola Negri. The vibrant Pola. Bebe Daniels, who has moments of exquisite beauty, who possesses a perfection of poise, who is endlessly picturesque. The stunning Del Rio, a sword unsheathed that sings of adventure and battle and brilliant disaster. The vivid bubble that is Lupe Velez, dancing just out of reach. Estelle Taylor, soft, enticing, suggesting some pervading, exotic perfume that drugs the senses.

I think we must place Norma Shearer there, too. And Betty Compson.

Allure does not belong to the very young. It is a cultivation, a concentration of experience. No woman has ever so studied her own type as has Gloria Swanson. There is never anything about her that is out of key for a single moment. There is a niceness in the way she approaches the startling and never touches it.

Instead of trying to mold her unusual features into the usual run of beauty, she does everything to bring out their distinction. Her eyes are gray-green and her brows are always very black. She accentuates the peculiar and fascinating shape of her mouth both in make-up and in the way she uses it. In other words, she has built up everything that is Gloria Swanson.

BARBARA LA MARR, on the other hand, did absolutely nothing for her beauty.

She left us a memory that will never be erased from the minds of those who

saw her. But she left us not one beauty secret. No professional woman ever lived who took so little care of her looks.

When she went to bed at night, she washed her face in water and any old kind of soap. On her dressing table was one big jar of ordinary cold cream which she bought at random in the drug store. She used it only to take off make-up. The only time she ever went into a beauty parlor, was to get a manicure.

I think she slept less than any woman I've ever seen. Another thing she ignored was exercise. Physically, she was lazy as a cat. There wasn't even a pair of scales in her bathroom, which is unheard of in the life of a screen star.

Barbara didn't do anything to keep her beauty and she never tried to enhance it.

Corinne makes a fetish of simplicity, which shows her great wisdom. Her loveliness needs nothing. She knows that its sincere simplicity, which is so rare and so complete, would be destroyed. Physically, she takes marvelous care of herself, in diet, exercise, regularity, sunshine, and daintiness.

But there are other types. Important ones. The lovely women, the romantic women, the pretty ones—eh, half a dozen other types that I still want to tell you about.

(Adela Rogers St. Johns is going to continue "The Screen's Search for Beauty" in NEW MOVIE next month with another vivid and striking article. Who were the other unforgettably lovely women of the films? Miss St. Johns will tell you next month.)

The Star Without Illusions

(Continued from page 87)

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Just Suppose	C
Ranson's Folly	C
Amateur Gentleman	C
White Black Sheep	C
Tol'able David	AA
The Seventh Day	C
Sonny	B
The Bond Boy	B
Fury	A
Bright Shawl	A
Fighting Blade	B
Enchanted Cottage	A
Twenty-One	B
Classmates	B
Soul Fire	B
Shore Leave	A
Patent Leather Kid	A
The Drop Kick	C
The Noose	A
Little Shepherd of Kingdom	
Come	C
Wheel of Chance	A
Out of the Ruins	C
Scarlet Seas	B
Weary River	A
Drag	B
Young Nowheres	B
Son of the Gods	A
Dawn Patrol	A
Adios	?

THIRTY-SIX starring vehicles (one of which—"Adios"—although finished, has not yet been released and hence cannot be rated) with a total of two exceptional pictures, twelve good ones, eleven fair ones and ten poor ones, which is certainly a more than respectable record.

It was the years of 1925-26 which saw the production of six poor pictures without a hit and which almost put Barthelmess' career on the rocks. Such a production schedule would have finished any other star. It didn't finish Barthelmess for two reasons.

The first was that the public themselves had discovered him. Here was no manufactured star but rather one the public had made. And that public would not permit the man who had given them in rapid succession such pictures as "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East" and "Tol'able David" to disappear from the screen. A portion of his following became discouraged upon seeing him in one poor picture after another but the majority of them came hopefully back each time, praying that each new picture might be a hit, knowing that sooner or later Barthelmess would turn the trick and give them one of his old performances.

The second reason was the fact that he has never been afraid to have a capable and well-known supporting cast and the public realized that even though the story might not be first class the presentation would. Can you name any one other star who has been supported by such players as Betty Compson, Dorothy Gish, Dorothy Mac-kail, Alice Joyce, Jetta Goudal, Lila Lee, Mary Astor, May McAvoy, William Powell, Marian Nixon and Frank Albertson? Nor is it simply a case of getting a well-known leading lady. The lesser rôles are cast with players

(Continued on page 124)

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The Star Without Illusions

(Continued from page 123)



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equally prominent. Take, for instance, his present vehicle—"The Dawn Patrol." There isn't a girl in the cast, but look at the line-up: Neil Hamilton, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Clyde Cook, James Finlayson and Gardner James.

"THOSE two years," Dick went on, referring again to 1925-26, "marked the ebb tide in my work. Don't talk to me about the fickleness of the public. If ever any proof was needed that they are not fickle, I had it in the way they stuck by me then."

Where business is concerned he is practical to the exclusion of everything else. He knew what was wrong with his pictures. With Griffith he had made five pictures: one exceptional, two good and two fair. His honesty where his own work is concerned is apparent from the fact that he rates the phenomenally successful "Way Down East" as merely a "good" picture. Any other star would point to it as a milestone in the history of the movies.

With Inspiration his first five were all directed by Henry King and this list included one exceptional, one good, two fair and only one poor one. The next seven were all directed by John Robertson and included three good, four fair and no poor ones. And of these seven he rates as "fair" two—"Twenty-One" and "Classmates"—both decided box-office successes. But Dick thinks that "Classmates," for instance, had a silly, improbable story which robbed it of any right to be called a good picture, regardless of its reception by the public.

The last six pictures he made with Inspiration were at the end of his contract. The company was trying to save money on stories, directors and casts. The Barthelme public suffered as a result. But if the public suffered, Dick went through agony. Something had to be done and done quickly.

HE signed with First National which, at that time, had a release second to none in the industry. And it is significant that in the four years he had been with them he has had only three pictures that could be called "poor." "The Drop Kick" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" were both box-office successes but Dick classes them as poor pictures. "I was past the college-boy stage, and certainly past the age of the hero in 'The Little Shepherd.' That alone would cause them to lose any semblance of reality for me."

Of those he classes as "fair," I, per-

sonally, consider "Drag" and "Young Nowheres" two of the finest pictures he or anyone else has ever made. The returns from the former entitle it to an AA rating, but Dick says it simply had a popular appeal with no particular artistic value which precludes his calling it even a "good" picture. "Young Nowheres," which I liked well enough to see five times, he considers only fair because he thinks it was poorly cut and poorly recorded. "There were time lapses and waits between bits of action which should never have been there. The critics liked it, but that was because they understand the technical end of picture-making sufficiently well to unconsciously make allowances for those things. The public at large didn't understand that."

And no amount of talking on my part could persuade him to change the rating he had given them.

ON the other hand, "The Enchanted Cottage," which barely returned its production cost and no profits, he considers one of his very finest pictures. Its failure to attract the multitudes he attributes to "just one of those vagaries of the public."

"In signing my new contract," Dick went on, "I stipulated that I am to O. K. my stories and also that there will be but two pictures a year. That will give us time to select stories with an eye to their appeal to the public and will eliminate my having to make just anything simply to fill out a production schedule."

He stopped talking and looked at me quizzically. "What do you think of all this?"

"It can't be just personality," I reasoned, "because there have been other personalities whom the public liked, yet who are gone and forgotten today. It can't be luck because no one's luck would hold for ten years. It must be a combination of intelligence and good business judgment."

Dick disregarded the intelligence angle and pondered over the good business judgment. "I wonder," he mused. "Business bores me to extinction, but I try to handle my career in a business-like manner."

He not only tries—he does. Think of the latitude Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge have had in the selection of their stories and casts—to use only two instances—and then compare their respective positions today with his.

There's a reason. Dick knows the A B C's of picture-making. And he has no illusions.

FALLEN IDOLS

Why do some stars go on to life-long success while others burn out quickly? Who can account for the public's likes and dislikes? HERBERT HOWE has written a brilliant analysis of stellar popularity for next month's **NEW MOVIE**. Watch for it!

Sure of Himself

(Continued from page 120)

"Have you? That's more than most of us can say for ourselves."

"Well maybe 'most of us' don't think about it as much as I do. I have had to think about it. Had to sit back, take a good look at Mister Montgomery, and figure out what he could do. Otherwise I'd be hungry or still on that boat deck."

Self-confidence—and a sound self-confidence is only gained through having a thorough knowledge of what you can and can not do—is often mistaken for self-praise.

Bob Montgomery would be the first person to say, "No, I can't do that. I don't think I know enough yet." In fact, he has done so. One of the first things I heard about him in Hollywood was that he squawked his head off about a part he was given to play. He said he could do it a certain way, but not the way it was written. Changing it would not hurt the story and having him play it unchanged would ruin the picture. The argument waxed hot, but finally Bob was told to play it his way. He did and the picture—and Robert Montgomery—made a big hit.

"I did not know enough to get over the way it was written," he explained it to me. "I'm pretty sure I could do it now, but not then," he went on.

THIS increasingly popular young man's life story would have made great copy for Horatio Alger or Henty.

He was born—May 21, 1904—with a gold spoon in his mouth. His father was vice-president of a rubber company. Young Bob went from the family estate to Pawling School, at Pawling, New York, where other sons of New York's millionaires were educated. Summers were spent traveling in Europe. Polo was to be his sport.

Then his father died and, at fifteen, young Robert Montgomery found himself without a dime. Literally, there was nothing left of his father's fortune save his memory. So Bob and his brother stepped out and started to earn three squares a day and a place to sleep.

He worked on a railroad, he shipped on a coastbound steamer as a deck-hand. He scrubbed, dug ditches, and had a grand time adventuring. He knew what it was to be hungry and tired, to fight for himself in hard circumstances.

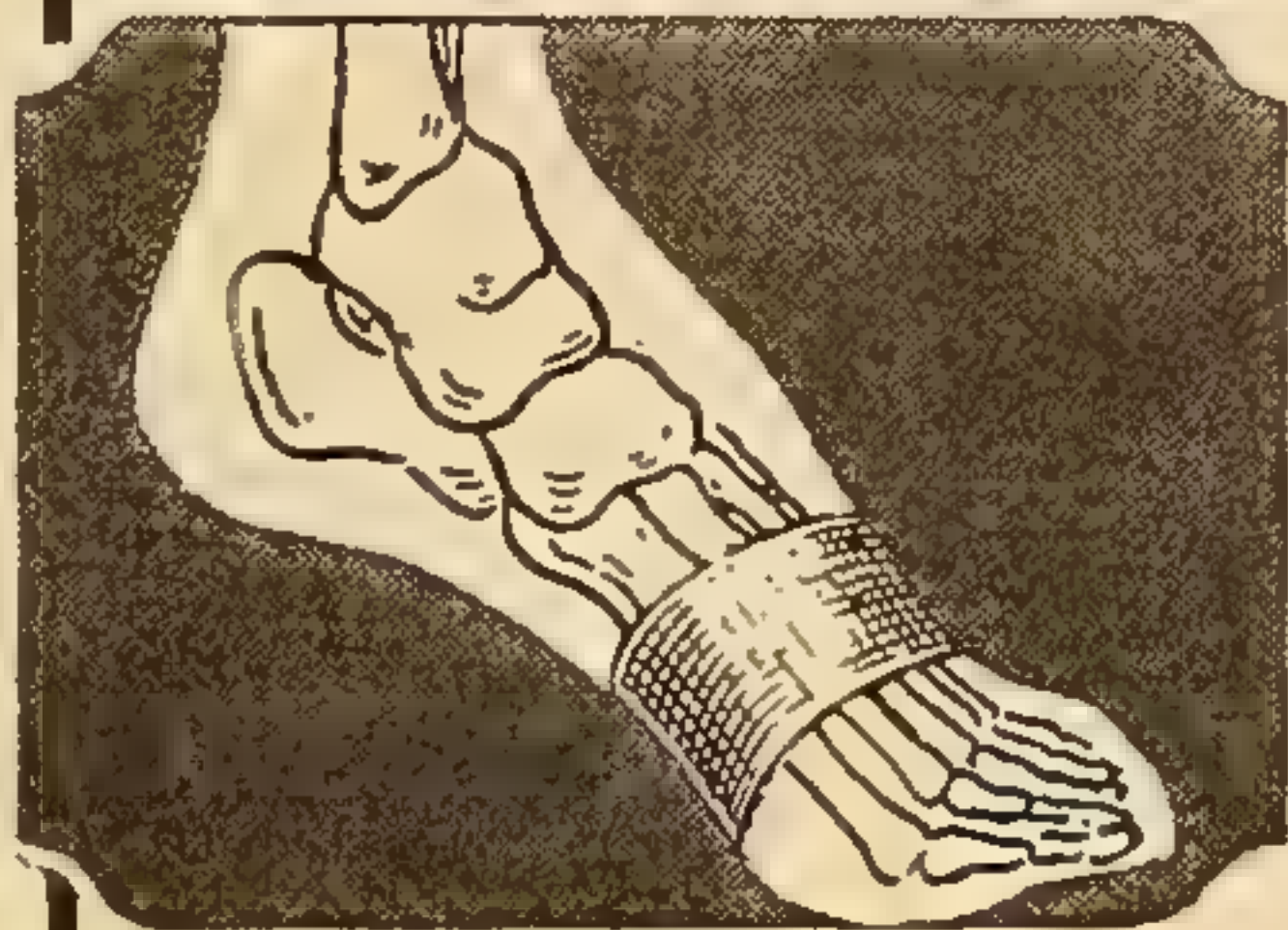
At seventeen he decided to become an actor and joined a small stock company. He said he could act—and he can. He said he'd be a success on the New York stage—and he was. Then he was sure he could conquer Hollywood—and he did that, too.

His tennis is good, his golf average, and he sometimes is moved to beat out a tune or two on the piano and sing a popular ditty.

A self-confident, amusing young gent, who has a grand time living but would have enjoyed life even more had he been born in the more adventurous days.

Next month NEW MOVIE will present the home town story of the popular Robert Montgomery, with many new facts about his youth.

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On the **MUSIC OF THE SOUND SCREEN** Page

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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 56)

Americanizing the World: Women are often seductive until they start talking. The same may be said of the screen. It was well on the way toward Americanizing the world before it became loquacious. Americans in Paris used to try to disguise their nationality by carrying sticks and yellow gloves but now Frenchmen wear horn-rimmed glasses and golf knickers. Both sexes favor American styles. I credit the cinema with this.

In Nice I accompanied an Italian friend to the Café de Paris which employs American advertising methods in boasting of its soda fountain. A placard reads: "*L'ice cream (crème glaces) préparée suivant la formule américaine est, incontestablement, la meilleure.*"

Then a typically American blurb which translated reads: "In America, where the consumption of ice cream is very great, the medical authorities recommend it to solicitous mothers for the health of their children. The soda fountain has made its appearance in Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and Holland."

My Italian friend promptly orders a Charlie Chaplin sundae while I take an Italian vermouth. In such exchange of tastes lies hope for a League of Nations.

SILENT pictures did much toward making the world feel akin. Talkies for the moment accentuate national differences, but in the end I believe they will break down imaginary barriers and serve in destroying old tribal fetishes.

JUAN-LES-PINS, the best bathing beach of the Riviera, is yclept pajama land and is strongly suggestive of Hollywood. Norma Talmadge has been disporting there. Also Gilbert Roland. Nina Wilcox Putnam, American writer, dreamed one night that she would win a lot of money at the Casino, and the next day came out with two thousand dollars to the good. Since then I've spent most of my time sleeping.

Cannes Beach Chatter: Conversation of English fans overheard in the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes:

"Greta Garbo in her first talkie was a failure in London. It was withdrawn after a fortnight. I lay the fault to the advance publicity. They declared her the greatest living actress with a most exquisite voice. Personally I find her voice attractive. One of those gin-and-whisky voices very similar to Tallulah Bankhead's. But it can scarcely be called exquisite."

"You must hear the new German talkie, 'The Blue Angel,'" interrupts another. "It is simply marvelous."

"Oh yes, Emil Jannings."

"Yes, but Emil Jannings doesn't exist in the film because of the most extraordinary girl. Her name is Marlene Dietrich. An English critic said, 'We really should resent Miss Dietrich be-

cause she quite displaces Miss Garbo. She has beauty, charm, grace and far greater acting ability than the Swedish girl."

Oh well, I daresay the sullen Greta will not care. On reading favorable notices she always snorted sardonically, "Ya, just wait till I have a bad picture and see what they say."

She's quite right. The public enjoys erecting idols but it enjoys tearing them down a great deal more.

Cheers for the Gangsters: William Powell in Paris delivered an oration on behalf of gunmen, those mischief-loving souls. "The American gangster, whether in Chicago or any other big city, is not more than 50 per cent to blame. . . . If he is a supreme product of lawlessness and immorality it is because America today is lawless and immoral—chiefly as a result of the 18th amendment. . . . The gangster today is a prosaic business man, however picturesque his methods."

While applauding Mr. Powell's forthrightness I feel he minimizes the picturesqueness of the gangster, who is becoming a romantic character through press reports. Future generations will lionize him as we do the bold pirate and poacher. "Bugs" Moran may be another Robin Hood. And I feel Capone is due to become the 20th Century François Villon though I've never read any of Scarface's poetry.

P. S.—Maybe you think I'm being pretty nice to the gunmen but you recall Bull Montana said they all read my stuff in NEW MOVIE . . . and I may want to visit my uncle in Chicago on the way home.

THE papers here report a big trek of movie stars stageward. Each of the stars declares she is not abandoning the screen. This places the charge of desertion squarely up to the screen. The old philanderer.

COLLEEN MOORE and John McCormick cut a three-million-dollar melon between them on dissolving partnership. With that much melon Colleen need not slap a mortgage on her \$40,000 doll house for some time.

MY idea for the funniest joke book of all time: A collection of all the stories that have been printed about the happy homes of Hollywood.

PEOPLE, especially Hollywood people, are always saying we writers should not tell the truth about Hollywood. We should keep up the illusions. But what does that make us out? Was the cherry tree chopped down in vain?

SYD CHAPLIN called in the Paris reporters to tell them of a great plan he had to solve the international talkie problem—a universal language. But it seems some woosel-cock had stolen his idea and published it in the Encyclopedia under the heading "Esperanto."

**Herb Howe—The Hollywood Boulevardier—Writes
Exclusively for NEW MOVIE**

Vignettes of Hollywood

(Continued from page 75)

EVERY week Hollywood has its movie first night and the town is in the throes of wild-eyed hysteria from daylight to dark. They come walking from the canyons and the hill-hops at dawn, bringing their lunches and sitting on the curbs all day just for a fleeting glimpse of the movie stars as they flash by in their limousines. These pilgrimages are made by the same folk week after week.

Streets near the theater where the presentation is to be made are roped off, guarded by cordons of police, and flooded with enormous searchlights. It is incredible that most of these people are those who rub elbows with cinema celebrities along the street daily, but it is so. I have actually seen a woman suddenly swoon in the curb crowd as the result of standing for thirteen hours to watch the arrivals at a Sid Grauman opening. Indeed, I helped to carry her to an automobile.

This first night abracadabra has grown to such proportions that a Hollywood newsboy with a sense of humor, as well as a sense of ballyhoo, staged a wow. In shifting his stand from one corner to another, he hired a battery of flood lights and a three-piece Hawaiian orchestra and held his "formal opening."

A VIGNETTE of Hollywood Boulevard is not complete without a close-up of the Roosevelt Hotel. Lately it has become the hangout of Broadway actors transplanted to Hollywood, newly arrived scenario writers, gag men and all those song writers from Tin Pan Alley's bingo-bango land who have not as yet started the long trek back to Broadway.

The lobby is a hive of smart cracks,

flashy clothes, white spats, bamboo canes and lacquered hair. In the deep lounging chairs you run across such wits as Wilson Mizner, Bugs Baer, William Collier, Arthur Caesar, Frank Fay, Jack Benny and Grant Clarke and, if you run a newspaper column, you have enough nifties to last a week.

The Roosevelt's biggest stockholder is Joe Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband. It opened auspiciously and then something happened. That doughty little showman, Sid Grauman, was called in to infuse a little life. He knew his Hollywood and did the trick in jig time.

He gave celebrities free board and invited the John Gilberts and Greta Garbos to dine gratuitously for a few weeks. And Hollywood beat a quick path to the Roosevelt's door. These are only a few highlights on one of the most interesting thoroughfares to be found anywhere.

THERE should be more space to tell of the women who sit in doorways to spiel about "lovely free sight-seeing trips" and take you out in the wilderness to make you buy a lot at Maudlin Manor—or walk back. Also the hurt look of the vegetable man when you call an avocado "an alligator pear" and the new flood of runt golf courses. The pathetic deaf-and-dumb boy, who with an eerie inarticulate cry seeks celebrity autographs for his enormous book. Etc., etc.

But the real story of Hollywood Boulevard could not be told in ten volumes. I think Wilson Mizner summed up the lure of the street when he said: "If you are a sucker for something different, Hollywood Boulevard is the malarkey!"



Lawrence Tibbett and Director Jack Conway pause between scenes to discuss a detail of Metro-Goldwyn's "The New Moon," in which the popular singer is co-starred with Grace Moore.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published Monthly at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., for October 1, 1930.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the New Movie Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Catherine McNelis, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. E. FLYNN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1930.

(SEAL) LAURETTA E. GANLEY.
(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

Famous Financier's Rules of Success

(Continued from page 45)

the ensuing nine years. During those nine years of picture work Jackie had a private tutor. His parents wisely insisted on spacing his pictures far enough apart to allow for study and recreation. The boy's precocity kept him in pace with his grade.

Eventually his parents decided he should have the association of boys his own age. He was taken out of the studios and placed in the Urban Military Academy of Los Angeles. Jackie says he regards this period as a waste of time. Being wise, he has no sympathy for militant ideals; being sensitive, he is not in accord with militant autocracy.

Quitting the Urban Academy Jackie entered Loyola, a Jesuit school. Here he found a discipline more in harmony with his spiritual nature. He is the donor, I am told, of the marble altar in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, the church from which Valentino was buried.

CHAPLIN pictures have a universal circulation. "The Kid" projected Jackie into the laps of family circles in igloo, hogan and Zulu hut. Ensuing pictures endeared him further. He became the world's pet child.

Europe wanted to see him in person and saved up her money after the war to make him an offer. Feeling that travel would be educational as well as financially profitable for their son, the Coogans accepted.

Here in Paris, where I am writing this, they recall the night of Jackie's first appearance. It was at the Empire Theater. The house was packed with tensivity from orchestra to gallery. There was a brief prelude. Then the curtain lifted. In the center of the vast stage Jackie stood, diminutive, alone. He wore a silk hat, frock coat, striped trousers. A little gentleman. He lifted his hat and bowed low. The audience applauded, then strained for his first word. What if they couldn't understand English? It was enough to hear

the Kid's voice. Jackie commenced his speech. For a moment the audience was too stricken to believe its ears. Then came a vociferous tumult such as only the French are capable of in their most patriotic moments. Jackie, the Kid, was speaking French!

For five minutes little Jackie stood there, bowing and smiling to an ovation such as few Americans have received in France. Then he continued his speech in clear, confident, fluent French.

He had taken the trouble to learn his act in the language on the train from Paris to Nice where his first appearance was made.

In Berlin and Vienna he aroused similar ovations speaking German.

Even these were topped by his reception at the Palladium in London. A good showman, Jackie made his bow to the galleries instead of the orchestra. And the galleries came back with a hulla-ballo: "Hey there, Jackie, old boy, old boy, old boy!" After his act the girls of the Palladium prologue came marching on, each bearing a car of an electric train tied with ribbon bows—London's gift to *their* Kid hero.

WHEN I urged Jackie to reveal his secrets of success he was reluctant. He apparently is not aware of any secrets or any success. He's still just the Kid. But a kid wise beyond his years. On one point he is solid. He differs from Ford and sides with Coolidge in respect to saving money.

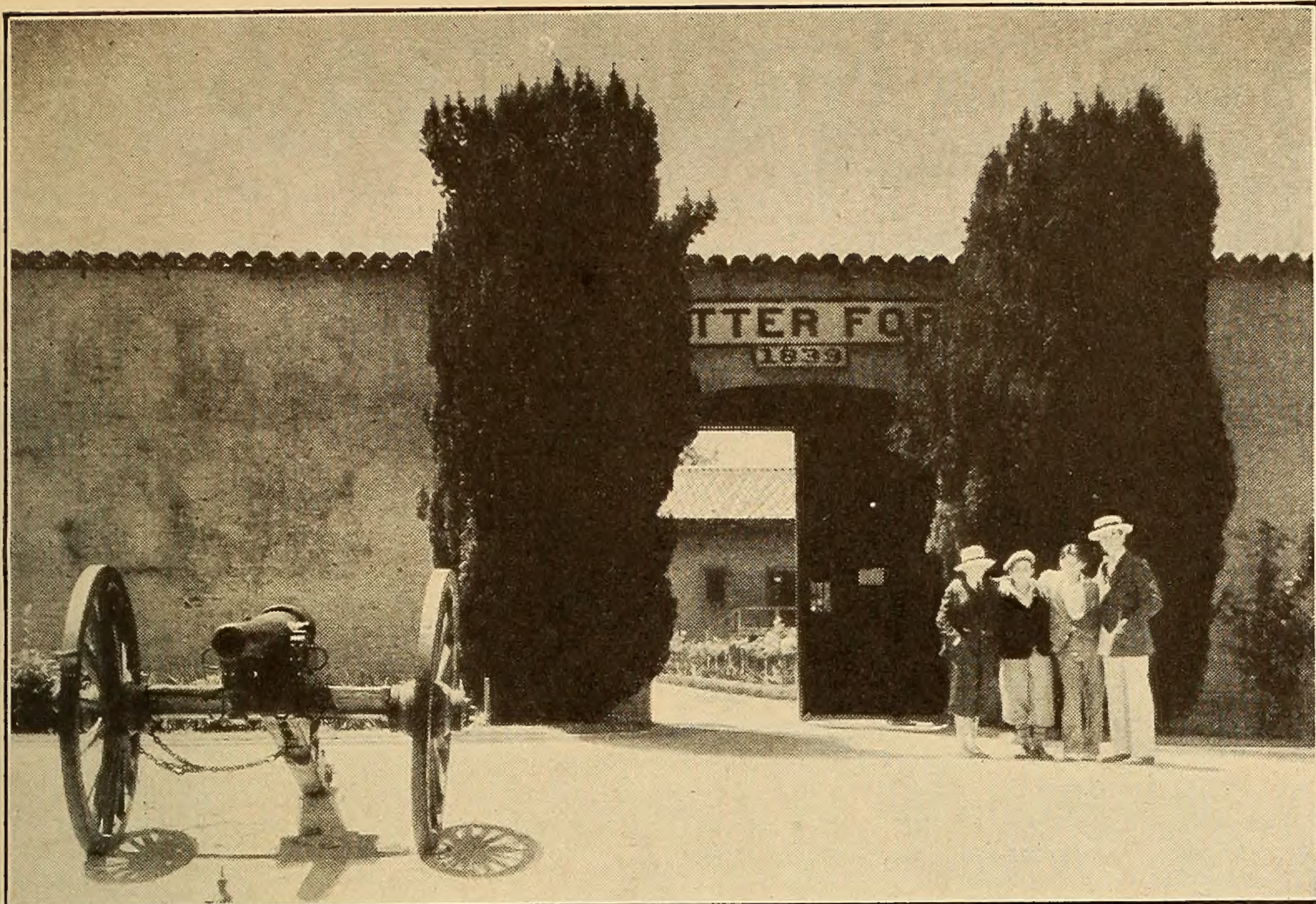
"I got five dollars a week making pictures and fifty cents for every gag I thought up," he said. "That's a lot of money. I saved most of it and so I feel independent."

Jackie is happily unaware of the fabulous sums he actually earned.

When officious folk became inquisitive the Coogans promptly appealed to the courts for guardianship of a trust fund. Coogan *père* has proved a sagacious manager, and today Jackie is reputed a millionaire. He may be



"Yo, Ho, Tom!" yells Huck Finn to his pal, Tom Sawyer, in the forthcoming sound version of Mark Twain's classic of boyhood. From all appearances Junior Durkin makes a good Huck Finn.



The cast of "Tom Sawyer" does a little Seeing America First. On location, the boys visit the historic old Fort Sutter, near Sacramento, Calif. Close by is the spot where gold was first discovered. This find led to the famous gold rush of '49. At the right are Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Dick Winston, who play Tom, Huck and Joey in the Mark Twain yarn. Jackie's father accompanied the boys on the visit.

worth several million for all I know and for all he knows.

His explanation of success is very simple:

"I've had good luck," he says. "Good luck and Mr. Chaplin."

I've known only one other magnate who attributed his success to luck. He was Marcus Loew, the Metro picture executive, who signed Jackie to the celebrated \$500,000 contract.

And I know only one person in the world who always refers to Charlie Chaplin as "Mr. Chaplin." That person is Mr. Jackie Coogan.

JACKIE'S parents were both vaudeville actors. Senior Coogan was a hooper and monologist. Mrs. Coogan in another act was billed for years as "Baby Lillian." They endured the vicissitudes of small-time vaudeville with the jocular philosophy of born troupers: Ma Coogan the plump, smiling, good-fellow type; Pop Coogan, the dapper, lean, spatted actor, ready of line and shrewd of wit. No one ever accused them of genius, yet in Jackie there is the manifestation not only of talent but fine breeding.

When I first met Jackie he was five years old. It was directly after his appearance in "The Kid." The Coogans were living in a small Hollywood apartment. Jackie and I played games on the floor together but not with the usual infantile abandon. Even then Jackie had the poise and courtliness of one destined for kingship. Between us there was a respectful distance of adult personalities. His parents and his studio colleagues treated him on terms of equality. He was never given to petulance or childish outbursts nor to the self-consciousness of the precocious child. Of course, everywhere he went he attracted attention but of this he appeared serenely oblivious. In-

deed his *savoir faire* had all the majesty of one born to reign.

AGE has not dimmed his luminosity nor rusted his shining manner. At fifteen Jackie has a gentle dignity, a deferential courtesy and a quietude that's really royal. He reminisced with his mother and me in the library, chuckling out sly observations and humorous comment without restiveness, though the swimming pool stretched, a strong temptation, in the garden just outside. It was his young brother Robert, age four, who broke up the conversation by entering in a dripping bathing suit to demand we join him in the water.

Jackie's eyes, which have a soft luminosity, lighted up like arcs when resting on *frère* Robert. Jackie pronounces Robert as the French do, without the final "t." Robert too has had offers to enter pictures. He is as plumply beautiful as the apple dumplings my grandmother used to make. Jackie regards him with a paternal adoration. At a nod of assent from his mother, he snapped into his bathing suit and dived into the pool with Robert, while Mrs. Coogan and I chatted in the shade of the cypresses bordering it.

I complimented Mrs. Coogan on her success in preserving the innate charm of the boy. He could have been spoiled or, worse, repressed. I indicated that her secret of success in raising a boy might prove as valuable as Jackie's on making good at the very remarkable age of four.

Mrs. Coogan laughed a pleased good-humored laugh and credited her success much as Jackie did his: "I've been fortunate," she said. "You see Jackie is a very gentle boy."

Gentle of course is exactly the word, gentle in all its sensitive significance. Mr. Jackie Coogan, gentleman.

Frederick James Smith's Review of the Film Year in NEW MOVIE Next Month.

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Evangeline Adams Reads the Stars

(Continued from page 43)

of our most successful literary men have Jupiter so placed."

DOUGLAS, so I am told, has written a book of very creditable poems, which he says he will publish some day, but not for a long time. He also wrote the titles for two of his father's pictures, "The Gaucho" and "The Black Pirate," and for "Two Lovers," in which Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky appeared. Incidentally, the poems of this "artistic person" are illustrated by himself—he having spent three years studying painting and sculpture under European masters. Incidentally, Mr. Fairbanks' chart shows that he will spend a good part of his life abroad: a prediction which he has already fulfilled by a youth spent almost exclusively in Europe with his mother.

I could go on indefinitely. It is remarkable—even to me, who sees the thing work out every day in hundreds of cases—to see how true this young man has run to his stars. Take the personal side of his life. His horoscope says that he will be greatly influenced by older women, and that his mother may be a great factor in his financial affairs. Everybody knows the part Beth Sully Fairbanks played in launching Doug on his movie career; and everybody who knows young Doug tells me that his devotion to his mother is the great guiding influence in his life. When he and Joan Crawford were married, they both journeyed all the way to New York, so that the bridegroom's mother might be present at the ceremony.

THERE are several strictly personal characteristics indicated in the horoscope—such, for instance, as his tendency to interrupt while others are speaking, his temptation to purchase colorful and conspicuous wearing apparel, his love of sending telegrams or telephoning when a letter would do, his love of luxurious surroundings, his tendency to think of money solely as something to spend, his "exuberant force" and his "sex lure"—but I have said enough I think, to show that what I said at first (that young Doug's horoscope is a splendid one) is impartially and scientifically true.

The thing you fans want to know, I suppose, is what this fortunate young man is going to do with all his equipment, what you can expect of him in his future appearances on the screen. In the first place. I am not at all sure that he will stay on the screen. People born under his stars frequently spend the first half of their lives in one occupation, and then turn with equal or greater success to another. He has talents as an actor, to be sure, but as we have seen, he has talents in many other lines. It is quite possible that he will win his greatest success in pictures as a writer or designer or producer or technical director. He may even get into the business side of the industry, for the position of his Jupiter is one that often means success in manufacturing and financial activities. In fact, it looks to me as if he had enough of his grandfather—the late Dan Sully, the cotton king—in him to

make a success of almost anything.

Granting, however, that he will stay in pictures as a star for some time to come—and I see no reason why he shouldn't if he wishes to—we may expect a very considerable broadening and deepening of the artistic nature of this young man. For 1930, in spite of his many good pictures, has not been a very satisfactory year. I doubt if he has been as happy as he should have been. His domestic affairs, usually so smooth, may have given him some worry. He was not under conditions to benefit largely through his relations with women, anyhow. He may also have been personally discouraged and depressed. But beginning with 1931, the curtain rises on a sunnier scene; and in 1932 he comes under more fortunate planetary conditions than he has been under for some time. All of this experience, the depressing as well as the stimulating, should have a good effect on his art.

SO far as he personally is concerned, he should be much happier during the next two years than he has been in his life. He will be attuned to a higher rate of vibration; his sense of awareness will be keener; and his attitude toward life and human nature more tolerant and sympathetic. In short, he will grow up. These are always propitious influences under which to enlarge one's activities. Under them he will meet and attract important people who will wish to co-operate with him. He has passed through the period of trial. The time has come for him to push forward with confidence and demand recognition in his chosen field. If he does, there is every indication that he will succeed in a big way.

I am reminded as I write of a remark of his father's made one day when he was discussing, quite modestly, the type of man his successor was likely to be. "If my type of work is worth carrying on," said Douglas, Senior, "I should say that it would have to be carried on by some husky young American raised in much the same environment that I was." Well, Doug, Junior, is husky, all right! His friends tell me he weighs a hundred and eighty pounds and stands six feet in his stocking feet. And his horoscope says that he is blessed by Mars with the strength and energy to win the success which Jupiter makes possible for him. I daresay Doug, Senior, did not have in mind his own son, or if he did, he was too modest to say so. He spoke, as a matter of fact, of other upstanding youngsters like Gary Cooper and Buddy Rogers and Richard Arlen and Charlie Farrell, but he could have—in fact, after looking at the young man's stars I think he should have—handed his crown to his successor by divine right, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. . . .

I OUGHT to say that a good deal of the strength in Mr. Fairbanks' horoscope is due to the fact that he was born under Sagittarius, one of the finest of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Many people with extraordinary personalities have been born under this sign.

Victor McLaglen among the men and Lillian Roth among the women are excellent examples of the direct appeal of this sign through the medium of personality. McLaglen has an especially fortunate horoscope, because Jupiter, which rules success, glory, honor and wealth, and is called by astrologers "The Greater Fortune," is the dominant planet of his life. With Jupiter so placed, he could not have failed to succeed in anything he might have undertaken; but there are also many indications that he has the temperament which fits him for success on the screen and for exercising over large numbers of people an almost hypnotic influence.

MISS ROTH'S horoscope indicates that she is a bundle of emotions, as indeed anybody who saw her in "The Vagabond King" can well believe her to be. She has two distinct sides to her nature; and it depends on the people with whom she is thrown which side she develops. Her chart indicates that in spite of her beauty she is apt to play most successfully parts of a slightly sinister, or at least a very serious character. Her Jupiter is also well placed for financial success.

Your own horoscope, if you were born between the 23rd of November and the 23rd of December, will show many of the qualities which are found in Miss Roth's, Mr. McLaglen's and Mr. Fairbanks', and a good many others about which you should know if, like them, you wish to fulfill your destiny as it is written in the stars!

For Those Born Between Nov. 23 and Dec. 23

If you go into business you will succeed best as a banker, broker, manager, organizer, political worker, or in some line where similar abilities are requisites of success. You should do well in athletics, especially in anything which has to do with horses or dogs. You have an excellent constitution, but you should look out for symptoms of sciatica and gout and ailments of the hips and thighs. Take plenty of exercise, and avoid rich or fried foods.

You are likely to find congenial life partners among those born under Aries or Leo.

Among the famous people born under your sign, in addition to the film stars already mentioned are Disraeli, Queen Alexandra, Lillian Russell, Winston Churchill, William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Fiske, E. H. Sothorn, Harry Payne Whitney, Newton D. Baker, Thomas Coleman Du Pont, Arthur Brisbane and Mark Twain.

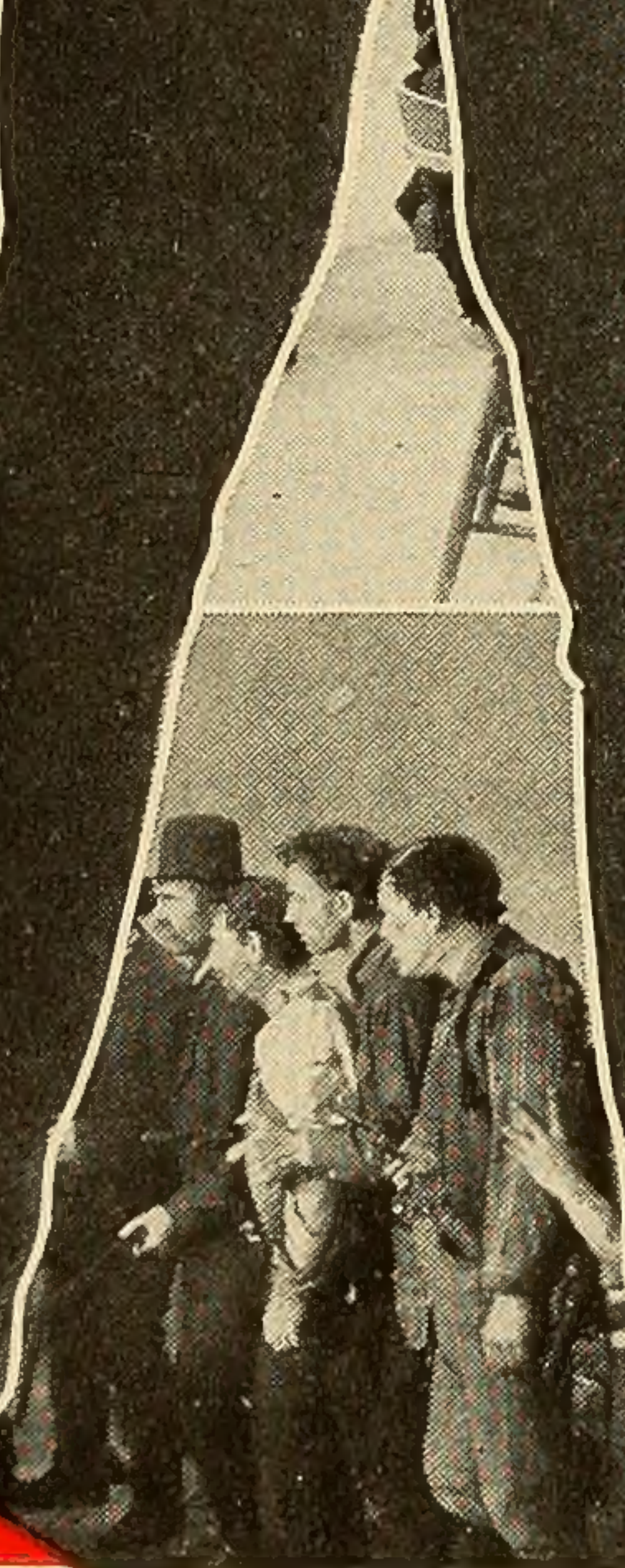
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